



Studies in
THE
LITERATURE

— SMITH —

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap.

Copyright No.

Shelf

PR85

S62

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

10001



STUDIES IN

ENGLISH LITERATURE

INCLUDING SELECTIONS FROM THE FIVE GREAT CLASSICS, CHAUCER, SPENSER,
SHAKESPEARE, BACON, AND MILTON, AND A HISTORY OF ENGLISH
LITERATURE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE
DEATH OF DRYDEN, IN 1700

BY

M. W. SMITH, A.M.

Teacher of English Literature in Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio



VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO.
CINCINNATI

NEW YORK

(882)

PR 85
562

PR 85
5-5

ECLECTIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

High School and College Course of Study.

White's Complete Arithmetic.

Ray's New Higher Arithmetic.

Ray's New Algebras.

Ray's Higher Mathematics.

Schuyler's Complete Algebra.

Schuyler's Elementary Geometry.

Schuyler's Principles of Logic.

Schuyler's Psychology.

Duffet's (Hennequin's) French Method.

Duffet's French Literature.

Hepburn's English Rhetoric.

Thalheimer's Historical Series.

Norton's Natural Philosophy.

Norton's Elements of Physics.

Norton's Elements of Chemistry.

Brown's Physiology and Hygiene.

Andrews's Elementary Geology.

Andrews's Manual of the Constitution.

Bartholomew's Latin Series.

Holbrook's First Latin Lessons.

Kidd's New Elocution.

McGuffey's Revised Sixth Reader.

DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS ON APPLICATION.

COPYRIGHT,

1882,

BY VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO.

TO THE

Graduating Class of 1877

IN HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL, CINCINNATI, OHIO, THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THE main object in the preparation of this volume has been to ground the student thoroughly in the best English literature, and to qualify him for any subsequent literary study that he may undertake. In fixing upon the five greatest English classics as the most suitable for this purpose, it will be well to state briefly some of the reasons by which the author has been influenced :

1. In the time of Chaucer thought was awakened after a sleep of centuries; for scholasticism had cast it into moulds which, it was hoped, time would never change. In the time of Elizabeth the study of the Greek and Latin classics, the printing of books in large numbers, the wonderful discoveries of new lands and new peoples, the great political and religious movements throughout Europe, imparted such vigor to the intellect as men can never expect to have again. Men had so many thoughts, and those thoughts were so new, that they could not help but utter them in the simplest and hence most fitting forms.

2. *All our greatest recent writers owe much of their inspiration to the study of these classics.* Portions of their works, therefore, would be almost unintelligible, and a full appreciation of their genius almost impossible, without familiarity with their great models.

3. *They are the only authors who use English words in their primitive significations.* To learn a word, the first step is to get its literal signification. No one needs to be told that this can be much better done in the best works of an author than in a dictionary. With the literal meaning mastered, all applied meanings follow naturally and can be thoroughly understood.

4. *It is the most effective way to develop the critical faculty.* Our greatest classics possess in themselves every requisite for a knowledge of criticism. Beauty and sublimity, weakness and strength, fustian and elegance, wit, humor, satire, bombast, even nonsense, are found in their works, and these are constant aids in the instruction of that art which underlies most of the culture that the study of literature can bestow.

The conclusion seems irresistible, therefore, that in broadness of view, in depth of thought, in beauty and grandeur of expression, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton are by far our best teachers; and that no one can master modern English in any other satisfactory way than through the best works of these writers.

In order to make this book a means of intellectual culture, the fundamental idea has been that at least one complete work of an author should be studied, and not a series of disjointed fragments. The following, therefore, have been selected: the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*; the First Book of the *Faery Queene*; the *Merchant of Venice*; five of Bacon's *Essays*; the *Mask of Comus*.

References or notes have been made, not only to explain the text of each of the above works, but also to teach the character and style of the author.

Around each leading author have been grouped a few of those contemporaries that have exerted the greatest influence, directly or indirectly, upon him, upon the age in which he lived, or upon subsequent authors. To be able to form a good general idea of these contemporaries, as well as to show their influence, besides a brief biographical sketch, sufficiently elaborate selections from their works have been made.

Finally, authors and contemporaries have been fitted into a history of English literature full enough to give the student a clear notion of its growth and development.

The difficulties attending the logical development of this plan have been hard to overcome. Only one intentional violation of it has been made. The First Book of the "*Faery Queene*" is so long that only the first five cantos have been used, and such stanzas from these as are not absolutely essential to the story have been omitted.

If the present volume will even partially stimulate teachers and students to study the English classics as they now do the ancient classics, the author will be well satisfied with his labor.

The author is particularly indebted to Professor E. W. Coy, Principal of Hughes High School, and to Professor A. M. Van Dyke, teacher of English Literature in Woodward High School, Cincinnati, Ohio, who have given him excellent counsel and much encouragement in the prosecution of his work, and have kindly assisted him in reading the proof sheets.

M. W. SMITH.

BOND HILL, O., *August, 1882.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

If the class knows nothing of English prosody, it will be well for the teacher to give four or five oral lessons before beginning the study of the "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales." These should include merely the study of metrical feet, and the construction of the six line, Chaucerian, and Spencerian stanzas, and the sonnet. Only those lines have been marked for scanning that are rhythmically imperfect, or that teach a particular pronunciation.

It is not necessary to have any reading exercises during a recitation, except of the "Prologue," and these should be continued just long enough for the students to become familiar with Chaucer's rhythm, for which the rules of pronunciation give a satisfactory key. With the above exception, the whole time of the class should be devoted to definition and explanation.

The references should be studied in the order of their arrangement. The Verbal References are placed first in order to insure, from every pupil in the class, a careful reading and a clear comprehension of the text, and fully prepare him for a consideration of the Miscellaneous and other references that follow.

In the study of the characters selected from the "Merchant of Venice," it is expected that the students will show whether the references really illustrate those characteristics.

The criticisms of the plays, the references on the character and style of the author, and the most important Miscellaneous References, give fine opportunities for discussion. In the play, especially, if the teacher has the time, elaborate oral discussions may be arranged, or brief essays may be prepared and read upon the most important of the criticisms.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	II
Anglo-Saxon Poems	II
<i>Beowulf</i>	II
<i>Cædmon</i>	13
Bede	16
Alfred the Great	16
Geoffrey	17
The English Language	18
CHAPTER I.—CHAUCER	21
Contemporaries	21
Mandeville	22
<i>Voyages and Travels</i>	23
Wyclif	24
<i>Propositions</i>	25
Bible	26
Manuscripts	27
<i>Triologus</i>	28
<i>Phronesis</i>	28
John Gower	29
<i>Confessio Amantis</i>	29
<i>The Two Coffers</i>	31
<i>The Two Pasties</i>	35
Habits and Morals of the Times	36
Intellect of the Times	37
CHAUCER	38
Early Life	38
Subsequent Life	38
Character	39
Imagination	39
Intellect	40
Style	40
Position as an Author	40
Principal Works	40

	PAGE
Composition, etc., of the Canterbury Tales	41
PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES	45
Verbal References	69
Miscellaneous References	77
CHAPTER II.	85
The Revival of Learning	85
William Caxton	86
Grocyn and Colet	86
More	86
<i>Utopia</i>	87
CHAPTER III.—EDMUND SPENSER	93
Foreign Contemporaries	93
Tasso	93
Montaigne	94
English Contemporaries	94
Sir Philip Sidney	94
<i>Defence of Poesie</i>	95
<i>Sonnets</i>	96
<i>Arcadia</i>	97
Sir Walter Raleigh	100
<i>Reply to Marlowe's Song</i>	103
<i>History of the World</i>	104
Morals of the Times	108
Intellect of the Times	108
SPENSER	108
Early Life	108
Subsequent Life	109
Character	110
Imagination	110
Intellect	111
Style	111
Position as an Author	111
Composition, etc., of the Faery Queene	112
FIRST BOOK OF THE FAERY QUEENE	117
Verbal References	156
Miscellaneous References	162
CHAPTER IV.—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE	167
The Drama	167
The Stage	172
Shakespeare's Contemporaries	175
Foreign Contemporaries	175
English Contemporaries	176
Robert Greene	177

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
<i>Pandosto</i>	178
<i>James the Fourth</i>	178
Christopher Marlowe	180
<i>Jew of Malta</i>	181
<i>Edward II.</i>	183
John Lilly	185
<i>Euphues</i>	185
<i>Mother Bombie</i>	189
<i>Sappho and Phao</i>	189
<i>Endimion</i>	190
Beaumont and Fletcher	191
<i>Faithful Shepherdess</i>	192
<i>Philaster</i>	194
Ben Jonson	197
<i>Alchemist</i>	199
SHAKESPEARE	203
Early Life	205
Character	207
Intellect	207
Imagination	209
Style	209
Position as an Author	210
Works	210
Sources, etc., of the Merchant of Venice	211
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE	215
Verbal References	292
Miscellaneous References	299
References to Shakespeare's Imagination	303
References to Shakespeare's Intellect	304
References to Shakespeare's Style	304
Contradictions	306
Principal Characters	306
Criticisms	309
CHAPTER V.—FRANCIS BACON	311
Contemporaries	311
Morals of the Times	311
Intellect of the Times	312
BACON	312
Life	312
Character in General	313
Moral Nature	314
Imagination	314
Intellect	315

	PAGE
Aims	315
Style	316
Position as an Author	317
Principal Works	318
FIVE ESSAYS SELECTED FROM BACON	327
<i>Of Riches</i>	327
<i>Of Youth and Age</i>	330
<i>Of Beauty</i>	332
<i>Of Studies</i>	333
<i>Of Vicissitudes of Things</i>	335
Verbal References	340
Miscellaneous References	345
CHAPTER VI.—JOHN MILTON	349
Introductory	349
Foreign Contemporaries	353
Corneille	353
Molière	353
English Contemporaries	354
John Bunyan	354
<i>The Jerusalem Sinner Saved</i>	357
<i>The Pharisee and the Publican</i>	357
<i>Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners</i>	357
<i>Visions of Hell</i>	358
<i>Pilgrim's Progress</i>	359
John Dryden	364
<i>Absalom and Achitophel</i>	365
<i>Marriage a la Mode</i>	368
<i>Aureng Zebe</i>	368
<i>Œdipus</i>	369
<i>Love Triumphant</i>	369
<i>All for Love</i>	371
MILTON	379
Character	382
Imagination	383
Intellect	384
Style	384
Principal Works	385
<i>Areopagitica</i>	385
<i>Paradise Lost</i>	386
Plan, etc., of <i>Comus</i>	388
COMUS	389
Verbal References	419
Miscellaneous References	425

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.

Anglo-Saxon Poems.—There are two Anglo-Saxon poems, the manuscript of each belonging probably to the tenth century, that are usually mentioned at the beginning of a work on English literature. One of these is the ballad-epic, *Beowulf*.¹ It was re-written by a Christian without Christianizing the poem, but the author's name is unknown. *Beowulf* was a hero somewhat like Theseus among the Greeks. The following outline gives a correct idea of the story:

Hrothgar,² king of Denmark, in order to commemorate his success over all his enemies, built a large mead-hall, a lordly palace wherein his warriors and councilors might feast. A mighty, evil spirit, terrible and grim, called Grendel, whose fastnesses were dank and fenny places, was angry because the Danes were so prosperous. He came to the mead-hall after all were asleep, and carried off thirty of the Danes and feasted upon their carcasses. For twelve long years he often came and slew and fed upon many. Hrothgar grieved bitterly for his people because he could not help them.

Away to the westward, among the people of the Geats,³ *Beowulf* hears of Hrothgar's trouble ; so he sails to Denmark, and undertakes to attack

¹ *Be-wolf*.—Probably so named after the wood-pecker, because of the indomitable courage of that bird. It feeds upon the larvæ of bees and other insects.

² *Hrothgar*.—Red or bloody weapon.

³ *Geat*, from which the word gate comes, means channel or passage. It here applies to the inhabitants of Britain.

Grendel. As weapons will be of no service, Beowulf, unarmed, awaits the coming of the foe. Grendel comes, tears the throat of a sleeping warrior, and drinks his blood; then lays hold of Beowulf. Beowulf grasps Grendel by the shoulder, and the dreadful fight begins. The palace rocks and thunders with their battle. Grendel finds his enemy too strong for him, and, in his frantic efforts to escape, his shoulder and shoulder-blade are torn from his body. Grendel flies to the fens, where Death clutches him, and he dies.

After a great feast over this victory, given to Beowulf, Grendel's mother awakes from her dwelling in the cold streams, from her home in the terrible waters, and seeks the mead-hall to avenge her son. She slays Æschere, one of Hrothgar's councilors, and, snatching the arm of her son, which had been hung up in the mead-hall, escapes. Beowulf seeks her in her home under the foul black water, into which even the hunted stag would not plunge in order to save its life. When Beowulf reaches the bottom Grendel's mother drags him into her cave, and the struggle begins. Beowulf's own weapons fail him, so he seizes a huge sword hanging on the wall of the cave, and with it severs her head from her body.

Before the great feast which follows this crowning victory, Hrothgar, the wise and hoary king, the mingled-haired, speaks to Beowulf: "O, my friend Beowulf, great is thy glory, and uplifted high, and wondrous are the ways of God, who, through the wisdom of his great mind, distributeth so much strength to one man, making him a refuge city for the peoples. But suffer a kindly word of council, dear warrior: When all things are subject to a man, when the world turneth at his will, he forgetteth that the flower of his strength and his glory are but for a little while before he leave these poor days and fade away forgotten, and another come in his place. But the great Shepherd of the Heavens liveth on, and raiseth up and putteth down whom He will. Dear friend, beware of pride, which groweth up and anon beguileth the heart so fast to sleep that the warrior remembereth not how Death will overpower him at the last. So gloried I, when with spear and sword having freed the Hring Danes from all their enemies under heaven, I built this mead-hall in my pride, and reckoned not upon my adversary. But God sent Grendel many years to trouble me, till my pride was humbled, and he brought me a deliverer in thee."

Beowulf returns to his home laden with rich presents of gems and twisted gold, which he generously shares with his friends and kinsfolk. After some years, spent in good and quiet deeds, for Beowulf was gentle of mind, he inherits the kingdom and reigns fifty years.

His last exploit is with a fiery dragon that abides in the cavern of a rocky cliff hard by the sea. This cavern is full of gold and jewels that have been secretly stolen during a space of three hundred years. One of Beowulf's men wanders into the cave and steals a gold drinking cup. The infuriated dragon threatens to devastate the whole land with fire. The waves of fire reach even the palace of Beowulf. He, therefore, goes out to meet the dragon, single-handed. The contest is furious. Wiglaf, only kinsman of Beowulf, alone dares to assist him. Beowulf grapples the dragon, and Wiglaf cuts the body in two. The fiery blood is on Beowulf's hands; he feels the poison boil up in his breast; and after Wiglaf brings him an armful of the treasure to behold, his soul parts quietly from his body.

Cædmon.—The other poem is the Bible epic called Cædmon's (Kædmon's) Paraphrase. The only manuscript of it that remains, contains the first twenty-three chapters of Genesis, the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Exodus, a part of the last chapter of Second Chronicles, the first five chapters of Daniel, and 1,436 lines upon Christ and Satan. There are parts of Genesis and Paradise Lost that resemble each other, but not a particle of evidence exists to show that Milton borrowed any thing from Cædmon.

The story of Cædmon's inspiration, as related by Bedé, is very interesting. Green, in his "History of the English People," gives it as follows: "Though well advanced in years, Cædmon had learned nothing of the art of verse, the alliterative jingle so common among his fellows; wherefore, being sometimes at feasts, when all agreed for glee's sake to sing in turn, he no sooner saw the harp come towards him than he rose from the board and went homewards. Once when he had done this, and gone from the feast to the stable where he had that night charge of the cattle, there appeared to him in his sleep one who said, greeting him: 'Sing, Cædmon, some song to me.' 'I can not sing,' he answered; 'for this cause left I the feast and came hither.' He who talked with him answered: 'However that be, you shall sing to me.' 'What shall I sing?' rejoined Cædmon. 'The beginning of created

things,' replied he. In the morning the cowherd stood before Hild and told his dream. Abbess and brethren alike concluded 'that heavenly grace had been conferred upon him by the Lord.' They translated for Cædmon a passage in Holy Writ, 'bidding him, if he could, put the same into verse.' The next morning he gave it them composed in excellent verse, whereon the abbess, understanding the divine grace in the man, bade him quit the secular habit and take on him the monastic life."

The following selection is made because it suggests equivalent passages in Book I. "*Paradise Lost*."

Then spake the haughty king, who of angels erst was brightest, fairest in heaven, beloved of his master, to his Lord dear, until they turned to folly; so that with him for his madness God himself became, the Mighty, angry in mind, cast him into that house of perdition, down on that new bed, and after gave him a name: said that the highest should be called Satan thenceforward; bade him the swart hell's abyss rule, not with God war. Satan harangued, sorrowing spake, he who hell thenceforth should rule, govern the abyss. He was erst God's angel, fair in heaven, until him his mind urged, and his pride most of all, that he would not the Lord of hosts' word revere; boiled within him his thought about his heart, hot was without him his dire punishment. Then spake he the words: "This narrow place is most unlike that other that we ere knew, high in heaven's kingdom, which my master bestowed on me, though we it, for the All-powerful, may not possess, must cede our realm; yet hath he not done rightly that he hath struck us down to the fiery abyss of the hot hell, bereft us of heaven's kingdom, hath it decreed with mankind to people. That of sorrows is to me the greatest, that Adam shall, who of earth was wrought, my strong seat possess, be to him in delight, and we endure this torment, misery in this hell. O, had I power of my hands, and might one season be without, but one winter's space, then with this host I—but around me lie iron bonds, presseth this cord of chain: I am powerless! we have so hard the clasps of hell so firmly grasped! Here is a vast fire above and underneath, never did I see a loathlier landskip: the flame abateth not, hot over hell. Me hath the clasping of these rings, this hard polished band, impeded in my course, debarred me from my way; my feet are bound, my hands manacled, of these hell-doors are the ways obstructed, so with aught I can not from these limb-bonds escape:

about me lie, of hard iron forged with heat, huge gratings with which me God hath fastened by the neck ; thus perceive I that he knoweth my mind, and that knew also the Lord of hosts, that should us through Adam evil befall, about the realm of heaven, where I had power of my hands, but we now suffer chastisement in hell, which are darkness and heat, grim, bottomless ; God hath us himself swept into these swart mists ; thus he can not us accuse of any sin, that we against him in the land framed evil ; yet hath he deprived us of the light, cast us into the greatest of all torments ; we may not for this execute vengeance, reward him with aught of hostility, because he hath bereft us of the light. He hath now devised a world where he hath wrought man after his own likeness, with whom he will repeople the kingdom of heaven with pure souls ; therefore must we strive zealously, that we on Adam, if we ever may, and likewise on his offspring, our wrongs repair, corrupt him there in his will, if we may it in any way devise. Now I have no confidence further in this bright state, that which he seems long destined to enjoy, that bliss with his angels' power, we can not that ever obtain. That we the mighty God's mind weaken, let us avert it now from the children of men, that heavenly kingdom, now we may not have it ; let us so do that they forfeit his favor, that they pervert that which he with his word commanded ; then with them will he be wroth in mind, will cast them from his favor, then shall they seek this hell, and these grim depths ; then may we have them to ourselves as vassals, the children of men in this fast durance.

The following quotation, which describes the battle between the Sodomites and Elamites, Genesis xiv. 1-12, illustrates not only the form of versification, but also the rugged vigor of Cædmon's imagination :

They then marched together,
the javelins were loud,
wroth the bands of slaughter,
the sad fowl sang
amid the dart-shafts,
dewy of feathers,
the rush expecting.
The warriors hastened
in powerful bodies,
bold of mood,

till that the hosts of nations
had come
together from afar,
from south and north,
with helmets decked.
There was hard play,
an interchange of deadly weapons,
a great war cry,
a loud battle crash.
Drew with their hands
the warriors from their sheaths
the ring-hilted sword,
of edges doughty ;
there was found easily
death work to the man
who ere was not
with slaughter satiate.

Among the Anglo-Saxon writers, *Bedé* and *King Alfred the Great* deserve special notice.

Bedé was a Benedictine monk of Jarrow, in which monastery he spent his life. Besides being the instructor of six hundred monks, he found much time for study and composition, forty-five works being left to attest his industry. He compiled text-books on music, natural science, philosophy, grammar, arithmetic, and medicine. His greatest work is his "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation." His last work, completed just before he died, was a translation into Anglo-Saxon of the Gospel of St. John. Green says of him: "First among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians, it is in the monk of Jarrow that English literature strikes its roots."

Alfred the Great.—At a time when illiteracy in England was almost absolutely universal, King Alfred called around him all the learned men he could command, and, in spite of the pressing cares of state, many as they were, set himself to work to educate his people. He was nearly forty years of age when

he began the study of Latin, yet he was soon able to translate valuable works into the native tongue. They were not literal translations, such as would have fallen upon dull ears, but paraphrastic ones that his people could understand and appreciate. The "Consolations of Philosophy" by Boethius, the "Pastoral" of Pope Gregory, the "General History" by Orosius, and Bedé's "Ecclesiastical History," which last was really a Latin history of the Anglo-Saxons nearly up to that time, were, one after the other, given to his people in their own language.

Geoffrey.—Later on, there is one more author that should be mentioned. This is Geoffrey, of Monmouth, who died in 1154. His history of British kings is of little value historically; but, from a literary point of view, it is remarkable for the influence it has exerted upon subsequent writers. Geoffrey gave us the fiction of Sabrina, "virgin daughter of Lochrine," as Milton styles her in "Comus." Lochrine was the oldest of the three sons of Brutus, the first king of Britain; and Sabre (Sabrina), his daughter, was thrown into the Severn and drowned. Hence the name of that river.

The story of Lear, king of Britain about 753 B. C., which Shakespeare expanded into the magnificent tragedy of that name, is quite different, as told by Geoffrey, from that of the tragedy. Lear recovered his kingdom through the help of Cordelia's husband, and died a king. Cordelia succeeded him, but was defeated in battle by her nephews, the sons of Goneril and Regan, and was thrown into prison, where she committed suicide. The history of Gorboduc, called Gorbogudo by Geoffrey, gave us the materials for our first English tragedy. Best of all, Geoffrey revived from oblivion the stories of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. These stories were translated by Wace into French in the form of a metrical romance. Map added "Lancelot of the Lake," the "Quest of the Holy Graal," and the "Death of Arthur." Sir Thomas Mallory collected all the stories of Arthur and his knights from

French sources, and they were printed by Caxton in 1485. Spenser drew largely from these in the "*Faery Queene*," and Tennyson, the present poet laureate of England, has added much to his reputation by putting them all into modern verse.

However interesting Cædmon, Bedé, Alfred, and Geoffrey of Monmouth may be to the philologist, they are comparatively unimportant to the student of English literature, because they wrote in a dead language, and not in the English that has existed since Chaucer gave us his "*Canterbury Tales*."

The English Language.—With the accession of William the Conqueror, after the battle of Hastings, in 1066, dates the beginning of the English language. The conquered people spoke Anglo-Saxon; the conquerors, Norman French. The former language is a highly inflected and unmixed one; the latter is far from pure, and possesses but few inflections. The foundation of English continues to be Anglo-Saxon, and those authors, to-day, who use a large proportion of Anglo-Saxon words, wield a power of speech that is remarkable.

The Norman element has been refining in its tendency, for it was the language of the higher classes. Their words related largely to their form of government, to feudalism, to the chase, to law, and the church, hence such terms obtained a permanent footing in the new language. The king, the great officers of the court, and the greater part of the nobility could speak no language but their own. The chief barons, among whom William distributed a large portion of the kingdom, were Normans. As fast as church preferments became vacant, as the native clergy were illiterate, these preferments were given to Norman chaplains; so that in the space of a few years all the sees of England were filled with Normans or Norman speaking priests. As late as the time of Edward III.—1327 to 1347—the higher orders of clergy and laity still used French; the lower classes, English, with occasional additions of French.

The result upon Anglo-Saxon literature was inevitable. It

had entirely disappeared even before Edward III. Marsh says (in his "English Language and its Early Literature"): "Beowulf, and the songs of Cædmon and Cynewulf, and even the relics of the great Alfred were buried out of sight and forgotten long before any work, now recognized as distinctively English in spirit, had been conceived in the imagination of its author. The earliest truly English writers borrowed neither imagery, nor thought, nor plan, seldom even form, from older native models, and hence Anglo-Saxon literature, so far from being the mother, was not even the nurse of the infant genius which opened its eyes to the sun of England five centuries ago."

With Chaucer, therefore, who shaped the heterogeneous materials at hand into a symmetrical structure, we may correctly date the beginning of English literature. That he added any considerable number of French words to the language, as has been asserted, is extremely doubtful; but that he did very much to give us a language, which, with the growth of five hundred years, has become the most expressive in the world, is unquestionable.

CHAPTER I.

CHAUCER—1340(?)—1400.

“If Chaucer is the father of our later English poetry, Wyclif is the father of our later English prose. The rough, clear, homely English of his tracts, the speech of the plowman and trader of the day, though colored with the picturesque phraseology of the Bible, is in its literary use as distinctly a creation of his own as the style in which he embodied it: the terse, vehement sentences, the stinging sarcasms, the hard antitheses which roused the dullest mind like a whip.”—*Green, “History of the English People.”*

Contemporaries.—The two greatest foreign contemporaries of Chaucer were the famous Italian poets, *Boccaccio* and *Petrarch*. *Dante*, the author of that profound mediæval epic, the “Divine Comedy,” died in 1321, but his influence was felt throughout the century. *Dante* incorporated in the three grand divisions of his comedy—the Inferno, Purgatory, and Paradise—a summary of all the learning of his time; hence, no poet has been more carefully studied, or more worthy of study. But *Dante* is a poet that few read.

Although the Revival of Letters is generally placed one hundred years later, yet the honor of beginning this revival rests with *Petrarch* and *Boccaccio*. Both of these authors devoted a great deal of time and money in bringing to light the long neglected Latin and Greek classics; in this, being years ahead of their time.

The “Decameron” and “Teseide” of *Boccaccio* are the only works whose influence is clearly marked in the writings of Chaucer. The plan of the “Canterbury Tales” is suggested by that of the “Decameron,” and five of the tales are

modifications from corresponding tales in that work. Craik thinks, however, that, as Chaucer did not understand Italian, he must have read the "Decameron" in French, or in the Latin translation of Petrarch.

The most important English contemporaries of Chaucer are *Sir John Mandeville*, who died in 1372; *John Wyclif*, 1384; and *John Gower*, 1408.

Mandeville was the first great English traveler. He started on his travels in 1322, and returned in 1346. During this interval the English language underwent a great change. Marsh says: "We are certainly safe in saying that between 1300 and 1350 as many Latin and French words were introduced into the English language as in the whole period of more than two centuries which had elapsed between the Conquest and the beginning of the Fourteenth Century." He further says that one-fourth, probably one third, of the words composing the Anglo-Saxon tongue were utterly forgotten before Chaucer had written a line.

Mandeville published his "Voyages and Travels" in Latin, about 1356, and shortly afterwards translated the work into both French and English. The book was very popular at the time, but it has exerted no visible influence upon subsequent literature, unless, perhaps, the description of the country of Lamary may have suggested "Utopia" to Sir Thomas More. Like most books of travel written since Mandeville's time, it contains a little valuable information and a great deal of useless rubbish. Much of this rubbish he takes bodily from Pliny, but his evident desire to make a readable book often leads his imagination astray. The greatest inconsistency in the work is in the description of the locality of paradise. This description is from hearsay, and includes a large part of the territory between the Ganges and the Nile, the most of which Mandeville previously claims to have visited in person.

The most remarkable passage in the book is the argument, drawn from the author's own observations, to prove that the

earth is round. As this was written one hundred and fifty years before Columbus made a practical test of the question, and at a time when all previous knowledge pointed the other way, it is well worth remembering. The following is the passage :

“In that land, and in many others beyond that, no man may see the star transmontane, that is called the star of the sea, that is immovable, and that is toward the north, that we call the lode-star. But men see another star, the contrary to it, that is toward the south, that is called antarctic. And right as the sailors take their advice here, and govern themselves by the lode-star, right so do sailors beyond those parts, by the star of the south, the which star appeareth not to us. And this star, that is toward the north, that we call the lode-star, does not appear to them. For which cause, men may well perceive that the land and the sea are of round shape and form. For the part of the firmament sheweth in one country that sheweth not in another country. And men may well prove by experience and subtle compassment of wit that, if a man could find passages for ships that would go to search the world, men might go by ships all about the world, and above and beneath. The which thing I prove thus, after that I have said. For I have been toward the parts of Brabant, and beheld by the astrolabe that the star that is called the transmontane is fifty-three degrees high. And farther, in Germany and Bohemia, it hath fifty-eight degrees. And still farther north, it is sixty-two degrees of height and certain minutes. For I myself have measured it by the astrolabe. Now shall ye know that against the transmontane is the other star, that is called antarctic, as I have said before. And the two stars never move. And by them turneth all the firmament, right as doth a wheel that turneth by its axle-tree; so that those stars bear the firmament in two equal parts; so that it hath as much above as it hath beneath. After this, I have gone toward the meridional parts, that is toward the south, and I have found that in Lybia men see first the star antarctic. And the farther I have gone into those countries, the higher I have found that star to be; so that toward Upper Lybia it is eighteen degrees of height and certain minutes. After going by sea and by land toward this country of which I spoke, and to other isles and lands beyond that country, I have found the star antarctic thirty-three degrees of height and more minutes. And if I had had company and shipping, to go farther beyond, I certainly believe that we should have seen all the roundness of the firmament. For, as I have told you before, the half of

the firmament is between those two stars, the which half I have seen. And of the other half, I have seen toward the north, under the transmontane, sixty-two degrees and ten minutes; and toward the meridional part I have seen, under the antarctic, thirty-three degrees and sixteen minutes; and then, the half of the firmament in all holdeth but one hundred and eighty degrees. And, of those one hundred and eighty, I have seen sixty-two on that one part, and thirty-three on that other part; that is, ninety-five degrees and nigh the half of a degree; and so there faileth not but that I have seen all the firmament, save eighty-four degrees and the half of a degree; and that is not the fourth part of the firmament. For the four parts of the roundness of the firmament hold ninety degrees; so there faileth but five degrees and a half of the fourth part. And also I have seen the three parts of all the roundness of the firmament, and more, by five degrees and a half. By the which I say to you certainly, that man may environ all the earth of all the world, as well under as above, and turn again to his country, that has company, and shipping, and conduct; and always he shall find men, lands, and isles as well as in this country. For ye know well that they that are toward the antarctic, they are straight, feet against feet of them that dwell under the transmontane; as well as we and they that dwell under us are feet against feet. For all the parts of sea and of land have their opposites, habitable or passable."

Wyclif.—The author, however, whose influence shaped even the pen of Chaucer; whose labors, thirty-one years after his death, inspired John Huss, away off in Bohemia, with the courage of a martyr; and who, indirectly, one hundred and forty years after he ceased to write, gave Martin Luther his best ideas of religious freedom, was *John Wyclif*. The Prologue to the "*Canterbury Tales*" would never have been conceived had not Chaucer been in full sympathy with the doctrines of Wyclif; and, in consequence, those beautiful tales would never have been collected.

Although, perhaps on account of his heresy, his name does not appear in the existing records of the family, Wyclif was born in 1324, at Wycliffe, a village six miles from Richmond, in Yorkshire, and died at Lutterworth, of paralysis, in 1384. Nothing is known of his early years. At the age of sixteen, during the year in which Queen's College, Oxford, was

founded by Queen Philippa, queen of Edward III., he was a commoner in that college. He went to Merton College shortly after. Here he received instruction from Ockham and Duns Scotus, and soon became skilled in scholastic philosophy as well as in civil and canon law. The pestilence of 1345-8, reaching England in 1347, affected the character of Wyclif very much, giving him a seriousness that never left him. In 1360 he began his disputes with the mendicant friars, who had made their first appearance in Oxford in 1221. He was made rector of Lutterworth in 1375, and during the same year was sent to Bruges as one of the royal commissioners to the ambassadors of the Pope.

Wyclif was summoned before a synod at Lambeth, in 1378, to answer the charges of heresy that had been preferred against him; but popular sympathy was so strong that no action could be taken. He delivered to the synod a paper containing eighteen propositions, elaborately argued, in which his views are clearly and earnestly presented. The following are the most important of these propositions:

“All mankind, since Christ’s coming, have not power, simply or absolutely, to ordain that Peter and all his successors should rule over the world, politically, forever.”

“God can not give civil dominion to any man for himself and his heirs forever.”

“Charters of human invention concerning civil inheritance forever, are impossible.”

“It is not possible that a man should be excommunicated to his damage, unless he be excommunicated first and principally by himself.”

“It is lawful for kings, in cases limited by law, to take away the temporalities from churchmen who habitually abuse them.”

“If the popes or temporal lords, or any others, shall have endowed the church with temporalities, it is lawful for them to take away in certain cases; viz., when the doing so is by way of medicine to cure or prevent sins, and that notwithstanding excommunication, or any other church censure, since these donations were given but with a condition implied.”

“An ecclesiastic, even the pope of Rome himself, may, on some accounts, be corrected by their subjects for the benefit of the church.”

The Bible.—Wyclif's greatest literary work was a translation of the whole Bible into English, between 1381 and 1384. This was our first English Bible, and, although it was ninety years before the introduction of printing into England, its contents were widely read and disseminated.

The following brief summary of the history of the English Bible to the time of Wyclif will be interesting. First, in the seventh century, is Cædmon's "Paraphrase." Following this, in the eighth century, comes the Anglo-Saxon version of the Psalter by Aldhelm and Guthlac, and Bedé's translation of St. John's Gospel. Next is the Durham book, consisting of the Latin Gospels, with the interlinear Anglo-Saxon version of Alfred's time. In the tenth century we have a work similar to the Durham book, called the "Rushworth Gloss;" a third copy just before the Conquest; and a fourth, belonging to the same period. Elfric, during the reign of Ethelred, made an epitome of the Old and New Testaments, and Alfred translated the Psalms. The "Ormulum," by Ormin, was a rhyming version of the Gospels and the Acts; and in 1350 Richard Rolle, called the Hermit of Hampole, translated half the Psalms.

The intellectual stimulus given to the English people by Wyclif's translation of the Bible can not be overestimated. It was very strongly opposed by most of the clergy, but on account of the restlessness of the times the mass of the people welcomed it, and took advantage of every opportunity of having it read to them.

One authentic anecdote, strongly illustrative of Wyclif's character, has come down to us. At a time when very sick, this sickness being brought upon Wyclif by overwork and continued persecution, a committee of four, representing the four orders of mendicant friars, visited him to secure a recantation of his heresies. He listened patiently to them, then beckoned his servants to raise him in his bed, and said with energy that he should not die, but live; and should again declare the evil deeds of the times.

At the council of Constance, in 1415, it was ordered that what was left of Wyclif's body should be removed from the consecrated ground in which it lay. In 1417 his bones were taken from their grave in the churchyard of Lutterworth, carried to a bridge that crossed the river Swift, near by, burned to ashes, and the ashes were thrown into the stream. Worthy Thomas Fuller says: "The Swift conveyed them into the Avon, Avon into the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wyclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

Knyghton, a contemporary and adversary of Wyclif, says of him: "As a theologian, he was the most eminent in his day; as a philosopher, second to none; and as a schoolman, incomparable. He made it his great aim, with learned subtlety, and by the profundity of his own genius, to surpass the genius of other men."

Manuscripts.—Seventy of Wyclif's works, in their manuscript form, are still accessible to students. Of these, next to his Bible, the most prominent are the "Wyckett," a "Treatise against the Order of Friars," and the "Trialogus." The "Wyckett" is an exposition of the words of Christ, "This is my body," in which Wyclif endeavors to show that the bread and wine used in the eucharist are symbols of Christ's flesh and blood, instead of the real flesh and blood. The treatise against the order of friars includes a discussion of fifty distinct charges.

The "Trialogus" is a series of colloquies in which the three speakers, Alithia or Truth, Pseudis or Falsehood, and Phronesis or Wisdom, take part. Wyclif himself speaks in the character of Phronesis. The language of Pseudis gives expression to the captious and skeptical spirit of the Middle Ages on the great questions relating to philosophy, morals, and theology; that of Phronesis and Alithia embodies the sounder views of those times upon such subjects.

The "Trialogus" consists of four books. The first book is wholly occupied with arguments to prove the existence of God; the second treats of the origin of the world and of created things generally; the third, of virtues and sins; and the fourth, of the doctrine of the sacrament, of the hierarchy, and of the religious orders. The following is Wyclif's opinion upon the subject of indulgences:

"I confess that the indulgences of the Pope, if they are what they are said to be, are a manifest blasphemy, inasmuch as he claims a power to save men almost without limit, and not only to mitigate the penalties of those who have sinned, by granting them the aid of absolutions and indulgences that they may never come to purgatory, but to give command to the holy angels that, when the soul is separated from the body, they may carry it without delay to its everlasting rest."

Phronesis.—The following is a part of the argument of Phronesis upon the immortality of the soul. As this was a favorite topic among all our great English writers, at least till the reign of Charles II., its insertion here will be valuable for the sake of subsequent comparison:

"But philosophers assign many reasons whereby to establish this opinion. In the first place we learn, on the authority of Aristotle, and in fact from common experience, that a certain energy in the mind of man is immortal. Aristotle gives weight to his assumption on this point by adducing in its favor the intellect of man, which, so far from being enfeebled, is rather invigorated by the weakness of the body; for there is an increase of keenness in the speculative intellect of the old, even when every corporeal faculty has failed them. This perceptive faculty must have a foundation of some sort to rest upon, of a nature not to require such an instrument as the body, and we must therefore rank the human intellect above all the animal faculties aforesaid. For, in those faculties, animals surpass man, as saith the poet, who shows it from experience: 'The boar excels us in hearing, the spider in touch, the vulture in scent, the ape in the sense of tasting.' And thus it is with the five organic, interior faculties aforesaid. For, since man does not surpass animals in power of body, or in any merely animal sense, we are shut up to the conclusion that he excels them in the operation of his intellect. But what

advantage would have been given him, if, in the very point which constituted his felicity, he had been compelled to part with that felicity at death? For, in such case, God would seem to cast contempt upon his favored offspring. Man has, therefore, an understanding which he takes away from the body along with himself, and which abides forever. Furthermore, man has a feeling within himself of natural desire to exist forever; and the wiser men are, the more do they bear testimony to this truth."

John Gower, called by Chaucer the "Moral Gower," and no doubt a source of inspiration to Chaucer, was, perhaps, born in 1325. He died in 1408.

Gower was a poet of fine scholarship, but of indifferent poetic talent. He had neither the warmth of imagination necessary for the poetic subjects of his times, nor the practical ability essential to give color to the many tales which he incorporated into his dull poems. He wrote a number of ballads and other short poems, and three long poems. Concerning the last, the "*Speculum Meditantis*," which is lost, is said to have been written in French; the "*Vox Clamantis*" is in Latin; and the "*Confessio Amantis*," in English. The "*Confessio*" was written at the request of Richard II., when Gower was an old man. It consists of eight books, and contains more than one hundred tales, which are drawn from all sources. It represents Gower as a lover confessing his manifold sins to a priest of Venus, and receiving the necessary absolution and encouragement. After a suitable introduction, in which the author says:

"And that is love of which I mene
To treate, as after shall be sene,
In which there can no man him reule,
For love's lawe is out of reule,"

he begins the discussion of the seven deadly sins, in the following order:

Book I. *Pride*.—Under this are grouped hypocrisy, disobedience, presumption, ostentation, and vain glory. The most important story is that

of Florent, under disobedience, from which story Chaucer obtained the "Wife of Bath's Tale."

Book II. *Envy*.—This is subdivided into selfishness, malice, detraction, false semblance, and supplantation. The story of Tiberius Constantine, his wife Italia, and their daughter Constance, under detraction, is the same as the "Man of Law's Tale" in Chaucer.

Book III. *Anger*.—This includes the topics melancholy, and chiding or scolding. Illustrative of the former is given the story of Phœbus and Cornida, from which Chaucer obtained the "Manciple's Tale."

Book IV. *Sloth*.—The subdivisions are tardiness, cowardice, forgetfulness, negligence, idleness, travail, or adventures or military service, otium or ease, somnolence, and dejection or desperation.

Book V. *Avarice*.—This includes jealousy, covetousness, false witness and perjury, usury, scarceness, ingratitude, rapine, theft, secret robbery, sacrilege, and liberality. Under covetousness are given the stories of "The Two Coffers" and "The Two Pasties," from one or both of which Shakespeare obtained the materials for the story of the caskets in the "Merchant of Venice."

Book VI. *Gluttony*.—This has three topics: drunkenness, delicacy, and concupiscence.

Book VII.—This contains a full outline of the crude, scientific knowledge of the times, based upon Aristotle's system of philosophy. There are eleven different topics: theory; theology; physics; mathematics, including arithmetic, music, and geometry; rhetoric, subdivided into grammar and logic; practice, which includes ethics or morals, economy or household government, and policy or the management of a kingdom; and five points for a king to know,—truth, largesse without prodigality, justice, piety, and chastity. Under chastity is found the story of Appius Claudius and Virginia, from which Chaucer obtained the "Doctor's Tale."

Book VIII. *Lechery*.—In this book occurs the story of Antiochus and his daughter, and her lover Appolinus, upon which Shakespeare's "Pericles" is founded. At the close of this book, Gower enumerates the lovers and loves of all the ancients, and gives a conversation with Venus.

Gower did not marry until 1398. In 1400 he became blind, and remained so until his death.

The following selection contains the stories of the two coffers and the two pasties. The original spelling is retained in order to preserve the meter:

THE TWO COFFERS.

- In a cronique this I rede
 About a kinge, as must nede,
 There was of knightes and squiers
 Great route, and eke of officers.
- 5 Some of long time him hadden served,
 And thoughten that they have deserved
 Avauncement, and gone withoute;
 And some also ben of the route,
 That comen but awhile agone,
- 10 And they avaunced were anone.
 These olde men, upon this thing,
 So as they durst ayein the king,
 Among hem self compleignen ofte
 But there is nothing said so softe,
- 15 That it ne cometh out at last.
 The king it wist anone als fast
 As he, which was of high prudence.
 He shope, therefore, an evidence
 Of hem that pleignen in that cas,
- 20 To knowe in whose default it was.
 And all within his owne intent,
 That no man wiste what it ment,
 Anone he let two cofres make,
 Of one semblaunce and of o make
- 25 So lich, that no life thilke throwe,
 That one may from that other knowe.
 They were into his chambre brought,
 But no man wot why they be wrought;
 And netheles the king hath bede,
- 30 That they be set in prive stede,
 As that he was of wisdom sligh.
 Whan he therto his time sigh,
 All privelich, that none it wist,

- His owne hondes, that o kist
35 Of fine golde and fine perrie,
The which out of his tresorie
Was take, anone he filde full.
That other cofre, of strawe and mull,
With stones meind, he filde also.
40 Thus they be fulle, bothe two,
So that erliche, upon a day,
He bade withinne where he lay,
There shulde be tofore his bedde,
A borde up set and faire spredde.
45 And then he let the cofres fet
Upon the borde and did hem set.
He knew the nemes wel of tho,
The whiche ayein him grucche so
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
50 Anone he sendeth for hem alle,
And saide to hem in this wise:
There shall no man his hap despise.
I wot wel ye have longe served,
And god wot what ye have deserved,
55 But if it is along on me
Of that ye unavaunced be,
Or elles it belonge on you,
The sothe shall be proved now,
To stoppe you with your evil worde.
60 Lo, here two cofres on the borde;
Chese which you list of bothe two;
And witeth well, that one of tho
Is with tresor so full begon,
That if ye happe thereupon,
65 Ye shal be riche men for ever.
Now chese and take whiche you is lever;
But be well ware, er that ye take,
For of that one, I undertake,
There is no maner good therinne,

- 70 Whereof ye mighten profit winne.
 Now goth to-gider of one assent,
 And taketh your advisement,
 For but I you this day avaunce,
 It stant upon your owne chaunce.
 75 All only in default of grace
 So shall be shewed in this place
 Upon you alle well and fine,
 That no defaulte shall be mine.
 They knelen all, and, with one vois,
 80 The king they thanken of this chois.
 And after that they up arise,
 And gon aside, and hem advise,
 And ate laste they accorde,
 Wherof her tale to recorde,
 85 To what issue they befalle.
 A knight shall speke for hem alle.
 He kneleth down unto the king,
 And saith that they upon this thing,
 Or for to winne, or for to lese,
 90 Ben all avised for to chese.
 Then toke this knight a yerd on hond,
 And goth there as the cofres stond,
 And with thassent of everychone,
 He laith his yerde upon one,
 95 And saith the king how thilke same
 They chese, in reguerdon by name,
 And preith him that they might it have.
 The king, which wold his honour save,
 When he hath heard the comun vois,
 100 Hath graunted hem her owne chois,
 And took hem thereupon the key.
 But for he wolde it were say
 What good they have, as they suppose,
 He bad anone the cofre uncloze,
 105 Which was fulfilled with straw and stone.
 E. L.—3.

Thus be they served all at ones.
 This king, than, in the same stede,
 Anone that other cofre undede,
 Where as they sighen great richesse
 110 Wel more than they couthen gesse.
 "Lo," saith the king, "now may ye se,
 That there is no defaulte in me.
 Forthy myself I woll acquit,
 And bereth ye your owne wit
 115 Of that fortune hath you refused."
 Thus was this wise king excused,
 And they lefte of her evil speche,
 And mercy of her king beseche.

VERBAL REFERENCES.

Line 1: **Cronique**, chronicle.—2. **as must nede**, as he must need.—4. **route**, numbers.—7. **avauncement**, advancement.—9. **awhile agone**, recently.—10. **anone**, anon.—12. **ayein**, against.—13. **hem self**, themselves; **compleignen**, complained.—15. **ne**, not.—16. **wist**, knew; **als**, as.—18. **shope**, shaped.—19. **pleignen**, complained; **cas**, matter.—23. **let two cofres make**, ordered two coffers or chests to be made.—24. **semblaunce**, appearance; **o**, one.—25. **lich**, like; **thilke throwe**, that turns or revolves,—really exists.—28. **wot**, knows.—29. **netheles**, nevertheless; **bede**, bidden.—30. **prive stede**, secret place.—31. **sligh**, sly.—32. **sigh**, saw.—33. **privelich**, secretly.—34. **hondes**, hands; **kist**, chest.—35. **perrie**, pearls, gems.—38. **mull**, dirt.—39. **meind**, mixed.—41. **erliche**, early.—43. **to-fore**, before.—45. **fet**, brought.—47. **nemes**, names; **tho**, those.—48. **grucche**, grumbled.—52. **hap**, chance, lot.—55. **along on me**, along of me, on my account, or my fault.—58. **sothe**, truth.—61. **chese**, choose.—62. **witeth**, know ye.—63. **begon**, prepared.—64. **happe**, happen.—66. **whiche you is lever**, which you would rather have.—71. **to-gider**, together.—73. **but**, unless, if not.—74. **stant**, stands.—82. **avise**, advise, consult.—83. **ate**, at the; **accorde**, agree.—84. **her**, their.—85. **they befall**, they fell to, agreed upon.—89. **lese**, lose.—91. **yerd**, stick.—93. **thassent**, the assent; **everychone**, everyone.—96. **reguerdon**, reward.—98. **wold**, would.—105. **fulfilled**, filled full.—106. **ones**, once.—108. **undede**, unfastened.—110. **couthen gesse**, could guess.—111. **se**, see.—113. **forthy**, therefore.—117. **of**, off.

THE TWO PASTIES.

- Somdele to this matere like
 I finde a tale, how Fredericke,
 Of Rome that time emperour,
 Herde, as he went, a great clamour
 5 Of two beggars upon the way,
 That one of hem began to say:
 "Ha, lord, wel may the man be riche
 Whom that a king list for to riche."
 That other saide: "No thinge so;
 10 But he is riche and wel bego,
 To whom that god wol sende wele."
 And thus they maden wordes fele,
 Whereof this lord hath hede nome,
 And bid hem bothe for to come
 15 To the paleis, where he shall ete,
 And bad ordeigne for her mete
 Two pastees, which he let do make,
 A capon in that one was bake,
 And in that other, for to winne,
 20 Of floreins all that may withinne,
 He let do put a great richesse.
 And even aliche, as men may gesse,
 Outward they were bothe two.
 This beggar was commanded tho,
 25 He that which held him to the king,
 That he first chese upon this thing.
 He sigh hem, but he felt hem nought,
 So that, upon his owne thought,
 He chese the capon, and forsoke
 30 That other, which his felaw toke.
 But whan he wist how that it ferde,
 He said aloud that men it herde:
 "Now have I certainly conceived
 How he may lightly be deceived,

- 35 That tristeth unto mannes helpe.
 But wel is him that god wol helpe,
 For he stant on the siker side,
 Whiche elles shulde go beside.
 I se my felaw wel recouer,
 40 And I mot dwelle still pouer."
 Thus spake the beggar his entent,
 And pouer he cam, and pouer he went,
 Of that he hath richesse sought,
 His infortune it wolde nought.

VERBAL REFERENCES.

Line 1: **Somdele**, somewhat.—8. **to riche**, to enrich.—10. **bego**, thrust forward.—11. **wele**, prosperity.—12. **fele**, foolish.—13. **hede nome**, taken heed.—16. **ordeigne**, prepare; **mete**, meat, food.—19. **for to winne**, intended to win.—22. **aliche**, alike.—24. **tho**, then.—31. **ferde**, fared.—35. **tristeth**, trusteth.—37. **siker**, certain.—39. **recouer**, recover, return to prosperity.—40. **mot**, must; **pouer**, poor, in poverty.—44. **infortune**, bad fortune; **wolde nought**, would not leave him.

Habits and Morals.—With the introduction of comforts and luxuries, by which the houses, clothing, food, and habits of a people are changed, the standard of morality is raised. During the time of Chaucer, and for long years afterwards, even kings and queens and their retinues were accustomed to things that would now seem unendurable by the same class of persons. Among all others, there was a sliding scale downwards, until the human being stood upon nearly the same level as the brute. In Chaucer's time the great mass of the people lived in huts, without windows and without chimneys. The floor was the ground, sometimes covered with straw, rushes, or clean sand. There were no bedsteads nor chairs: in their stead, a pile of straw or rushes in the corner, and rude stools. Fires were built in the middle of the one room, and the smoke partly passed through a hole in the roof, left for that purpose. All cooking, eating, sleeping, and the entertaining of guests

took place in the one room. As the people lived so in common, cleanliness of body was rare, and purity of thought and language more so. People ate with their fingers, very often from a common dish, for table-forks were unknown. The food was mainly flesh. Under such circumstances, there was a coarseness of manner and of speech pervading all ranks of society, which, to-day, we would regard as gross vulgarity. Add to these things the low standard of morality among the clergy, the only intellectually cultivated class of that age, and it is easy to see that the tendency was to keep the people morally and socially where they then were. These facts must be constantly borne in mind by the student in order fully to appreciate the literary character of this period.

Intellect.—A noticeable fact in the history of English literature is this:—great religious and political agitation has developed great literary work. During the time of Chaucer the peasant first realized his value as a part of the body politic. At Crecy and Poitiers his arrows had routed the most chivalrous knights of Europe. In religion, he began to question the character of the clergy, and to lose his dread of the power that it had hitherto wielded. Up to this time the secular author was limited in his work to subjects of love and chivalry. Scholasticism had settled every question, whether religious or metaphysical. Wyclif's manuscript, tracts, and Bible did more than anything else to revolutionize the England of that day. His followers, called Lollards—meaning, probably, idle babblers—gave a temporary impetus to moral and intellectual advancement which was remarkable. The English language itself contributed its share to the progress of the time. It was ordered to be used in courts of law in 1362, and in 1385 was taught in all the grammar schools of England in preference to French.

With the suppression of Lollardry came intellectual suppression, and the Wars of the Roses following, "the first burst of English song died as suddenly in Chaucer as the hope and glory of his age."

CHAUCER.

Early Life.—It is supposed that Chaucer was born in London. As to education, some believe he was educated at Cambridge, others at Oxford, and still others at both universities. He was a page at the age of sixteen to the wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence; and at the age of nineteen he bore arms in the campaign of Edward III. against France, in 1359, being taken prisoner, and thus losing all his military ardor. It is not likely, therefore, that he attended either university long enough to take a degree. He was certainly well versed in all branches of scholastic knowledge. Both Tyrwhitt and Craik say that he was not acquainted with the Italian language, the source of so much of his poetical work, although three out of his seven diplomatic missions were to Italy.

Subsequent Life.—In 1369, after Blanche the Duchess, wife of John of Gaunt, died, John of Gaunt became the patron of Chaucer. From 1370 to 1380 Chaucer was sent on seven different political missions. In one of these he probably met Boccaccio at Florence, and Petrarch at Padua. Up to 1384 he was largely influenced by French and Italian literature. During his life he entertained a great friendship for Gower. In 1386 he was deprived—for what reason is not known—of his two offices of Comptroller of Subsidy of Wools, and Comptroller of Petty Customs. His wife died the year after. During the reign of Richard II. his prospects brightened. In 1394 he received a grant of twenty pounds a year for life—a pound then being equal to ten pounds at the present time. The “Prologue to the Canterbury Tales,” and the tales of the “Miller,” “Reve,” “Cook,” “Wife of Bath,” “Merchant,” “Friar,” “Nun,” “Priest,” and “Pardoner,” were written between 1384 and 1390. The larger part of his time during the best years of his life was consumed in the trivial routine of the custom-house. Taine says: “As a man of the world, in the army, the king’s train; as husband of a queen’s maid of



Chaucer.

'honor, a pensioner, a place-holder, a deputy in parliament, a knight,—the history of his life is in reality the history of his income."

Character.—In personal appearance Chaucer was short and somewhat corpulent, his face small and fair, and his eyes downcast and meditative. That he was a close and accurate student, as well as a man of action, we have every reason to believe. Living the life of a courtier in such an age, his morals were elevated above his time. Being in full sympathy with Wyclif, he partially cut loose from scholastic thralldom.

Chaucer's **imagination** was warm and pleasant, but limited to practical, every day things. Owing to his genial nature it was full of bright colors and forms,—of images light and beautiful. It therefore lacked intensity, passion. It is easy to see,

then, that Chaucer's satire was not harsh, but playful. His taste was exquisite.

In **intellect** Chaucer was naturally practical, keen and logical, but, owing to the mental slavery of the times, whenever he stepped beyond the mechanical method of arguing laid down by the Fathers of the Church and the later School-men, his timidity overpowered him. In depicting characters, however, his power of intellect enabled him to do what had never been done before,—delineate living persons.

Style.—Chaucer's style is graceful, polished and terse; full of the light banter inseparable from a genial nature; quietly humorous rather than witty. Marsh says: "If we compare his dialect with that of any writer of an earlier date, we shall find that in compass, flexibility, expressiveness, grace, and all the higher qualities of poetical diction, he gave it at once the utmost perfection which the materials at his hand would admit of."

Position as an Author.—From the necessity of his times, Chaucer is comparatively dull and uninteresting as a prose writer,—in this respect being a marked exception to all his successors; but as a poet, in point of time he is our first great English classic. He stands alone among the authors of his age. "He became to others what none had been to him—a standard. He was adored by Spenser and Milton, and imitated by Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, and Tennyson." Dryden modernized the "Knight's," "Nun's," "Priest's," and "Wife of Bath's" tales. Pope put into his mechanical verse the "Merchant's Tale," and the prologue to the "Wife of Bath's Tale," and imitated the "House of Fame." In fact, we have had no great poet since his time who has not drawn largely from the pure fountain of Chaucer's inspiration.

Principal Works.—The most important of Chaucer's works are the following, all of which, to the student, would repay perusal: the "Canterbury Tales," the "Consolations of Philosophy," from Boethius, "Troilus and Cryseyde," the

“Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse,” the “House of Fame,” and the “Legende of Good Women.”

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

Composition.—The “Canterbury Tales” were given to the world in their present unfinished state in 1391, when Chaucer had passed his prime. By this collection of romantic poems Chaucer’s fame was fully established. Each tale is admirably adapted to the teller as portrayed in the “Prologue,” and all the tales are naturally bound together by little incidents, such as are likely to occur among a number of travelers on horseback, journeying to the same place. The model of these poems was Boccaccio’s “Decameron,” but in connection of incident it far surpasses this model. The “Tale of Melibeus” and the “Parson’s Tale” are in prose.

Forms of Meter and Stanzas.—Anglo-Saxon verse was noticeable only for its alliterative form, but the rule for the alliteration was often disregarded. This rule is as follows: “Usually, in the first of a pair of short lines the two words of chief importance begin with the same letter; that is to say, if the alliteration is of consonants; in the case of vowels the rule is reversed, the chief words beginning with vowels that are different.” Long before Chaucer began to write, Anglo-Saxon was forgotten, and in its stead four distinct forms of meter were used, all consisting of iambic feet, as follows:

1. The long iambic meter containing not more than fifteen, nor less than fourteen syllables,—the cæsura being at the eighth syllable.
2. The Alexandrine, containing not more than thirteen, nor less than twelve syllables,—the cæsura being at the sixth syllable.
3. The octo-syllabic meter,—the ancient iambic dimeter.
4. The six-line stanza,—the first, second, fourth, and fifth lines being iambic tetrameter, the third and sixth, iambic trimeter;—the rhymes corresponding to each measure,—the first, second, fourth, and fifth lines having the same rhyme, also the third and sixth.

Chaucer used the third and fourth of these forms; and, besides, introduced the three following:

1. The iambic pentameter with rhyming couplets, which had long been used by the Italians and French. This measure was imitated by Dryden, and perfected by Pope.

2. The Chaucerian stanza, a modification of the Italian eight-line stanza. This consists of seven iambic pentameter lines, the rhymes being three, and as follows: first and third lines; second, fourth, and fifth lines; sixth and seventh lines.

3. The Italian stanza, consisting of eight iambic pentameter lines, with alternate rhymes.

The "Rime of Sire Thopas" is written in the six line stanza; the "Monk's Tale," in the eight line stanza; the "Man of Law's," "Clerk's," "Prioress's," "Second Nun's" tales, and the "Prologue to Sire Thopas" are in the Chaucerian stanza; and the remaining prologues and tales, in iambic pentameter lines, with rhyming couplets.

Some of our greatest poets have used the Chaucerian stanza,—Shakespeare's "Rape of Lucrece," and Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" being noticeable poems in this measure.

Pronunciation.—In order to read Chaucer with pleasure, some rules for pronunciation are necessary. Tyrwhitt's are probably the best, because as nearly in conformity with the custom of Chaucer's time as can be determined:

RULES.

1. The plural **es** of nouns, as well as the genitive form, is a separate syllable.

2. The termination **ed** of the past tense and the past participle, is a separate syllable.

3. The **e** final, except when followed by a word beginning with a vowel or silent **h**, is pronounced.

4. In French words the last syllable, or the last syllable but one, is **accented**.

5. The last syllable of the present participle is **accented**.

Cautions.—Besides the above, the following cautions are important. Pronounce :

ai,	like ah-ee.
au, aw,	like ah-oo.
ie, ee,	like <i>e</i> in there.
ou,	generally like oo.
c and s,	never like sh.
tion, sion, cion,	always like si-on.

Plan.—Thirty-two pilgrims, Harry Bailly, host of Tabard Inn, and Chaucer included, start from Southwerk, London, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Thomas à Becket. Upon the suggestion of the host, who accompanies them as guide and judge, each is to tell one tale going and one returning, the best narrator to be given a supper at the expense of the rest. Only twenty-four tales were told, hence the plan was never completed.

Contradictions.—The following contradictions occur in the “Prologue to the Canterbury Tales:”

1. The time of assembling, lines one to eight. The probability is that the time was April 16. The year of the poem is about 1384.

2. The number of pilgrims. Line twenty-four says twenty-nine, but actual count gives thirty-two, and the introduction of the Canon’s Yeoman on the journey, makes thirty-three.

3. The number of tales. Lines 792 and 794 say that two tales shall be told while going to Canterbury, and two when returning. Line 17,327 (Tyrwhitt) says:

Now lacketh us no tales mo than on,

the “Parson’s Tale” being that one. This line is in itself a contradiction, because the Yeoman, Haberdasher, Carpenter, Weaver, Dyer, Tapestry Worker, Plowman, Host, and two Nun’s Priests do not tell any tales. It is a pity that the Host, especially, did not relate a portion of his experience.

The probabilities are that Chaucer changed his mind, and concluded that one tale should be told going and one returning.

Sources.—The tales of the “Miller,” “Friar,” “Sompnour,” “Sire Thopas,” and the “Canon’s Yeoman” are probably Chaucer’s. The tales of the “Man of Law,” “Wife of Bath,” “Doctor,” and “Manciple” are probably taken from Gower. The tales of the “Reve,” “Clerk,” “Merchant,” “Franklin,” and “Shipman” are found in Boccaccio’s “Decameron.” The tale of the “Knight” is an abridged translation of Boccaccio’s “Teseide.” Most of the remaining tales are from the French.

PROLOGUE

TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

- Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
5 Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Enspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foweles maken melodye
10 That slepen al the nyght with open eye,—
So priketh hem nature in hir corages:—
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes kouthe in sondry londes;
15 And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The hooly blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.
Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
20 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrymage
To Caunterbury with devout corage,
At nyght were come into that hostelrye

- Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye
 25 Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
 In felaweshipe, and pilgrimes were they alle,
 That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.
 The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
 And wel we weren esed atte beste.
- 30 And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
 So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,
 That I was of hir felaweshipe anon,
 And made forward erly for to ryse,
 To take oure wey ther as I yow devyse.
- 35 But nathelees, whil I have tyme and space,
 Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
 Me thynketh it accordaunt to resoun
 To telle yow al the condicioun
 Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
- 40 And whiche they weren, and of what degree;
 And eek in what array that they were inne:
 And at a knyght, than, wol I first bigynne.
 A KNYGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
 That fro the tyme that he firste bigan
- 45 To ryden out, he loved chivalrie,
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.
 Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
 And therto hadde he riden, no man ferre,
 As wel in cristendom as in hethenesse,
- 50 And evere honoured for his worthynesse.
 At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne,
 Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne
 Aboven alle nacions in Pruce.
 In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,—
- 55 No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
 In Gernade atte seege eek hadde he be
 Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.
 At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
 Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete See

- 60 At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for oure feith at Tramysse
In lystes thries, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilke worthy knyght hadde been also
65 Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,
Agayn another hethen in Turkye;
And everemoore he hadde a sovereyn prys,
And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meeke as is a mayde.
70 He nevere yet no vileynye ne sayde
In all his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit, gentil knyght.
But for to tellen yow of his array,
His hors was goode, but he was not gay.
75 Of fustian he wered a gypoun,
All bismotred with his habergeoun,
For he was late ycome from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrymage.
With hym ther was his sone, a young SQUIER,
80 A lovyere, and a lusty bachelor,
With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse,
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delyvere, and of greet strengthe.
85 And he hadde been sometyme in chyvachie,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Pycardie,
And born hym weel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a meede
90 Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and reede.
Syngynge he was, or floytynge, al the day;
He was as fressh as is the monthe of May.
Short was his gowne, with sleeves longe and wyde,
Wel koude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde;
95 He koude songes make and wel endite,

- Juste and eek daunce, and weel purtreye and write.
 So hoot he lovede, that by nyghtertale
 He slepte namoore than dooth a nyghtyngale.
 Curteis he was, lowely, and servysable.
 100 And carf biforn his fader at the table.
 A YEMAN hadde he, and servantz namoo.
 At that tyme, for hym luste ryde soo;
 And he was clad in cote and hood of grene,
 A sheef of pecok arwes bright and kene
 105 Under his belt he bar ful thriftily.
 Wel koude he dresse his takel yemanly;
 His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe,
 And in his hond he bar a myghty bowe.
 A not-heed hadde he, with a broun visage;
 110 Of woode-craft wel koude he al the usage.
 Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
 And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,
 And on that oother syde a gay daggere,
 Herneysed wel, and sharpe as point of spere;
 115 A Cristophere on his brest of silver sheene;
 An horn he bar, the bawdryk was of grene.
 A forster was he, soothly as I gesse.
 Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
 That of hire smyling was ful symple and coy:
 120 Hire gretteste oothe was but by seint Loy;
 And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
 Ful weel she soonge the service dyvyne,
 Entuned in hir nose ful semeely,
 And Frenssh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
 125 After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
 For Frenssh of Parys was to hire unknowe.
 At mete wel ytaughte was she withalle;
 She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
 Ne wette hire fyngres in hir sauce depe.
 130 Wel koude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 That no drope ne fille upon hire breste;

- In curteisie was sette ful moche hir leste.
 Hire over lippe wyped she so clene,
 That in hir cuppe ther was no ferthyng sene
 135 Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hire draughte.
 Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
 And sikerly she was of greet desport,
 And ful plesaunt, and amyable of port,
 And peyned hire to countrefete cheere
 140 Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.
 But for to speken of hire conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous
 She wolde wepe if that she saugh a mous
 145 Kaught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
 Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
 With rosted flessch, or milk and wastel breed;
 But soore wept she if on of hem were deed,
 Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte:
 150 And al was conscience and tendre herte.
 Ful semyly hir wymple pynched was;
 Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
 Hir mouth ful smal, and thereto softe and reed;
 But sikerly she hadde a fair foreheed,
 155 It was almoost a spanne brood I trowe;
 For hardily she was not undergrowe.
 Ful fetys was hire cloke, as I was war.
 Of smal coral aboute hire arm she bar
 A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene;
 160 And thereon heng a brooch of gold ful sheene,
 On which was first i-write a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.
 Another NONNE with hire hadde she
 That was hire chapeleyne, and PREESTES thre.
 165 A MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrie,
 An out-ridere that loved venerie:
 A manly man, to been an abbot able.
 E. L.—4.

- Ful many a deynte hors hadde he in stable:
 And whan he rood, men myghte his brydel heere
 170 Gynglen in a whistlynge wynd as cleere,
 And eek as loude, as dooth the chapel belle.
 Ther as this lord was kepere of the celle,
 The reule of seint Maure or of seint Beneit,
 Bycause that it was old and somdel streit,
 175 This ilke monk leet olde thynges pace,
 And heeld after the newe world the space.
 He gaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
 That seith that hunters beth nat hooly men;
 Ne that a monk, whan he is recchelees
 180 Is likned til a fissh that is waterlees;
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
 But thilke text heeld he nat worth an oystre,
 And I seyde his opinioun was good.
 What, sholde he studie, and make hymselfen wood,
 185 Upon a book in cloystre alwey to poure,
 Or swynken with his handes, and laboure,
 As Austyn bit? How shal the world be served?
 Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.
 Therefore he was a priskasour aright.
 190 Grehoundes he hadde as swift as fowel in flight;
 Of prykyng and of huntyng for the hare
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
 I seigh his sleeves purfiled at the hond
 With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond;
 195 And for to festne his hood under his chyn,
 He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pyn:
 A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was.
 His heed was balled, that shone as any glas.
 And eek his face, as it hadde been anoynt.
 200 He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt;
 His eyen stepe, and rollynge in his heed,
 That stemed as a forneys of a leed;
 His bootes souple, his hors in greet estaat.

- Now certainly he was a fair prelaat.
205 He was nat pale, as a forpyned goost.
A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.
A FRERE ther was, a wantowne and a merye,
A lymytour, a ful solempne man,
210 In al the ordres foure is noon that kan
So moche of daliaunce and fair langage.
He hadde maad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wommen, at his owene cost.
Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
215 Ful wel biloved, and famulier was he
With frankeleyns over al in his contree,
And eek with worthy wommen of the town;
For he hadde power of confessioun,
As seyde himselfe, moore than a curat,
220 For of his ordre he was licentiat.
Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucion.
He was an esy man to geve penaunce
Ther as he wiste to have a good pitaunce;
225 For unto a poure ordre for to give,
Is signe that a man is wel yshrive.
For if he gaf, he dorste make avaunt,
He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man-so harde is of his herte,
230 He may nat wepe althogh hym soore smerte.
Therefore, instede of wepyng and preyeres,
Men moote geve silver to the poure freres.
His typet was ay farsed ful of knyves,
And pynnes, for to geven yonge wyves.
235 And certainly he hadde a mery note;
Wel koude he synge and pleyen on a rote.
Of yeddinges he bare outrely the pris;
His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys;
Thereto he strong was as a champioun.

- 240 He knew the tavernes wel in al the toun,
And everich hostiler and tappestere,
Bet than a lazar or a beggestere;
For unto swich a worthy man as he
Acorded nat, as by his faculte,
245 To have with sike lazars aqueyntaunce.
It is nat honeste, it may nat avaunce,
As for to deelen with no swiche poraille,
But al with riche, and selleres of vitaille.
And over al, ther as profit sholde arise,
250 Curteis he was, and lowely of servyse,
Ther was no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste beggere in his hous;
For though a wydwe hadde noght a sho,
So plesaunt was his "*In principio*,"
255 Yet wolde he have a ferthyng er he wente.
His purchas was wel bettre than his rente,
And rage he koude as it were right a whelpe.
In love-dayes, ther koude he muchel helpe,
For ther he was nat lyk a cloysterer,
260 With thredbare cope, as is a poure scoler,
But he was lyk a maister or a pope.
Of double worstede was his semy-cope,
That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
Somewhat he lipped for his wantownesse,
265 To make his Englissh sweet upon his tonge;
And in his harpyng, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twynkled in his heed aryght,
As doon the sterres in the frosty nyght.
This worthy lymytour was cleped Huberd.
270 A MARCHAUNT was ther with a forked berd,
In motteleye, and hye on hors he sat;
Upon his heed a Flaundryssh bevere hat;
His bootes clapsed faire and fetisly.
Hise resons spak he ful solempnely,
275 Sownyng alway thencrees of his wyning.

- He wolde the see were kept for any thing
Betwixe Middleburgh and Orewelle.
Wel koude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette ;
280 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So estatly was he of governaunce
With his bargaynes, and with his chevysaunce.
For sothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But sooth to seyn, I noot how men hym calle.
285 A CLERK ther was of Oxenford, also,
That unto logyk hadde longe ygo.
As leene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was nat right fat, I undertake ;
But lokede holwe, and therto sobrelly.
290 Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy,
For he hadde geten hym yet no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For hym was levere have at his beddes heed
A twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed,
295 Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or sautrie :
But al be that he was a philosopre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre ;
But al that he myghte of his freendes hente,
300 On bookes and on lernynge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that gaf hym wherwith to scoleye,
Of studie took he moost cure and moost heede,
Noght o word spak he moore than was neede,
305 And that was seyð in forme and reverence,
And short and quyk, and ful of hy sentence.
Sownynge is moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE, war and wys,
310 That often hadde been at the Parvys
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.

- Discreet he was, and of greet reverence :
 He semed swich, hise wordes weren so wise.
 Justice he was ful often in Assise,
 315 By patente, and by pleyn commissioun ;
 For his science, and for his heigh renoun,
 Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
 So greet a purchasour was nowher noon.
 Al was fee symple to hym in effect.
 320 His purchasyng myghte nat been infect.
 Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
 And yet he semed bisier than he was.
 In termes hadde he caas and doomes alle.
 That from the tyme of kyng William were falle.
 325 Therto he koude endite, and make a thyng,
 Ther koude no wight pynche at his writyng ;
 And every statut koude he pleyn by rote.
 He rood but hoonly in a medlee cote,
 Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres smale ;
 330 Of his array telle I no lenger tale.
 A FRANKELEYN was in this compaignye ;
 Whit was his heed as is a dayesye.
 Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
 Wel loved he by the morwe a sope in wyn.
 335 To lyven in delite was al his wone,
 For he was Epicurus owene sone,
 That heeld opinioun that pleyn delit
 Was verrailly felicitee parfit.
 An housholdere, and that a greet was he ;
 340 Seint Julian was he in his contree.
 His breed, his ale was alway after oon ;
 A bettre envyned man was nevere noon.
 Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous,
 Of fissh and flessch, and that so plenteuous,
 345 It snewed in his hous of mete and drynke,
 Of alle deyntees that men koude thynke.
 After the sondry sesons of the year,

So chaunged he his mete and his soper.
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in muwe,
 350 And many a breem and many a luce in stuwe.
 Wo was his cook but if his sauce were
 Poynaunt and sharpe, and redy al his geere.
 His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stood redy covered al the longe day.

355 At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire.
 Ful ofte tyme he was knyght of the shire.
 An anlaas, and a gipser al of silk
 Heng at his girdel, white as morne milk,
 A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;

360 Was nowher such a worthy vavasour.

An HABERDASSHERE and a CARPENTER,
 A WEBBE, a DYERE, and a TAPY CER,
 And they were clothed alle in o lyveree,
 Of a solempne and greet fraternitie.

365 Ful fressh and newe hir geere apiked was;
 Hir knyves were ychaped noght with bras,
 But al with silver wroght ful clene and weel,
 Hir girdles and hir pouches every deel.
 Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys,

370 To sitten in a geldehalle on a deys.
 Everich for the wisdom that he kan,
 Was shaply for to been an alderman.
 For catel hadde they ynogh, and rente,
 And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente;

375 And elles certeyn were they to blame.
 It is ful fair to been ycleped madame,
 And for to gon to vigiles al bifore,
 And have a mantel roialliche ybore.

A COOK they hadde with hem for the nones,
 380 To boille the chicknes with the marybones,
 And poudre-marchant tart, and galyngale.
 Wel koude he knowe a draughte of Londoun ale.
 He koude rooste, and sethe, and broille, and frye,

- Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.
- 385 But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shyne a mormal hadde he,
For blank-manger that made he with the beste.
- A SHIPMAN was ther, wonynge fer by weste:
For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
- 390 He rood upon a rouncy, as he kouthe,
Al in a goune of faldyng to the knee.
A daggere hangynge on a laas hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hoote somer hadde maad his hewe all broun;
395 And certainly he was a good felawe.
Ful many a draughte of wyn hadde he ydrawe
From Burdeux-ward whil that the chapman sleepe.
Of nyce conscience tooke he no keepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,
400 By water he sente hem hoom to every lond.
But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
His stremes and his daungers him bisides,
His herberwe, and his moone, his lodemenage,
Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage.
- 405 Hardy he was, and wys to undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake.
He knew wel al the havenes, as they were,
From Gootland to the cape of Fynystere,
And every cryke in Britaigne and in Spayne.
- 410 His barge ycleped was the Maudelayne.
With us ther was a DOCTOUR OF PHISIK,
In al this world ne was ther noon hym lik
To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
For he was grounded in astronomye.
- 415 He kepte his pacient a ful greet deel
In houres by his magyk natureel.
Wel koude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his ymages for his pacient.
He knew the cause of everich maladye,

- 420 Were it of hoot, or cold, or moyste, or drye,
And where engendred, and of what humour:
He was a verray parfit praktisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the roote,
Anon he gaf the sike man his boote.
- 425 Ful redy hadde he hise apothecaries
To sende him drogges, and his letuaries,
For ech of hem made other for to wyne;
Hir friendshiphe nas nat newe to bigynne.
Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,
- 430 And Deyscorides, and eek Rufus;
Olde Ypocras, Haly, and Galyen;
Serapion, Razis, and Avycen;
Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;
Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.
- 435 Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of greet norisshyng, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sangwyn and in pers he clad was al,
- 440 Lined with taffata and with sendal.
And yet he was but esy of dispence;
He kepte that he wan in pestilence.
For gold in phisik is a cordial;
Therefore he loved gold in special.
- 445 A good WIF was ther of biside BATHE,
But she was somdel deaf, and that was scathe.
Of clooth-makyng she hadde swich an haunt,
She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wif ne was ther noon,
- 450 That to the offrynge bfore hire sholde goon,
And if ther dide, certyn so wrooth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir coverchiefs ful fyne weren of ground,—
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound,—
- 455 That on a Sunday weren upon hir heed.

- Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
 Ful streite yteyd, and shoes ful moyste and newe.
 Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
 She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
 460 Housbondes at chirche dore she hadde fyve,—
 Withouten oother compaignye in youthe,—
 But therof nedeth nat to speke as nowthe.
 And thries hadde she been at Jerusalem.
 She hadde passed many a straunge strem.
 465 At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
 In Galice at seint James, and at Coloigne.
 She koude moche of wandrynge by the weye.
 Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
 Upon an amblere esily she sat,
 470 Ywympled wel, and on hir heed an hat
 As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
 A foot mantel aboute hir hipes large,
 And on hire fete a paire of spores sharpe.
 In felaweshipe wel koude she laughe and carpe.
 475 Of remedies of love, she knew perchaunce,
 For she koude of that art the olde daunce.
 A good man was ther of religioun,
 That was a poure PERSOUN of a toun;
 But riche he was of hooly thoght and werk.
 480 He was also a lerned man, a clerk
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
 Hise parissheis devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benygne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversitee ful pacient;
 485 And swich he was yprevred ofte sithes.
 Ful looth were hym to cursen for hise tithes,
 But rather wolde he geven, out of doute,
 Unto his poure parissheis aboute,
 Of his offryng and eek of his substaunce.
 490 He koude in litel thyng have suffisaunce.
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer asonder,

- But he ne lafte nat for reyn ne thonder,
In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lite,
495 Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheepe he gaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte,
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
And this figure he added eek therto,
500 That if gold ruste, what shal iren doo?
For if a preest be foul on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste:
And shame it is, if that a preest take keepe,
To see a [foul] shepherd and a clene shepe.
505 Wel oghte a preest ensample for to geve,
By his clenness, how that his sheepe sholde lyve.
He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
And leet his sheepe encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londoun, unto seint Poules,
510 To seken hym a chaunterie for soules;
Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it nat myscarye.
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
515 And though he hooly were, and vertuous,
He was to synful man not despitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his techyng discreet and benygne.
To drawen folk to hevene by fairenesse
520 By good ensample, was his bisynesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were, of heigh or lough estat,
Hym wolde he snybben sharply for the nonys.
A bettre preest, I trowe, that nowher noon ys.
525 He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spiced conscience;
But Cristes loore, and his apostles twelve,

He taughte, but first he folwed it hymselfe.

- With hym ther was a PLOWMAN, was his brother,
530 That hadde ylad of dong ful many a fother.
A trewe swynkere and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfit charitee.
God loved he best, with al his hoole herte,
At alle times thogh he gamed or smerte,
535 And thanne his neighebore right as hymselfe.
He wolde thresshe, and therto dyke and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight,
Withouten hyre, if it lay in his myght.
His tithes payede he ful faire and wel,
540 Bothe of his propre swynk and his catel.
In a tabard he rood upon a mere.

There was also a Reve and a Millere,
A Sompnour and a Pardoner also,
A Maunciple, and myself,—ther were namo.

- 545 The MILLERE was a stout carle for the nones,
Ful byg he was of brawn, and eek of bones;
That provede wel, for over al ther he cam,
At wrastlyng he wolde have alwey the ram.
He was short sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre;
550 Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a rennyng with his heed.
His berd, as any sowe or fox, was reed,
And therto brood, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cope right of his nose he hade
555 A werthe, and thereon stode a toft of herys,
Reed as the brustles of a sowes erys.
His nose-thirles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde.
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.
560 He was a janglere and a goliardeys,
And that was moost of synne and harlotries.
Wel koude he stelen corn, and tollen thries;
And yet he hadde "a thombe of gold" pardee.

- A whit cote and a blew hood wered he.
565 A baggepipe wel koude he blowe and sowne,
And therwithal he broghte us out of towne.
A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours myghte take exemple
For to be wise in byynge of vitaille.
570 For whether that he payde or took by taille,
Algate he wayted so in his achaat,
That he was ay biforn and in good staat.
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,
That swich a lewed mannes wit shal pace
575 The wisdom of an heepe of lerned men?
Of maistres hadde he mo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of whiche ther were a doseyne in that hous,
Worthy to been stywardes of rente and lond
580 Of any lord that is in Engeland,
To maken hym lyve by his propre good,
In honour dettelees, but if he were wood,
Or lyve as scarsly as hym list desire,
And able for to helpen al a shire
585 In any caas that myghte falle or happe,
And yet this maunciple sette hir aller cappe.
The REVE was a sclendre colerik man,
His berd was shave as ny as ever he kan;
His heer was by his eres ful round yshorn,
590 His top was doked lyk a preest biforn.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylyk a staf, ther was no calf ysene.
Wel koude he kepe a gerner and a bynne,
Ther was noon auditour koude of him wynne.
595 Wel wiste he, by the droghte and by the reyn,
The yeldyng of his seed, and of his greyn.
His lordes sheepe, his neet, his dayerye,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrye,
Were hoolly in this reve's governyng,

- 600 And by his covenant gaf the rekenyng,
 Syn that his lord was twenty yeer of age;
 Ther koude no man brynge hym in arrerage.
 Ther nas baillif, ne herde, nor oother hyne,
 That he ne knew his sleighte and his covyne;
 605 They were adrad of hym as of the deeth.
 His wonyng was ful faire upon an heeth,
 With grene trees yshadwed was his place.
 He koude better than his lord purchase.
 Ful riche he was astored pryvely,
 610 His lord wel koude he plesen subtilly,
 To geve and lene hym of his owene good,
 And have a thank, and yet a gowne and hood.
 In youthe he lerned hadde a good myster;
 He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
 615 This Reve sat upon a ful good stot,
 That was al pomely grey, and highte Scot.
 A long surcote of pers upon he hade,
 And by his syde he bar a rusty blade.
 Of Northfolk was this Reve of which I telle,
 620 Biside a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.
 Tukked he was as is a frere aboute,
 And evere he rood the hyndreste of oure route.
 A SOMPNOUR was ther with us in that place,
 That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynnes face,
 625 For sawcefleem he was, with eyen narwe,
 And [spry] he was, and [loving] as a sparwe,
 With scaled browes blake, and piled berd;
 Of his visage children were aferd.
 Ther nas quyksilver, lytarge, ne brymston,
 630 Boras, ceruce, ne oille of Tartre noon,
 Ne oynement that wolde clense or byte,
 That hym myghte helpen of his whelkes white,
 Nor of the knobbes sittynge on his chekes.
 Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,
 635 And for to drynken strong wyn, reed as blood,

- Thanne wolde he speke and crie as he were wood,
And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
Than wolde he speken no word but Latyn.
A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,
640 That he had lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herde it al the day;
And eek ye knowen wel, how that a jay
Kan clepen "Watte," as wel as kan the pope.
But who so wolde in oother thyng hym grope,
645 Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophie,
Ay, "*Questio quid juris*," wolde he crie.
He was a gentil harlot and a kynde;
A better felawe shulde men noght fynde.
He wolde suffre, for a quart of wyn,
650 A good felawe to have his concubyn
A twelf monthe, and excuse hym atte fulle;
And prively a fynch eek koude he pulle,
And if he found owhere a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have noon awe
655 In swich caas of the archedekenes curs,
But if a mannes soul were in his purs;
For in his purs he sholde ypunysshed be:
"Purs is the archedekenes helle," seyde he.
But wel I woot he lyed right in dede;
660 Of cursyng oghte ech gilty man to drede;
For curs wol slee right as assoillyng savith;
And also ware him of a "*significavit*."
In daunger hadde he at his owene gise
The yonge girles of the diocise,
665 And knew hir conseil, and was al hir reed.
A gerland hadde he set upon his heed,
As greet as it were for an ale-stake;
A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.
With hym ther was a gentil PARDONER
670 Of Rouncivale, his frend and his compeer,
That streight was comen fro the court of Rome.

- Ful loude he soong, "Com hider, love, to me!" •
This sompnour bar to hym a stif burdoun,
Was nevere trompe of half so greet a soun.
675 This pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wex,
But smothe it heeng, as dooth a strike of flex;
By ounces henge hise lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he hise shuldres overspradde.
But thinne it lay, by colpons oon and oon,
680 But hood, for jolitee, ne wered he noon,
For it was trussed up in his walet.
Hym thoughte he rood al of the newe jet,
Dischevelee save his cappe, he rood al bare.
Swiche glarynge eyen hadde he, as an hare.
685 A vernycle hadde he sowed upon his cappe.
His walet lay biforn hym in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon, come from Rome al hoot.
A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
No berd hadde he, ne nevere sholde have,
690 As smothe it was as it were late yshave;
I trowe he were a geldyng or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwyk unto Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardoner;
For in his male he hadde a pilwebeer,
695 Which, that he seyde, was oure lady veyl:
He seyde he hadde a gobet of the seyl
Thatte seint Peter hadde, whan that he wente
Upon the see, til Jhesu Crist hym hente.
He hadde a croys of latoun ful of stones,
700 And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with thise relikes, whan that he fond
A poure person dwellynge up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him moore moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes tweye.
705 And thus with feyned flaterye and japes,
He made the person and the people his apes.
But trewely to tellen atte laste,

- He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.
Wel koude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
710 But alderbest he soong an Offertorie;
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He moste preche, and wel afile his tonge,
To wynne silver, as he ful wel koude;
Therfore he song ful meriely and loude.
- 715 Now have I toold you shortly in a clause
The staat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assembled was this compaignye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
- 720 But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke nyght,
Whan we were in that hostelrie alyght,
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And al the remenaunt of oure pilgrimage.
- 725 But first, I pray yow of youre curteisye,
That ye narette it nat my vileynye,
Thogh that I pleynly speke in this matere,
To telle yow hir wordes and hir cheere;
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes proprely.
- 730 For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Whoso shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as evere he kan
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he nevere so rudelich or large;
- 735 Or ellis he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or fynde wordes newe.
He may nat spare, althogh he were his brother;
He moot as wel seye o word as another.
Crist spak hymself ful brode in hooly writ,
- 740 And wel ye woot no vileynye is it.
Eek Plato seith whoso that kan hym rede,
The wordes moote be cosyn to the dede.
Also I prey yow to forgeve it me
- E. L.—5.

- Al have I nat set folk in hir degree
 745 Heere in this tale, as that they sholde stonde.
 My wit is short, ye wel may understonde.
 Greet cheere made oure HOOST us everichon,
 And to the soper set he us anon,
 And served us with vitaille at the beste.
 750 Strong was the wyn, and wel to drynke us leste.
 A semely man oure hooste was with alle
 For to han been a marchal in an halle.
 A large man he was with eyen stepe,
 A fairer burgeys was ther noon in Chepe;
 755 Boold of his speche, and wys and wel ytaught,
 And of manhod hym lakkede righte naught.
 Eek therto he was right a mery man,
 And after soper pleyen he bigan,
 And spake of myrthe amonges othere thynges,
 760 Whan that we hadde maad oure rekenynges;
 And seyde thus: "Now, lordynges, trewely
 Ye ben to me right welcome hertely:
 For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
 I saugh nat this yeer so mery a compaignye
 765 At ones in this herbergh as is now.
 Fayn wolde I doon yow myrthe, wiste I how,
 And of a myrthe I am right now bythought,
 To doon yow ese, and it shal coste noght.
 Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow speede,
 770 The blisful martir quite yow youre meede!
 And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
 Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye;
 For trewely comfort ne myrthe is noon
 To riden by the weye doun as the stoon;
 775 And therfore wol I maken yow disport,
 As I seyde erst, and doon yow som comfort.
 And if yow liketh alle by oon assent
 Now for to stonden at my juggement,
 And for to werken as I shal yow seye,

- 780 To morwe, whan ye riden by the weye,
Now by my fader soule that is deed,
But ye be mery, I wol geve yow myn heed.
Hold up youre hond withouten moore speche."
Oure conseil was nat longe for to seche;
- 785 Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it wys,
And graunted hym withouten moore avys,
And bad him seye his voirdit, as hym leste.
"Lordynges," quod he, "now herkneth for the beste,
But take it noght, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
- 790 This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn,
That ech of yow, to shorte with youre weye,
In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,
- 795 Of adventures that whilom han bifalle.
And which of yow that bereth hym best of alle,
That is to seyn, that telleth in this caas
Tales of best sentence and moost solaas,
Shal have a soper at oure aller cost
- 800 Heere in this place, sittynge by this post,
Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury.
And, for to make yow the moore mery,
I wol myselfe gladly with yow ryde,
Right at myn owene cost, and be youre gyde.
- 805 And who so wole my juggement withseye,
Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon, withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shape me therfore."
- 810 This thyng was graunted, and oure othes swore
With ful glad herte, and preyden hym also
That he wolde vouchesauf for to do so,
And that he wolde been oure governour,
And of oure tales juge and reportour,
- 815 And sette a soper at a certeyn pris;

- And we wolde reuled been at his devys,
 In heigh and lough; and thus by oon assent
 We been acorded to his juggement.
 And therupon the wyn was fet anon;
 820 We dronken, and to reste wente ech on,
 Withouten any lenger taryyng.
 A morwe, whan that day gan for to sprynge,
 Up roos oure hoost, and was oure aller cok,
 And gadrede us togidre in a flok,
 825 And forth we riden a litel moore than paas,
 Unto the wateryng of seint Thomas;
 And ther oure hoost bigan his hors areste,
 And seyde: "Lordynges, herkneth if yow leste;
 Ye woot youre foreword, and I it recorde.
 830 If even-song and morwe-song accorde,
 Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale.
 As evere mote I drynke wyn or ale,
 Whoso be rebel to my juggement,
 Shal paye for al that by the wey is spent!
 835 Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twynne,
 He which that hath the shorteste shal bigynne."
 "Sire knyght," quod he, "my mayster and my lord,
 Now draweth cut, for that is myn accord."
 "Cometh neer," quod he, "my lady prioresse,
 840 And ye, sire clerk, lat be youre shamefastnesse,
 Ne studieth noght; lay hond to, every man."
 Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
 And shortly for to tellen as it was,
 Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
 845 The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knyght,
 Of which ful blithe and glad was every wyght;
 And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
 By foreword and by composicioun,
 As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
 850 And whan this goode man saugh that it was so,
 As that he wys was and obedient

To kepe his foreword by his free assent,
He seyde: "Syn I shal bigynne the game,
What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes name!

855 Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I seye."

And with that word we riden forth oure weye;
And he bigan with right a mery cheere
His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

VERBAL REFERENCES.

Line 1 : soote, sweet.—2. droghte, drought.—3. licour, liquor.—4. engendred, produced.—5. Zephirus, the west spring wind; eek, also.—7. yonge sonne, the young sun, the sun in spring.—8. Ram, one of the signs of the zodiac.—9. smale foweles, small birds, nightingales.—11. priketh hem, excites them; hir corages, their spirits or hearts.—13. palmeres, persons who, as voluntary beggars, went to Palestine. Upon their return, they brought with them a palm branch as a token.—14. ferne halwes, ancient holies or saints; kouth, known.—16. Scan; Caunterbury, a city in Kent, England, fifty-three miles E. S. E. of London.—17. blisful, capable of giving bliss or pleasure.—20. Southwerk, now a part of London, on the south side of the Thames, connected with the city proper by London, Southwark, and Black Friars bridges; Tabard, the name of an inn which had the sign of a sleeveless jacket.—23. hostelrye, inn.—24. wel, full.—25. yfalle, fallen. The prefix *y* is the sign of the past tense and past participle. The German language still retains it in the form of *ge*.—29. esed atte beste, entertained at the best.

Line 31 : everychon, every one.—34. devyse, describe.—35. nathelees, nevertheless.—38. Scan.—45. chivalrie, knighthood.—46. Scan.—47. werre, wars.—48. ferre, farther.—49. hethenesse, heathendom, Mohammedan countries.—51. Alisaundre, Alexandria, Egypt.—52. bord bigonne, taken the highest place.—53. Scan; Pruce, Prussia.—54. Lettow, Lithuania; reysed, raced, engaged in war; Ruce, Russia.—56. Gernade, Granada, an ancient kingdom of southern Spain, in Andalusia.—57. Algezir, in the old kingdom of Granada, Spain, 1344; Belmarye, probably Algiers, in Africa.—58. Lyeys, in Armenia, 1367; Satalye, Attalia, 1352, now Adalia, Asia Minor.—59. Grete See, great sea, the eastern part of the Mediterranean.

Line 62 : Tremyssene, now Tramecen, in Algeria, Africa.—63. Scan; lystes thries, the lists three times.—64. ilke, same.—65. Palatye,

Palathia, according to Dr. Morris, once a Christian lordship in Anatolia, now Asia Minor.—67. **sovereyn prys**, kingly prize, renown.—70. **no-ne**, two negatives used, as in French (this usage is quite frequent in Chaucer); **vileynye**, villainy, unbecoming conduct.—71. **maner wight**, manner of person.—72. **parfit**, perfect.—75. **gypoun**, a short cloak.—76. **bismotred**, besmeared, soiled; **habergeoun**, a small coat of mail.—78. **to doon his pilgrymage**, to fulfill the vow made before starting to the Holy Land or elsewhere.—79. **Squier**, a knight's attendant.—81. **crulle**, curled.—83. **Scan**; **evene lengthe**, moderate height.—84. **Scan**; **wonderly delyvere**, wonderfully active.—85. **chyvachie**, raids.—86. **Flaundres**, Flanders, the south-west province of the Netherlands; **Artoys**, an old province of northern France, part of which is now Calais; **Pycardie**, an old province of northern France, south of what is now Pas de Calais.—89. **embrouded**, embroidered; **meede**, meadow.—91. **floytynge**, playing the flute.—95. **endite**, compose.

Line 96: **juste**, fight at tournaments; **purtreye**, draw and paint.—97. **nyghtertale**, night time.—99. **Scan**.—101. **Yeman**, yeoman, a young man, a servant one degree above a groom.—102. **Scan**.—104. **pecok arwes**, arrows trimmed with peacock feathers. Ascham thinks goose feathers the best.—106. **takel**, tackle, arrows.—107. **drouped noght**, the feathers did not retard the flight of the arrows.—109. **not-heed**, nut head. The hair was cut short, giving it the appearance of a nut in shape.—110. **woode-craft**, hunting; **koude**, knew.—111. **bracer**, a protection for the wrist of the bow-hand to shield the arm from the string.—112. **bokeler**, buckler, a shield.—113. **Scan**.—114. **Scan**; **herneysed**, mounted and fastened.—115. **Scan**; **Cristophere**, a figure of St. Christopher, used as a brooch. St. Christopher is looked upon by the Greek and Latin churches as the protecting saint against floods, fire, and earthquakes.—116. **bawdryk**, a belt passing over the shoulder.—117. **soothly**, truly.—118. **Prioressse**, a nun who had charge of a convent of nuns.—119. **Scan**.—120. **seint Loy**, probably St. Louis.

Line 121: **cleped**, called.—124. **fetisly**, cleverly.—125. **scole**, school, style; **Stratford-atte-Bowe**, now a part of London, then four miles north-east of London.—126. **Frenssh of Parys**. Parisian French was not used at the English court, the old Anglo-Norman was used instead, and this was the French then taught at Stratford.—127. **mete**, meals. Meat was the principal article of food.—129. **sauce**, saucer, dish. As there were no table-forks, the food was taken from the dish with the fingers.—131. **Scan**.—132. **leste**, desire.—134. **ferthyng**, farthing, a fourth part, a small quantity.—136. **semely**, seemly, gracefully; **raughte**, reached.—137. **sikerly**, surely; **desport**, solace.—139. **peyned hire**, she en-

deavored.—140. *estatlich*, stately.—141. *digne*, worthy.—142. *Scan*.—145. *deed* or *bledde*, dead or bled, the latter word here meaning hurt.—147. *wastel breed*, bread made of the best flour.—149. *a yerde smerte*, a stick smartly or severely.

Line 151: *wymple*, covering for the neck; *pynched*, gathered in folds.—152. *tretys*, long and well shaped.—156. *hardily*, certainly; *not undergrowe*, of good size, not undergrown.—157. *fetys*, neat; *war*, aware.—159. *peire of bedes*, string of beads used for prayers, the *gaudies*, or larger ones, being used to mark the beginning of particular prayers. These *gaudies* were green.—160. *brooch*, jewel or ornament; *sheene*, beautiful.—162. *Amor vincit omnia*, love conquers all things.—163, 164, believed by Tyrwhitt to be interpolations.—164. *chapeleyne*, secretary.—165. *maistrie*, sovereignty.—166. *out-ridere*, one fond of riding; *venerie*, hunting.—168. *deynte*, valuable.—170. *gynglen*, jingling, small bells being attached to the bridle.—172. *ther as*, where that; *celle*, monastery.—173. *seint Maure*, St. Maur, a disciple of St. Benedict; *seint Beneit*, St. Benedict.—174. *somdel streit*, somewhat strict.—175. *pace*, pass.—177. *pulled*, moulting, worthless.—179. *recchelees*, careless of his duty.—180. *Scan*.

Line 184: *wood*, mad.—185. *Scan*.—186. *swynken*, work.—187. *Austyn*, St. Austin or Augustine; *bit*, bid.—189. *prickasour*, hard rider.—190. *fowel*, bird.—193. *purfiled*, embroidered or fringed.—194. *grys*, grey-squirrel fur.—195. *Scan*.—201. *stepe*, bright, because *sunken*.—202. *stemedede* as a *forneys* of a *leed*, shone as a fire under a cauldron.—203. *bootes souple*, boots of pliant leather; *greet estaat*, fine condition.—205. *forpyned*, tormented, wasted away.—208. *wantowne*, lively.—209. *lymytour*, a begging friar to whom was assigned a certain limit for begging; *solempne*, festive, conceited.—210. *ordres foure*, mendicant friars: Dominicans or black friars, Franciscans or grey friars, Carmelites or white friars, Augustine or Austin friars; *kan*, knows.

Line 211: *daliaunce* and *fair langage*, gossip and flattery.—218. *Scan*.—220. *licentiat*, licensed by the Pope to confess *all* sins without reference to the bishop.—221. *Scan*.—224. *pitaunce*, pittance, here a meal of victuals.—228. *wiste*, knew.—233. *typet*, cowl or hood, here used as a pocket; *ay*, always; *farsed*, stuffed.—236. *rote*, a kind of harp.—237. *yeddinges*, popular songs.—238. *flour-de-lys*, white lily.—241. *hostiler*, landlord; *tappestere*, bar-maid.—242. *bet*, better; *lazar*, leper; *beggestere*, female beggar.—246. *avaunce*, be profitable.—247. *poraille*, poor people.—249. *Scan*.

Line 253: *sho*, shoe.—254. *In principio*, the beginning of the *lymytour's* speech at each house, of *In principio erat verbum*, In the be-

ginning was the word.—256. **purchas**, proceeds of begging; **rente**, income.—258. **love-dayes**, days for settling differences by umpire without going to law.—260. **cope**, a priest's cloak.—262. **semy-cope**, half cope, a cape.—270. **forked berd**, the fashion among franklins and merchants at that time.—271. **motteleye**, motley.—272. **Flaundryssh**, Flanders.—274. **solempnely**, pompously.—276. **kept**, guarded; for, for fear of.—277. **Middleburgh**, a port on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands; **Orewelle**, near Harwich, England, opposite Middleburgh.—278. **sheeldes**, French crowns.—279. **bisette**, employed.—280. **wiste no wight**, no person knew.

Line 281: **governauce**, management.—282. **Scan**; **chevysaunce**, agreement for borrowing money.—284. **noot** [*ne wot*], know not.—285. **Clerk**, student.—289. **holwe**, hollow; **sobrelly**, sad.—290. **overeste courtety**, short overcloak of coarse cloth.—293. **hym was levere have**, he would rather have.—295. **Aristotle**, a famous Greek philosopher, born 384, died 322, B. C. He was the head of the peripatetic school of philosophy, and the tutor of Alexander the Great. His genius embraced all the knowledge of his time, and he founded the sciences of botany and zoology. His philosophy was supreme during the Middle Ages; to question his authority was heresy.—296. **sautrie**, psaltery, a kind of harp.—299. **hente**, get.—302. **scofeye**, attend school.—306. **sentence**, meaning.—307. **sownynge**, sounding.—309. **war**, cautious.—310. **Paryys**, portico of St. Paul's church, London, where lawyers met for consultation.

Line 318: **purchasour**, prosecutor.—320. **infect**, tainted by bribery.—321. **nas** [*ne was*], was not.—323. **caas**, cases; **doomes**, dooms, decisions.—324. **kyng William**, William the Conqueror; **falle**, fallen, given.—325. **therto**, besides.—326. **pynche**, find fault.—327. **pleyn**, make plain; **rote**, memory.—328. **medlee cote**, coat of mixed stuff or color.—329. **ceint**, girdle, belt; **barres**, transverse ornaments perforated for the buckle.—331. **Frankleyn**, freeholder, one owning his own land.—334. **morwe**, morning; **sope**, made of fine flour, milk, yolk of eggs, sugar, and salt.—335. **wone**, desire.—336. **Epicurus**, born 342, died 270, B. C., founder of the Epicurean school of philosophy. He taught that pleasure, aided by reason and moral excellence, is the greatest good. This doctrine was corrupted by his followers.—340. **Seint Julian**, the patron of travelers and of hospitality.

Line 341: **oon**, one, one o'clock.—342. **envyned**, stored with wine.—343. **bake mete**, baked meat, cooked provisions.—345. **snewed**, snowed.—349. **muwe**, coop.—350. **stuwe**, fish pond.—351. **but if**, if not.—352. **geere**, apparel.—353. **dormant**, always set.—355. **sessiouns**, sessions

of the peace.—357. *anlaas*, knife or dagger; *gipser*, pouch.—359. *shirreve*, sheriff; *countour*, auditor.—360. *vavasour*, landholder of the middle class.—361. *Haberdasshere*, seller of notions.—362. *Webbe*, a man weaver; *Dyere*, a dyer; *Tapycer*, tapestry worker.—363. *lyveree*, livery, the uniform of the guild to which they belonged.—364. *solempne*, important.—365. *apiked*, trimmed.—366. *ychaped*, having plates of metal at the point of scabbard or sheath.—368. *every deel*, every part.—369. *burgeys*, middle class person.—370. *geldehalle*, the hall occupied by a trade guild, or fraternity; *deys*, the dais or raised platform at the head of the hall.

Line 372: *shaply*, fleshy enough.—373. *catel*, chattels.—377. *vigiles*, festival evenings spent in church or churchyard, to which the women went in their best clothes; *al bifore*, before all.—378. *mantel*, a cloak, carried to the vigils for ornament as well as use.—379. *nones*, nonce, occasion.—380. *marybones*, marrow bones.—381. *poudre-marchant tart*, a tart kind of flavoring powder; *galyngale*, the root of sweet cypress.—384. *mortreux*, two kinds of soup, one containing chicken, fresh pork, crumbs of bread, yolks of eggs, and saffron; the other the roe and liver of fish, and bread, pepper, and ale.—386. *shyne*, shin; *mormal*, cancer.—387. *blank-manger*, a dish, one of the ingredients of which was the brawn of a capon.—388. *Shipman*, sailor, here means ship captain; *wonynge*, residing; *by weste*, westward.—389. *Derte-mouthe*, Dartmouth, a town in the southern part of county Devon, S. W. England.—390. *rouncy*, hackney horse; *kouthe*, could.—391. *faldyng*, coarse cloth.—392. *laas*, a shoulder belt.—397. *Burdeaux*, Bordeaux, a city on the river Gironde, S. W. France; *chapman*, merchant or supercargo.—398. *keepe*, care.

Line 403: *herberwe*, harbor; *lodemenage*, pilotage.—404. *Hulle*, a city on the river Humber, N. E. England; *Cartage*, probably Cartagena, a city on the S. E. coast of Spain.—408. *Gootland*, Gottland, an island in the Baltic, south of Sweden; *Fynystere*, Finisterre, a cape on N. W. coast of Spain.—409. *cryke*, inlet; *Britaigne*, Brittany, a large peninsula in the extreme N. W. part of France.—414. *grounded in astronomye*, able, by consulting the stars, to determine the character of disease.—415. *kepte*, watched.—416. *houres*, astrological hours.—417. *fortunen*, foretell.—418. *Scan*.—420. *hoot*, cold, moyste, drye, the four humors of the body.—424. *boote*, remedy.—426. *drogges*, medicines to aid digestion; *letuaries*, electuaries.—428. *nas nat*, was not.—429. *Esculapius*, son of Apollo, and god of medicine.—430. *Deyscorides*, a medical writer of the first or second century, who lived in Asia Minor; *Rufus*, a Greek physician of the time of Trajan, who lived at Ephesus.

Line 431: **Ypocras**, Hippocrates, a Greek physician, called the Father of Medicine, who died about 351 B. C.; **Haly**, an Arabian physician of the eleventh century; **Galyen**, a physician of Asia Minor of the second century.—432. **Serapion**, an Arabian physician of the eleventh century; **Razis**, a Spanish Arabian physician of the tenth century; **Avycen**, an Arabian physician of the eleventh century.—433. **Averrois**, a physician of Morocco, of the twelfth century; **Damascien**, an Arabian physician of the ninth century; **Constantyn**, Constantius Afer, a native of Carthage, and one of the founders of the medical school of Salerno.—434. **Bernard**, professor of medicine at Montpellier, in southern France, and a contemporary of Chaucer; **Gatesden**, an Oxford physician of the early part of the fourteenth century; **Gilbertyn**, supposed to be Gilbertus Anglicus.—435. **mesurable**, moderate; scan.—439. **sangwyn**, blood red; **pers**, blue.—440. **taffata**, a thin kind of silk; **sendal**, a kind of silk.—441. **dispenche**, expense.—443. **gold**. Gold is still used as a medicine.—445. **of biside**, from near; **Bathe**, a city in the north part of county of Somerset, S. W. England, famous for its baths.—446. **scathe**, unfortunate.—447. **haunt**, skill.—448. **Ypres**, a town in the southern part of west Flanders; **Gaunt**, Ghent, a city in the west-central part of east Flanders, Belgium.

Line 450: **offrynge**, church ceremony of kissing relics, for which a gift was made.—453. **coverchiefs**, coverings for the head.—454. **weyeden ten pound**. Reference is to the custom of wearing ornaments of golden net-work at the side of the face.—457. **moyste**, of soft leather.—460. **chirche dore**. The marriage ceremony took place at the church porch, after which mass was said at the altar, at which the newly married couple partook of the communion.—461. **withouten**, besides.—462. **nowthe**, just now.—463. **Jerusalem**, a city in south-central Palestine, famous in Scriptures.—465. **Rome**, the capital of Italy, in west-central part of peninsula of Italy, famous in ancient history; **Boloigne**, Boulogne, a seaport on the extreme north coast of France. There was an image of the Virgin at Boulogne.—466. **Galice at saint James**, Galicia at St. James of Compostela. Galicia is the extreme north-west province of Spain. At Compostela the body of St. James is supposed to be buried; **Coloigne**, Cologne, a city of western Prussia, on the Rhine. The bones of the Three Wise Men of the East, Gasper, Melchoir, and Balthazar, are said to be preserved here.—468. **gat-tothed**, probably gap-toothed, having the front teeth not touching each other. (Some authors say goat-toothed, as indicative of lasciviousness.)—469. **amblere**, ambler, easy riding horse.

Line 470: **ywympled**, the neck covered with a wimple, a kind of

scarf.—472. foot mantel, riding petticoat.—473. spores, spurs.—474. carpe, talk.—475. remedies of love, an allusion to Ovid's "*De Remedio Amoris*."—476. olde daunce, old custom.—478. Persoun, parson.—483. wonder, wonderfully.—485. sithes, times.—486. cursen, excommunicate.—489. offryng, contribution.—490. suffisaunce, a sufficiency.—494. ferreste, farthest; muche and lite, high and low.—496. Scan.—502. lewed, unlearned ignorant.—507. hyre, employ some one, for a part of his income, to do his work.—508. leet, left.—510. chaunterie, an endowment for the payment of a priest to sing mass. Thirty-five chantries were established at St. Paul's church, which were served by fifty-four priests.—511. withholde, maintained.—516. Scan; despitous, cruel.—517. daungerous, disagreeable; digne, proud.—521. but it, but if.—523. snybben, reprove; nonys, nonce. Cf. note on line 379.—525. waytede after, looked for.—526. spiced, nice, scrupulous.—530. fother, load.—531. swynkere, worker.—534. gamed or smerte, enjoyed or suffered.—535. Scan.

Line 541: tabard, a short, sleeveless jacket. Cf. note on line 20; mere, mare. People of quality would not ride upon a mare.—542. Reve, steward.—543. Sompnour, sheriff of an ecclesiastical court; Pardoner, seller of indulgences.—544. Maunciple, contractor for the provisions of a college or an inn of court; namo, no more.—545. carle, churl, man.—548. ram, prize.—549. knarre, knot.—550. of barre, off the bars or hinges.—554. cope, top.—557. nose-thirles, nostrils.—560. janglere, babbler; goliardeys, professional jester.—562. thries, thrice.—563. thombe of gold, a proverb referring to the skill of a first-class miller in determining the quality of flour by rubbing it under his thumb; pardee, par Dieu, a common oath.—567. Scan; temple, inn of court.—568. achatours, purchasers.—570. taille, tally, trust.—571. algate, always; wayted, watched; achaat, purchase.—572. ay biforn, always ahead.—574. pace, surpass.—586. Scan; sette hir aller cappe, set all of their caps, overreached them all.—594. auditour, accountant.—597. neet, cattle.—598. stoor, steers, oxen.—599. hoolly, wholly.—600. Scan.

Line 602: arrerage, arrears.—603. hyne, hind, servant.—604. covyne, deceit.—605. adrad, afraid.—606. wonyng, dwelling.—609. pryvely, secretly.—611. lene, lend.—613. myster, trade.—615. stot, stallion.—616. pomely, dappled; highte, called.—619. Northfolk, Norfolk, a county in the extreme east of England.—621. tukked, clothed in a long garment like a friar.—624. cherubynnes, cherubs.—625. sawcefleem, broken out with pimples.—627. scaled, scurvy; piled, scanty.—628. Scan.—630. boras, borax; ceruce, white lead.—643. Watte, a nickname for Walter.—644. grope, try, test.—652. a fynch eek koude he

pulle, he could also pluck a pigeon, he could also rob or cheat a greenhorn.—653. **owhere**, anywhere.—654. **noon awe**, no fear.—655. **Archedekenes**, archdeacon's.—656. **but if**, unless.—661. **slee**, slay; **assoil-lyng**, absolution.—662. **ware**, warn; **significavit**, the first word of a writ of excommunication.—663. **daunger**, his jurisdiction; **gise**, way, wish.—665. **al hir reed**, the adviser of them all.—666. **gerland**, perhaps a wreath of ivy, as ivy berries were supposed to absorb the fumes of wine.—667. **ale-stake**, the pole set up before an ale-house for a sign. A bush was very often fixed to its top.—670. **Rouncivale**, perhaps the name of some fraternity; **compeer**, near friend.—673. **bar to**, accompanied; **stif burdoun**, heavy base.—675. Scan.—677. **ounces**, small portions.—679. **by colpons**, like shreds; **oon and oon**, one by one.

Line 682: **newe jet**, new fashion.—685. **vernycle**, picture of Christ from the print on the handkerchief which is preserved at St. Peter's church, Rome.—687. **bret-ful**, brimful.—692. **Berwyk**, a town in the extreme northern part of England; **Ware**, a town in the eastern part of Hertford county, England, north of Middlesex.—694. **male**, valise; **pilwebere**, pillow-case.—696. **gobet**, piece.—698. **hente**, took.—699. **latoun**, a kind of tinned iron.—701. Scan.—704. **person**, parson.—705. **japes**, tricks.—706. Scan.—710. **alderbest**, best of all; **Offertorie**, offertory, a passage of scripture, generally sung.—712. **afile**, polish.—716. Scan; **staat**, the estate; **tharray**, the array. The coalescence of the article with the noun is common in old English writers.

Line 723: **viage**, journey.—726. **narette it nat**, ascribe it not to; **vileynye**, disgrace.—728. **cheere**, appearance.—732. Scan.—738. **moot**, might; **o**, one.—741. **Plato**, a Greek philosopher, born probably in Athens about 429, B. C., and died about 348, B. C. His original name was Aristocles. This was changed to Plato, whether on account of the breadth of his shoulders, forehead, or diction is not known. Plato was the great expounder of the philosophical ideas of Socrates, and the founder of the most rational school of philosophy among the Greeks.—744. **al**, although.—748. **soper**, supper.—750. **us leste**, it pleased us.—751. **semely**, likely.—752. **han**, have.—754. **Chepe**, Cheapside, a great thoroughfare of London running near St. Paul's church.—764. Scan.—765. **herbergh**, hostelry.

Line 770: **quite**, requite.—772. **talen**, tell tales.—782. Scan; **but ye be**, if ye be not.—785. **to make it wys**, to deliberate.—786. **avys**, advice, consideration.—799. **oure aller cost**, at the cost of all of us.—805. **withseye**, gainsay.—890. **shape**, prepare.—817. **in heigh and lough**, in every respect.—819. **fet**, fetched, brought.—822. **day**, probably April 18.—823. **aller cok**, was cock for us all, woke us all.—825.

Scan; moore than paas, a little faster than a foot pace.—826. seint Thomas, the second milestone on the old road to Canterbury.—829. foreword, before word, promise; recorde, recall, remember.—835. ferrer twynne, farther depart, travel.—844. aventure, or sort, or cas, luck, or chance, or accident.—845. sothe, truth.—847. resoun, reasonable.—848. composicioun, agreement.—854. a, in.

MISCELLANEOUS REFERENCES.

Lines 3, 4.—These lines show that Chaucer had a very good general idea of the circulation of the sap in plants.

8.—At this time the sun was about half the month of April in the constellation Aries and about half in Taurus. The sun had just passed through Aries, hence the time was past April 11,—about April 17.

16 to 18.—Thomas à Becket, an English prelate, born in London of Norman parents, 1117, and assassinated in the cathedral at Canterbury, 1170. He was the first native Englishman who was Archbishop of Canterbury. Becket was brave, dignified, ambitious, and the champion of the church against the encroachments of Henry II. He was canonized as Saint Thomas of Canterbury in 1172. Henry III. built a beautiful shrine at Canterbury over his remains. Periodical festivals were held at this shrine, and miracles were said to be performed there.

43.—A model knight of the Middle Ages. He is a born soldier. As he has better opportunities in foreign armies than in his own country, he becomes a soldier of fortune. His modesty is his most noticeable characteristic, in which respect he differs from soldiers of fortune generally. Of great activity, strength, skill, and ambition, he yet retains the Christian humility, affected, though rarely felt, by the knights errant of those days.

77, 78.—Knights often made a vow, that, if spared to return from an expedition, they would make a pilgrimage to some shrine.

79.—The squire's principal duty was to carry the knight's lance and shield. In time of peace the squire was instructed in the art of war by the knight. The contrast of this squire with the staid character of the knight is very marked. The knight had been in fifteen battles,—the squire in only a few raids. The sober guise of the knight stands out in bold relief against the curly locks and embroidered garments of the son. But the squire has acquirements that the knight does not possess. Although full of physical energy, he is fond of intellectual pursuits. He is skillful in the use both of pen and pencil, very rare accomplishments in those days outside of monastery walls.

101.—The yeoman is a fine type of that class of men who were beginning to feel their necessity and importance to the state. The memories of the victories of Crecy and Poitiers were still fresh in mind. In dress and qualifications one is reminded of Robin Hood.

107.—His arrows were not impeded or made untrue in their flight by a careless or ignorant arrangement of the feathers. He was, therefore, a skillful archer.

118.—The description of the nun is worthy of careful study. Here is the head of a convent who affects to be a fashionable woman. She has all the accomplishments and frivolous desires of a lady of her time. Her smile was shy and innocent; in conversation she could use worldly forms of speech; she sang well; spoke the fashionable French dialect of the time; handled her food delicately and in accordance with good taste and etiquette; was exceedingly graceful and polite; and was charitable and tender-hearted, and gave a large part of her affections to her pets. Her grey eyes and broad forehead denote marked intellectuality. Her fashionable manners extended even to her plain clothing and the ornaments she wore.

127 to 135.—Evidently the best table manners of the time. Besides these, it was not polite to blow one's drink or pottage, to fill the dish of soup with bits of bread, to eat with the knife, or to scratch the face or head with the hand.

146, 147.—A custom which is still common.

152.—Grey eyes were probably the fashionable color in Chaucer's time.

165.—Here is a man whose business it is to lead a strictly secluded and religious life, but his superabundant animal nature compels him to follow a life of great physical activity and indulgence. The picture is historical. In grouping the details of the monk's character, Chaucer beautifully exhibits his poetical power. Note the quiet humor and satire. Because this man loves hunting, fine horses, and fine equipments; because he despises the strict rules of the saint whose follower he is in name; and because he believes in the present rather than the future, he is admirably fitted to be an abbot,—the head of a monastery. He had thoroughly trained hounds, his garments were ornamented with costly fur, he wore a beautiful gold pin to fasten his hood, and his boots were of the most fashionable material. As Chaucer humorously says, he was a high liver, and in consequence sleek and fat; and he held study in perfect contempt. In every detail, therefore, he is just the opposite of what a monk should be.

208.—Begging friars of the different orders did more to disgrace the

calling of the clergy than did the high and wanton living of the monks and abbots. This friar lived at a time when many of his class had very much degenerated. As was quite common then, he acted not only as a begging priest, but also as a peddler, selling knives, pins, and other notions to the good housewives upon whom he called. He was gay and festive; a great talker; and he took delight in performing the marriage ceremony for young people without charging them anything for it. Being a licentiate, he no doubt occasioned much mischief through his power of confession. As he was an unqualified hypocrite, his penance was always light when sure of a good meal, and he taught that he could do all the praying and weeping necessary, if well paid. He was a boon companion for any one at the tavern, as he knew all the coarse popular songs of the day. Although a professional beggar, the cause he represented enabled him to hold himself above a common beggar. No man was so virtuous as he, Chaucer says satirically, because he was the best beggar of his order. To be this, he had to be perfectly unscrupulous. Although licentious and uneducated, he had sufficient common sense to settle many a difficulty among his patrons.

209 to 211.—An illustration of Chaucer's satire.

238, 239.—A thick neck is said to be an indication of a strong animal nature.

243 to 248 —An illustration of Chaucer's satire and humor.

264, 265.—An illustration of Chaucer's humor.

267, 268.—Note the simile.

270.—The mixed colors of the merchant's clothes, and his forked beard, were characteristic of the calling he followed. He was deliberate in speech, fond of speaking of his profits, and anxious for the protection of the merchant ships from the pirates of the channel. His extreme caution is noticeable, as his bargains are so skillfully managed that no one knows the condition of his income.

285.—In the description of the clerk, there is an accurate picture of the Oxford student of that day. In spite of a poverty that affects his person as well as his clothes, and extends even to his horse, his passion for learning secures him respectful attention. When his turn comes to tell a tale, Chaucer gives him the most beautiful one of all,—the story of the patient Grisilda, taken from the last story in Boccaccio's "Decameron." The custom of soliciting aid to pay college expenses, shows that the poor had the opportunity, in this way, of securing the best education the country afforded. The clerk is brief, pointed, but respectful in conversation, his words always "sounding in moral virtue," and, withal, as line three hundred and eight teaches us, he is modest.

309.—Of the three grades of English lawyers,—attorney, barrister, and sergeant,—this character occupies the highest rank. He is cautious, wise, discreet; has held the position of justice at the assizes; has become rich through his practice; is a great prosecutor, and above the suspicion of trickery; affects more business than he really has; has an excellent memory in recollecting the transfers of property, from William the Conqueror down; is perfectly safe in drawing up legal papers; and, naturally, with so busy a person, is perfectly indifferent to his dress and surroundings.

311 to 313.—In spite of the otherwise excellent character given to the lawyer, Chaucer can not forbear this humorous allusion.

331.—This character, representing the English country squire of recent times, has been a great favorite among nearly all great writers since Chaucer. He is an element of English life, without which English history and fiction would be defective indeed. He is of florid complexion, and hence fond of high living; is a good landlord and extremely hospitable; always has plenty of prepared food for all comers, and an abundance of wine in his cellar. He stands at the head of his people, as knight, sheriff, and auditor.

345.—This aphorism illustrates Chaucer's humor.

351 to 354.—This passage is satirical as well as humorous. Even generous hospitality has a spice of selfishness about it.

361, 362.—The haberdasher, carpenter, weaver, dyer, and tapestry worker represent the most respectable persons of their class. They are all in good circumstances; they stand high in their trade guild; are fleshy enough to be good aldermen, so far, at least, as size is concerned, and have wives who are as ambitious for getting up and on in the world as themselves.

366, 367.—Knives were carried more for the purpose of cutting food at the table than as weapons. Their being chaped with silver shows that these men stood very high among their class, as ordinary tradesmen and mechanics were prohibited from ornamenting their knives with anything but brass.

372.—Aldermanic proportions struck Chaucer humorously then as they strike us now.

376 to 378.—The vanity often resulting from the accumulation of wealth is strongly indicated here.

379.—The most noticeable thing regarding the cook is that he is not described at all. His qualifications, however, are set forth with sufficient details to give the reader a fair idea of what people ate in those days. The dishes mentioned are all different forms of meat, the pie also

being made of that material. Chaucer's humor is almost grim when he places the cook's affliction in juxtaposition with the blanc-mange that said cook made so well.

388.—This character is a specimen of the independent ship captain, not only of Chaucer's time, but of times much later. He is both a smuggler and pirate, and no doubt was selected as a representative pilgrim because there were so many of his class in England. Of course, he well knows when to take advantage of the tides, currents, and shallows, wherever he has occasion to sail,—and that is along the whole western coast of Europe.

411.—The leading qualification of this doctor is his knowledge of astronomy, or rather astrology. This gives us an excellent idea of the quackery connected with the practice of medicine during the Middle Ages. The basis of the science was the four humors of the body, and these were influenced for good or bad by the position of the stars at the time the disease was manifested. Chaucer does not tell us what kind of a looking man the doctor was, but describes the extent of his medical learning in full. He cared nothing for religion, and was quite avaricious. His avarice, however, did not extend to his outer garments, for they were of fine and expensive material.

443, 444.—An illustration of Chaucer's satire.

445.—This character represents a woman of the middle class. Stout, muscular, of florid complexion, coarse, business-like, she was well able to look out for herself. She excelled in the manufacture of cloth; had all the externals of piety; dressed expensively, but not as a lady, which she could not be; and had traveled to most of the holy shrines, having been in Palestine, Italy, France, Spain, and Germany. She was a good talker, and having a quick, inquiring mind, remembered many things she had seen in her travels. The rough jokes of her class, and the coarseness of the language between the sexes, are well illustrated in Chaucer's description of her.

473.—It must have been the custom for women of her class to ride astride.

477.—In the description of the parson, the strong sympathy of Chaucer with the teachings of Wyclif is well indicated. All the other religious people in the company—the nun, monk, friar, sompnour, and pardoner—are adherents to the corruptions that had stealthily crept into the old religion, and share almost entirely in its worldliness and its abuses. That the different traits assigned to each of these characters are true to life can be verified by history. The parson, who represents the best element of the priesthood, is the opposite of all the others

in his character and work. Of humble birth, he is highly educated; and he is modest, humble, extremely devout, patient, forbearing, and charitable. He is a genuine Christian, as is well illustrated in lines 486 to 489, 497, 519 and 520, 527 and 528. He, therefore, did not exact his tithes by means of excommunication,—a terrible thing in those days,—but, to those poorer than himself, gave a part of his regular salary. He never hesitated to go where duty called him in sickness and misfortune, however far away, or severe the weather. His principle of duty was very simple: first he worked, then he taught. With him, purity of life was a necessity in order to teach morality to his parishioners. Besides, he did his own work himself, his sole ambition being to elevate his people. Hence, he sought not a life of ease; and thus, in his humble way, he imitated Christ himself. Of easy approach,—his humility insured that,—he taught through love, not fear; yet he was firm, and, when necessary, could reprove sharply. He was a rare man in a corrupt age,—a man probably not often to be found outside of the earnest disciples of the master spirit of that time,—John Wyclif.

529.—This character represents the honest English rustic as known to Chaucer. He is industrious, pious, loves his neighbor as himself, and hence is helpful to others, is honest, and in every way a very estimable man. A tale from him would have been very appropriate.

545.—The occupation of miller in Chaucer's time was a most important one, notwithstanding the fact that much more meat was eaten than bread. This man seems to be a fine representative of his class. He is muscular and active at the same time,—a "thick knot" of a man; is red-haired, homely, with big mouth and broad nostrils; is rough and coarse in speech, dishonest, tricky; and yet is very skillful in his business.

556.—This, one of the few similes in Chaucer, suggests the question, Of what color were the hogs in those days?

559, 560.—Is a big mouth always the sign of a great talker?

562, 563.—It was evidently the custom among millers to be dishonest in taking toll for the grain brought them to grind.

565.—The Irish and Scots have now all the credit of playing upon the bagpipes.

567.—The personal appearance of the maunciple is not described, and such description is hardly necessary. He was not only a wise purchaser of victuals, but extremely wise in looking after his own interests. He had thirty skillful masters of the law to provide for, a dozen of whom were capable of managing large estates, and he was sharp enough to

“set all their caps;” in other words, “pull the wool over their eyes.” In this character, trickery is shown to be superior to legal ability.

573 to 575.—An illustration of Chaucer’s satire.

587.—The reve is one of the best drawn characters in the “Prologue.” He is slender, long-limbed, has a clean-shaved face and long hair. He observes every thing going on around him, is sharp in calculating the prospects of a crop, and hence is well qualified to manage an estate. He was well posted in all the requirements of the law, and bailiffs and others were afraid of him as of death. Of course he knew well how to take care of himself. He had a fine dwelling, knew how to accumulate privately from his lord’s surplus and lend it to him for a consideration, and was familiar with the use of tools, as he had learned the trades of carpenter and mill-wright. He was dressed like a friar, and no doubt rode in the rear from characteristic caution, being desirous of knowing every thing going on, and at the same time doing every thing as he pleased without being noticed by the others.

590.—It was probably the custom of reeves to “bang” the hair.

623.—This man is the most disreputable person in the company. The hatred of the people towards ecclesiastical courts was very general and very intense, and the object of greatest contempt was the officer whose business it was to summon offenders before these courts. The abuses perpetrated by sompnours at this time are graphically illustrated in the “Friar’s Tale.” This sompnour is offensive to the sight, is ignorant, destitute of all moral principle, capable of any thing disreputable; and yet the scoundrel occupies an important position in the community, especially so far as morality is concerned.

668.—A bit of Chaucer’s satire.

669.—This man is a fit companion for the sompnour. In their coarse love songs, the sompnour very appropriately sings base. Although a different style of man, the pardoner is almost as repulsive as the sompnour, and his business is, if any thing, more unpopular. Besides his indulgences, he deals in relics which will perform the most miraculous cures. The contempt in which Harry Bailly, the host, held him, illustrates the popular feeling in England one hundred and thirty years before the sale of indulgences excited any active opposition in Germany.

675 to 679.—Note these physical characteristics.

687, 699 and 700, 712 and 713.—Illustrations of Chaucer’s satire.

742.—A saying which is still frequently used.

751.—The host of Tabard Inn is a fine type of the old-fashioned, burly English landlord. He is large and fleshy, bold of speech, fond of rough jokes, and not always choice in his language; but, nevertheless,

he is a good manager, and possesses a keen sense of justice. He is, therefore, well qualified to be the guide and judge of the party. Throughout the journey he is generally courteous, but always blunt. Through him, in the prologue to the "Rime of Sire Thopas," we get a meager outline of Chaucer's personal appearance. From this we learn that Chaucer was fleshy, had an elfish countenance, and had the habit of casting his eyes upon the ground.

835.—This, in Chaucer's time, must have been an old custom.

CHAPTER II.

"All was renewed; America and the Indies were added to the map; the shape of the earth was ascertained, the system of the universe propounded, modern philology was inaugurated, the experimental sciences set on foot, art and literature shot forth like a harvest; religion was transformed; there was no province of human intelligence and action which was not refreshed and fertilized by this universal effort."—*Taine, "History of English Literature."*

The Revival of Learning, said to commence in 1453, through the capture of Constantinople by the Turks; the manufacture of paper out of linen rags, by which materials for books became plentiful and cheap; the introduction of the printing-press into England in 1474; and the discovery of America in 1492; awoke the people into new life, and exerted an influence upon our literature which has never since been equaled.

As England's insulated condition and the political events of the times retarded the new birth of our literature, all the above motives seemed to affect the people at one time—the latter part of the sixteenth century. A few great scholars belong to the latter half of the reign of Henry VIII.,—*Colet, Grocyn, Linacre*, and *Sir Thomas More*; but the full effect of the new birth was not perceptible till towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth. It was the study of the Greek classics, rather than of the Latin, which, in time, accomplished a revival in England.

It is not known, definitely, when the invention of paper from linen rags was first introduced. Some trace it back to the eleventh century. Its application to any extent in England, dates from the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. Its man-

ufacture was next only in importance to the introduction of the printing-press, for vellum and parchment were too expensive to use in any great quantity.

William Caxton erected the first printing-press in England in 1474. He was an enthusiast in the new art, a modest man, and an excellent scholar for his time. Many of the works he printed were of his own translation; and, although not as accurate as is now insisted upon, they did very much towards exciting a thirst for scholarship which has never since been quenched. Caxton was born in 1422, in the county of Kent. The thirty-five years previous to his return to England in 1474, he spent in Flanders, a part of the time as a copyist; the last few years, in mastering the new art of printing. He published all the English poetry of any worth then written; also Boethius, Virgil's "*Æneid*," and a small portion of Cicero.

Grocyn and Colet.—Within forty years after Caxton's first work, all the great Latin and Greek classics had been printed, and were accessible to students. The first great scholars, however, date only twenty years later. Grocyn began his Greek lectures at Oxford in 1491, Colet in 1496. The two most famous pupils of the latter were Erasmus, the most learned Dutch theologian and classical scholar of his day, and Thomas More.

More was born in 1478, and displayed remarkable ability even in his youth. "When at Christmas-time a Latin play was acted, young Thomas More could step in at will among the players and extemporize a comic part." Colet said of him: "There is but one wit in England, and that is young Thomas More." He entered Oxford in 1497, learning Greek from Linacre and Grocyn. He entered parliament at the age of twenty-one. At twenty-six he distinguished himself sufficiently as a member to incur the great displeasure of Henry VII. In the first years of Henry VIII. he rose to high position in the practice of the law. Domestic in his

tastes and devoted to his family, it was with a keen pang that he relinquished his quiet Chelsea home at the command of the king, and became a member of his court. Before this event, in 1513, he wrote his "Life of Edward the Fifth and Richard the Third," the first genuine prose work of a historical character in our literature.

Utopia.—More will always be best known through his "Utopia," or "Nowhere." "It is as he wanders through this dreamland of the new reason that More touches the great problems which were fast opening before the modern world, problems of labor, of crime, of conscience, of government."

In this little work, through a thin guise of fiction, More graphically presents views upon the subjects of morals and government, especially, which at that time must have been new indeed. The story is briefly told. While in Antwerp, through his friend Peter Giles, More becomes acquainted with a certain Raphael Hithloday, who voluntarily remained in the country of Gulike when Amerigo Vespucci returned from that vicinity after his fourth voyage. After much wandering, with a few companions Hithloday reaches Utopia, where he remains five years. By sailing to Calicut he secures a homeward bound vessel, and at length lands at Antwerp, where More meets him.

The First Book contains the conversation of Hithloday, before dinner, and is a discussion upon the best state of a commonwealth. The most instructive part of the argument refers to the injustice of excessive punishments for small offenses, especially the penalty of death for theft.

Some time previous to sailing with Vespucci, Hithloday had spent four or five months at Canterbury, England, where he was the guest of Cardinal and Archbishop Morton. The before-dinner conversation between More and Hithloday describes a discussion between the Cardinal and Hithloday upon one side, and a certain famous lawyer upon the other. The following quotation will illustrate some of More's views. Hithloday says:

“There is another, [cause of stealing,] which, as I suppose, is proper and peculiar to you Englishmen alone. ‘What is that?’ quoth the Cardinal. ‘Forsooth, my lord,’ (quoth I,) ‘your sheep that were wont to be so meek and tame, and so small eaters, now, as I hear say, that they eat up and swallow down the very men themselves. They consume, destroy, and devour whole fields, houses, and cities. For look in what parts of the realm doth grow the finest, and therefore dearest wool, there noblemen and gentlemen, yea and certain abbots, holy men no doubt, not contenting themselves with the yearly revenues and profits that were wont to grow to their forefathers and predecessors of their lands, nor being content that they live in rest and pleasure, nothing profiting, yea much annoying, the public weal, leave no ground for tillage; they inclose all into pastures; they throw down houses; they pluck down towns, and leave nothing standing but only the church, to be made a sheep-house. And as though you lost no small quantity of ground by forests, chases, lands, and parks, those good men turn all dwelling-places and all glebe land into desolation and wilderness. Therefore, that one covetous and insatiable cormorant and very plague of his native country may compass about and inclose many thousand acres of ground together, within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust out of their own, or else, either by trickery and fraud, or by violent oppression, they be put beside it, or by wrongs and injuries they be so wearied that they be compelled to sell all: by one means therefore or by other, either by hook or crook, they must needs depart away, poor, foolish, wretched fools,—men, women, husbands, wives, fatherless children, widows, woful mothers with their young babes, and their whole household, small in substance and much in number, as husbandry requireth many hands. Away they trudge, I say, out of their known and accustomed houses, finding no place to rest in. All their household stuff, which is very little worth, though it well might abide the sale, yet being suddenly thrust out, they be constrained to sell it for a thing of naught. And when they have wandered abroad till that be spent, what can they then else do but steal, and then justly, pardy, be hanged, or else go about a-begging. And yet then, also, they be cast in prison as vagabonds, because they go about and work not, whom no man will set to work though they never so willingly proffer themselves.’ ”

After dinner, Hithloday gives a complete description of Utopia, showing that the statements in his first conversation were based upon a practical knowledge of facts, and not upon mere theory.

He describes Utopia as an island of crescent shape, two hundred miles wide in the broadest part. On account of its shape, one side of the island forms a magnificent harbor, but this harbor is so difficult of access by reason of many rocks just beneath the surface of the water, that its entrance is rendered possible only through the skill of the Utopian pilots.

“There be in the Island fifty-four large and fair cities, or shire towns, agreeing all together in one tongue, in like manners, institutions, and laws. Of these cities, they that be nighest together be twenty-four miles asunder.”

The houses are “curiously builded after a gorgeous and gallant sort, with three stories one over another. The outsides of the walls be made either of hard flint or plaster, or else of brick, and the inner sides be well strengthened with timber work. They keep the wind out of their windows with glass, for it is there much used.”

As to manners and customs, the people have few horses, and these are trained exclusively for warlike purposes. Their plowing and drawing are done only by oxen. They plant grain for food only, and drink only wine or clear water. Hence, “there be neither wine taverns, nor ale-houses, nor stewes, nor any occasion of vice or wickedness, no lurking corners, no places of wicked councils or unlawful assemblies.” “Every tenth year they change their houses by lot,” so that the idea of individual ownership may not arise. Every man and woman must learn some handicraft, and all are required to work from six to nine hours a day. The evenings are devoted to amusements, and they “think no kind of pleasure forbidden whereof cometh no harm.” They overcome the disposition to vanity by giving precious gems to their children for toys, and making all their most common vessels of gold. Women are not allowed to marry till eighteen years of age, and men not until twenty-two. To check the disposition to cruelty, they have slaves that do all such work as would give their citizens a taste for any thing that would tend to harden the heart. They do not believe in war, but are daily trained

in the use of arms, so that, if necessary, they can use weapons successfully.

In government, Utopia is a community. The legislative department consists of chosen representatives from each city.

"There come yearly to Amaurote out of every city three old men, wise and well experienced, there to entreat and debate of the common matters of the land. For this city (because it standeth just in the middle of the Island, and is therefore most meet for the ambassadors of all parts of the realm,) is taken for the chief and head city."

They have a few laws, and punishments are regulated by the gravity of the offense. Every thing that is used is held in common, being deposited in store-houses.

"From hence the father of every family, or every householder, fetcheth whatsoever he and his have need of, and carryeth it away with him without money, without exchange, without any gage, pawn, or pledge."

The music of the Utopians, although mostly of a religious character, is a realization of the dreams of the famous German composer, Wagner.

"For all their music, both that they play upon instruments and that they sing with man's voice, doth so resemble and express natural affections, the sound and tune is so applied and made agreeable to the thing that, whether it be a prayer, or else a ditty of gladness, of patience, of trouble, of mourning, or of anger, the fashion of the melody doth so represent the meaning of the thing that it doth wonderfully move, stir, pierce, and inflame the hearers' minds."

In regard to labor More takes as advanced ground as the liberals of to-day. He says:

"Is not this an unjust and an unkind public weal, which giveth great fees and rewards to gentlemen, as they call them, and to goldsmiths and to such others, which be either idle persons, or else only flatterers, and devisers of vain pleasures: and of the contrary part maketh no gentle provision for poor plowmen, colliers, laborers, carters, iron-smiths, and carpenters; without whom no commonwealth can continue." "And yet, besides this, the rich men, not only by private fraud, but also by

common laws do every day pluck and snatch away from the poor some part of their daily living." "They invent and devise all means and crafts, first how to keep safely, without fear of losing, that they have unjustly gathered together, and next how to hire and abuse the work and labor of the poor for as little money as may be. These devices, when the rich men have decreed to be kept and observed under color of the commonalty, that is to say, also of the poor people, then they be made laws."

It is with the religion of Utopia, however, that we are most concerned, for one of the causes of More's execution was his inflexible adherence to the doctrines of the Catholic Church. His Utopian ideas of religion are the exact opposite of those for which he died.

"First of all he [King Utopus] made a decree, that it should be lawful for every man to favor and follow what religion he would, and that he might do the best he could to bring others to his opinion, so that he did it peaceably, gently, quietly, and soberly." "Saving that no man should conceive so vile and base an opinion of the dignity of man's nature, as to think that the soul do die and perish with the body." "Howbeit, they put him to no punishment, because they be persuaded that it is in no man's power to believe what he list."

In this connection, a quotation from Green's "History of the English People," will be appropriate:

"His [More's] treatment of the religious question was even more in advance of his age. If the houses of Utopia were strangely in contrast with the halls of England, where the bones from every dinner lay rotting in the dirty straw which strewed the floor, where the smoke curled about the rafters, and the wind whistled through the unglazed windows; if its penal legislation had little likeness to the gallows which stood out so frequently against our English sky, the religion of 'Nowhere' was in yet stronger conflict with the faith of Christendom. It rested simply on nature and reason. In 'Nowhere' it was lawful for every man to be of what religion he would."

How much better it would have been for our literature at this time if More's great talents had not forced him, against his will, into political life, it is hard to say. That the life of

the court largely changed the very nature of the man, is beyond doubt. He lost his mirthfulness after he became Lord Chancellor and Sir Thomas. Froude says he was both unjust and cruel. In the changes of religion, he decided to follow his early training, and adhere to the old church. Refusing to sign both the act of succession, and that which made Henry VIII. the head of the English church, which was called the act of supremacy, he was condemned to death. The self-possessed and heroic character of the man is well illustrated in his last moments, July, 1535: "The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay while he put aside his beard. 'Pity that should be cut,' he murmured, 'that has not committed treason.' With which strange words, the strangest, perhaps, ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed forever."

An interval of fifty-five years from the death of More, brings the student to the publication of the first three books of the "*Faery Queene*,"—the beginning of the most splendid period of our literature.

CHAPTER III.

EDMUND SPENSER—1552-1599.

"The delicate fancies of the old Welsh poetry, the grand ruins of the German epics, the marvellous splendors of the conquered East, all the relics which four centuries of adventure had dispersed among the minds of men, had become gathered into one great dream; and giants, dwarfs, monsters, the whole medley of imaginary creatures, of superhuman exploits and splendid follies, were grouped about a unique conception, exalted and sublime love, like courtiers prostrated at the feet of their king."—*Taine*, "*History of English Literature*."

"The appearance of the 'Faery Queene,' in 1590, is the one critical event in the annals of English poetry; it settled, in fact, the question whether there was to be such a thing as English poetry or no."—*Green*, "*History of the English People*."

Foreign Contemporaries.—The principal foreign contemporaries of Spenser whose influence is seen upon him and others of this era, are *Torquato Tasso* and *Montaigne*. In addition to these, *Ariosto*, who died twenty years before Spenser was born, author of that first of all poems of chivalry, "*Orlando Furioso*;" and *Michael Angelo Buonarotti*, who died in 1564, the wonderful sculptor, painter, architect, and poet, whose sonnets are among the finest in literature; as well as the earlier Italian poets,—*Dante*, *Petrarch*, and *Boccaccio*, exercised what may be considered a dominant influence upon the Elizabethan writers.

Tasso, the son of the poet Bernardo Tasso, was born in 1554 and died in 1595. His greatest literary work, that which has largely shaped the labor of many subsequent poets, is "*Jerusalem Delivered*." It is founded upon the events that occurred during the First Crusade. Tasso's revisions and

alterations of this poem were mostly for the worse. Singular as it may seem, it has furnished most of the ballad literature of Italy. Frederick Schlegel says that portions of this great epic poem are still sung by the Italian gondoliers. Tasso's life was a very unhappy one. His eccentricity verged closely upon insanity.

Montaigne, who died in 1592, is famous on account of his celebrated "Essays,"—the first modern example of that kind of writing. Their naturalness alone has saved them. Montaigne was remarkable for his indolence, defective memory, ignorance of common, every-day things, and contempt of conventionality in an artificial age.

English Contemporaries.—Of the immediate contemporaries of Spenser, *Sir Philip Sidney* and *Sir Walter Raleigh* exerted the most decided influence over him. *John Calvin*, who died in 1564, and *John Knox*, Calvin's most conspicuous disciple, who died in 1572, are no doubt largely responsible for Spenser's religious bias, which appears very marked in his "Faery Queene." *Lord Berner's* translation of Froissart's "Chronicles," in 1525, by order of Henry VIII., including English and French annals from 1326 to 1400, perhaps gave Spenser many of his ideas of chivalry, for chivalry at that time was at its best in those countries. The influence of his other, and greatest, contemporaries,—*Shakespeare*, *Ben Jonson*, and *Bacon*,—belongs really to a later time.

Sir Philip Sidney was a living example to Spenser of that chivalry which had fully departed by the beginning of the sixteenth century. Born in 1554, at the close of his eighteenth year he had passed through Cambridge with the reputation of an excellent scholar. He was in Paris at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and narrowly escaped death. After three years of travel on the continent, he returned to England and entered the court of Elizabeth. He at once became the most conspicuous courtier of that most famous court; for he was handsome, remarkably skillful in all

manly games, a splendid scholar, and a generous, noble-hearted man. Elizabeth called him the "jewel of her dominions." At the battle, or rather skirmish of Zutphen, in October, 1586, having given the lower portion of his armor to a fellow officer, he was wounded in the thigh by a musket ball. "As he lay dying they brought a cup of water to his fevered lips. He bade them give it to a soldier who was stretched on the ground beside him. 'Thy necessity,' he said, 'is greater than mine.'"

Sidney is the author of a pastoral romance entitled "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," and a vigorous work called "A Defence of Poesie." These are both in prose. His one hundred and eight sonnets and eleven songs, published under the title of "Astrophel and Stella," had given him a reputation as a poet some years before his death. He also wrote, in 1578, a brief mask, which is noticeable only for the character of Rhombus, a pedantic school-master, who is made the medium through which Sidney ridicules the euphuistic language of the time.

Craik says: "Sidney's is a wonderful style, always flexible, harmonious, and luminous, and on fit occasions rising to great stateliness and splendor; while a breath of beauty and noble feeling lives in and exhales from the whole of his great work like the fragrance from a garden of flowers."

Defence of Poesie.—The following quotation from the "Defence of Poesie" gives Sidney's estimate of the value of the English language:

"I know some will say it is a mingled language; and why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other. Another will say it wanteth grammar. Nay, truly, it hath that praise that it wants not grammar; for grammar it might have, but needs it not; being so easy in itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses, which, I think, was a piece of the tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other

tongue in the world, and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the Greek, far beyond the Latin; which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language."

Sonnets.—To illustrate the warmth of Sidney's imagination when expressed in poetical form, sonnets VII and VIII from "*Astrophel and Stella*" are selected:

VII.

"When Nature made her chief work, Stella's eyes,
In color black, why wrapped she beams so bright?
Would she, in beamy black, like painter wise,
Frame daintiest luster, mixed of shades and light?
Or, did she, else, that sober hue devise,
In object best, to knit and strength our sight,
Lest, if no veil those brave beams did disguise,
They, sun-like, should more dazzle than delight?
Or, would she her miraculous power show,
That, whereas black seems beauty's contrary,
She, even in black, doth make all beauty flow?
Both so, and thus, she, minding Love should be
Placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed,
To honor all their deaths who for him bleed.

VIII.

"Love, born in Greece, of late fled from his native place,
Forced, by a tedious proof, that Turkish hardened heart
Is no fit mark to pierce with his fine-pointed dart;
And, pleased with our soft peace, staid here his flying race:
But, finding these north climes do coldly him embrace,
Not used to foreign clips, he strove to find some part,
Where, with most ease and warmth, he might employ his dart;
At length, he perched himself in Stella's joyful face,
Whose fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on snow,
Deceived the quaking boy, who thought, from so pure light,
Effects of lively heat, must needs in nature grow;
But she, most fair, most cold, made him thence take his flight
To close my heart, where, while some fire-brands he did lay,
He burnt un'wares his wings, and can not fly away."

Arcadia.—It is, however, in the “Arcadia” that Sidney’s genius is presented to us at its best. As the book was written, in the first place, without any intention to publish it, there is a freshness, a freedom of fancy, a fullness of poetical imagery in the work that are perfectly charming. Modern critics find little in the book, notwithstanding its influence upon Spenser and Shakespeare, that is worthy of commendation; but they have either not read it, or have failed to become imbued with the euphuistic and poetical spirit of the Elizabethan period.

The “Arcadia” is really the first English novel, although so poetical that it has never received so prosaic a title. It was not published till 1590, four years after Sidney’s death, but the greater part of the first three of the five books was revised by Sidney for publication. The revision did not include the whole of the third book, so that was left incomplete, and the Countess of Pembroke, Sidney’s sister, added the two remaining books as they were originally written. The story is quite well connected from beginning to end, is full of exciting incidents, and the many various characters preserve their individuality throughout. The characters, especially of Pyrocles, Musidorus, Philoclea, Pamela, Amphialus, Argalus, and Parthenia are remarkably well drawn. In the delineation of character Sydney far surpasses Spenser. A few selections will fitly illustrate the poetical character of “Arcadia,” and give a good idea of Sydney’s graceful style.

In the first selection Pyrocles, the principal hero of the story, tells Philoclea, the principal heroine, younger daughter of Basilius, king of Arcadia, how Zelmane became his page in order to be near him.

“The next morning there overtook us a young gentleman, for so he seemed to us, but indeed, sweet lady, it was the fair Zelmane, Plexirtus’ daughter, whom unconsulting affection, unfortunately borne to meweards, had made borrow so much of her natural modesty as to leave her more decent raiments, and, taking occasion of Andromana’s tumultuous pur-

suing us, had apparelled herself like a page, with a pitiful cruelty cutting off her golden hair, leaving nothing but the short curls to cover that noble head, but that she ware upon it a fair head-piece, a shield at her back, and a lance in her hand; else disarmed. Her apparel of white, wrought upon with broken knots; her horse fair and lusty, which she rid so as might show a fearful boldness, daring to do that which she knew that she knew not how to do; and the sweetness of her countenance did give such a grace to what she did that it did make handsome the unhandsomeness, and make the eye force the mind to believe that there was a praise in that unskillfulness. But she straight approached me, and with few words, which borrowed the help of her countenance to make themselves understood, she desired me to accept her into my service, telling me she was a nobleman's son of Iberia, her name Daïphantus, who, having seen what I had done in that court, had stolen from her father to follow me. I inquired the particularities of the manner of Andromana's following me, which by her I understood, she hiding nothing but her sex from me. And still methought I had seen that face, but the great alteration of her fortune made her far distant from my memory; but, liking very well the young gentleman—such I took her to be—admitted this Daïphantus about me, who well showed *there is no service like his that serves because he loves*. For, though born of princes' blood, brought up with the tenderest education, unapt to service because a woman, and full of thoughts because in a strange estate, yet Love enjoined such diligence that no apprentice, no, no bond-slave, could ever be by fear more ready at all commandments than that young princess was."

The next selection is Pyrocles' narration of the sickness and death of Zelmane:

"Poor Daïphantus fell extreme sick, yet would needs conquer the delicacy of her constitution, and force herself to wait on me, till one day, going toward Pontus, we met one who in great haste went seeking for Tydeus and Telenor, whose death as yet was not known unto the messenger, who, being their servant, and knowing how dearly they loved Plexirtus, brought them word how, since their departing, Plexirtus was in present danger of a cruel death, if by the valiantness of one of the best knights of the world he were not rescued. We inquired no further of the matter, being glad he should now to his loss find what an unprofitable treason it had been unto him to dismember himself of two such friends, and so let the messenger part, not sticking to make him know his master's destruction by the falsehood of Plexirtus. But the

grief of that, finding a body already brought to the last degree of weakness, so overwhelmed the little remnant of the spirits left in Daïphantus that she fell suddenly into deadly swoonings, never coming to herself but that withal she returned to make most pitiful lamentations, most strange unto us because we were far from guessing the ground thereof. But finding her sickness such as began to print death in her eyes, we made all haste possible to convey her to the next town; but before we could lay her on a bed, both we and she might find in herself that the harbingers of over-hasty death had prepared his lodging in that dainty body, which she undoubtedly feeling, with a weak cheerfulness showed comfort therein, and then, desiring us both to come near her, and that nobody else might be present, with pale, and yet, even in paleness, lovely lips, 'Now or never, and never indeed but now, is it time for me,' said she, 'to speak; and I thank death, which gives me leave to discover that the suppressing whereof, perchance, hath been the sharpest spur that hath hasted my race to this end. Know then, my lords, and especially you, my lord and master, Pyrocles, that your page Daïphantus is the unfortunate Zelmane, who for your sake caused my as unfortunate lover and cousin, Palladius, to leave his father's court, and, consequently, both him and my aunt, his mother, to lose their lives. For your sake myself have become of a princess a page, and for your sake have put off the apparel of a woman, and, if you judge not more mercifully, the modesty.' We were amazed at her speech, and then had, as it were, new eyes given us to perceive that which before had been a present stranger to our minds, for indeed forthwith we knew it to be the face of Zelmane, whom before we had known at the court of Iberia. And, sorrow and pity laying her pain upon me, I comforted her the best I could by the tenderness of good will, pretending, indeed, better hope than I had of her recovery.

"But she, that had inward ambassadors from the tyrant that shortly would oppress her, 'No, my dear master,' said she, 'I neither hope nor desire to live. I know you would never have loved me'—and with that word she wept—'nor, alas! had it been reason you should, considering many ways my unworthiness. It sufficeth that the strange course I have taken shall to your remembrance witness my love; and yet this breaking of my heart, before I would discover my pain, will make you, I hope, think that I was not altogether unmodest. Think of me so, dear master, and that thought shall be my life,' and with that languishingly looking upon me, 'and I pray you,' said she, 'even by these dying eyes of mine, which are only sorry to die because they shall lose your sight, and by these polled locks of mine, which, while they were long, were the orna-

ment of my sex, now in their short curls, the testimony of my servitude; and by the service I have done you, which God knows has been full of love, think of me after my death with kindness, though you can not with love. And whensoever ye shall make any other lady happy with your well-placed affection, if you tell her my folly I pray you speak of it not with scorn but with pity.' I assure you, dear princess of my life,—for how could it be otherwise?—her words and her manner, with the lively consideration of her love, so pierced me that, though I had divers griefs before, yet methought I never felt till then how much sorrow enfeebled all resolution, for I could not chose but yield to the weakness of abundant weeping; in truth, with such grief that I could willingly at that time have changed lives with her. But when she saw my tears, 'O God!' said she, 'how largely am I recompensed for my losses! Why, then,' said she, 'I may take boldness to make some requests unto you.' I besought her so to do, vowing the performance, though my life were the price thereof. She showed great joy. 'The first,' said she, 'is this, that you will pardon my father the displeasure you have justly conceived against him, and for this once succour him out of the danger wherein he is; I hope he will amend. And I pray you, whensoever you remember him to be the faulty Plexirtus, remember, withal, that he is Zelmane's father. The second is, that when you come once into Greece you will take unto yourself this name, though unlucky, of Daiphantus, and vouchsafe to be called by it: for so shall I be sure you shall have cause to remember me; and let it please your noble cousin to be called Palladius, that I may do that right to that poor prince, that his name yet may live upon the earth in so excellent a person; and so between you I trust sometimes your unlucky page shall be, perhaps with a sigh, mentioned. Lastly, let me be buried here obscurely, not suffering my friends to know my fortune, till, when you are safely returned to your own country, you cause my bones to be conveyed thither, and laid, I beseech you, in some place where yourself vouchsafe sometimes to resort.' Alas! small petitions for such a suitor! which yet she so earnestly craved that I was fain to swear the accomplishment. And then, kissing me, and often desiring me not to condemn her of lightness, in mine arms she delivered her pure soul to the purest place, leaving me as full of agony as kindness, pity, and sorrow could make an honest heart."

Sir Walter Raleigh was a navigator, soldier, politician, historian, and poet. Born in 1552, he was of the same age as Spenser. He entered Oxford at the age of fourteen, but

at seventeen his spirit of adventure led him to join the Protestants of France as a volunteer. He shared in their successes and defeats for nearly two years. In 1578 he was in the Low Countries assisting the Dutch. In November of the same year, he sailed for America with Humphrey Gilbert, his half-brother; but the expedition was foiled by the Spaniards, and he returned to England. In 1580 he was a captain under Lord Grey, in Ireland, at the time Spenser was Lord Grey's secretary. He returned to London in 1581; sailed for America in 1583; grew rich from his adventures; was knighted; held several important positions near the queen; took an active part in the defeat of the Armada, in 1588; was a member of parliament in 1593; sailed to Guiana and up the Orinoco in 1595, and, after his return to London, published a florid account of his expedition; he sailed as rear-admiral under Essex to the Azores, and captured the town of Fayal in 1597.

With the accession of James I. his misfortunes began. In 1603 he was tried for participation in a plot to place Arabella Stuart upon the throne, and was unjustly convicted and sentenced to death. He was reprieved, but kept in the Tower for twelve years, during six of which his family was permitted to be with him. It was here he wrote the "First Part of the General History of the World," reaching from the Creation to the year 167, B. C.,—the year after the close of the Second Macedonian War. This was published in 1614. In simplicity and directness of style, and in patient research, the work is superior to any thing in English that had preceded it upon a historical subject. Released in 1616, but not formally pardoned, he started upon another expedition to Guiana in search of El Dorado. If he had been even partially successful his life might have been saved; but the affair was a total failure, and needlessly aroused the anger of the King of Spain. Upon his return to London in 1618 he was arrested and executed under the old sentence of fifteen years' standing. Almost his

last words, as he lifted the ax of the executioner and ran his fingers along the sharp edge, were: "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases."

Raleigh's life is the best illustration in our literature of the fact that an energetic, busy life, full of variety and adventure, is not a serious hindrance to literary work. His prose is often remarkably fine, though never losing its quaint naturalness of expression. As a poet Raleigh does not stand high. This fact is important in connection with the effort made every few years to associate his name, as well as Bacon's, with the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Perhaps his best poems are the Answer to Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd to His Love," and "The Lie." The former has been selected for insertion in order that, being placed immediately after Marlowe's song, a comparison may be made between the two writers.

MARLOWE'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

RALEIGH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb:
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
In fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All those in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Raleigh's "**History of the World**" will compare favorably in style, exhaustiveness of research, freedom from bias, and depth of judgment, with many of our more brilliant and pretentious historical works. His reason for not giving a record of his own times, instead of undertaking the immense work he does, shows his rare knowledge of the requirements of historical composition. He says in his preface: "I know that it will be said by many that I might have been more pleasing to the reader if I had written the story of mine own times, having been permitted to draw water as near the well-head as another. To this I answer that whosoever, in writing modern history, shall follow truth too near the heels, it may happily strike out his teeth."

His opinion of the merits of his large work is a remarkably modest one. The conclusion of his preface is as follows: "For conclusion: all the hope I have lies in this, that I have already found more ungentle and uncourteous readers of my love towards them, and well deserving of them, than I shall ever do again. For had it been otherwise, I should hardly have had this leisure to have made a fool of myself in print."

On account of the imperfect scientific knowledge of his times, there is much material in this history that is now considered crude; but many of his digressions upon government, wars and treaties, battles, and the characters of great men, are very interesting and instructive even to the student of to-day. The following quotation from Book I, Chapter vii, Section vi, which is Raleigh's explanation of the sources of the waters of the flood, will illustrate a few of the crude ideas held by Raleigh notwithstanding his having traveled nearly all over the world:

"But for the consequent, which is that the world had want of water to overcome the highest mountains, I take that conceit to be unlearned and foolish, for it is written that *the fountains of the great deep were broken up*; that is, the waters forsook the very bowels of the earth, and all whatsoever was dispersed therein pierced and broke through the face

thereof. Then let us consider that the earth had above twenty-one thousand miles; and then from the superficies to the center some three thousand five hundred miles; take, then, the highest mountain of the world, Caucasus, Taurus, Olympus, or Atlas, the mountains of Armenia or Scythia, or that (of all others the highest) in Teneriff, and I do not find that he who looketh highest stretcheth above thirty miles upright. It is not then impossible, answering reason with reason, that all those waters mixed within the earth three thousand five hundred miles deep, should not well help to cover the space of thirty miles in height, this thirty miles upright being found in the depths of the earth one hundred and sixteen times; for *the fountains of the great deep were broken up*, and the waters drawn out of the bowels of the earth. Secondly, if we consider what proportion this earth beareth to the extension of the air over and above it, we shall find the difference exceeding great. If it then pleased God to condense but so much of this air as every-where compasseth and embraceth the earth, which condensation is a conversion of air into water, a change familiar in those elements, it will not seem strange to men of judgment, yea but of ordinary understanding, that the earth (God so pleasing) was covered over with waters without any new creation."

Raleigh firmly believed in alchemy, as is clearly shown in Book I, Chapter xi, Section v:

"The sympathetical and antipathetical working of herbs, plants, stones, minerals, with their other utmost virtues sometimes taught by the devil, and applied by his ministers to harmful and uncharitable ends, can never terrify the honest and learned physician or magician from the using of them to the help and comfort of mankind; neither can the illusions whereby the devil betrayeth such men as are fallen from God, make other men reject the observation of dreams, so far as with a good faith and a religious caution they may make use of them."

He was, however, remarkably free from superstition. In Book II, Chapter xxiv, Section v, he says:

"It is also written that Romulus was in the end of his life taken up into heaven, or rather out of the world, by his father Mars, in a great storm of thunder and lightning; so was it said that Æneas vanished away by the river Numicus; but thereof Livy also speaketh modestly, for he rehearseth the other opinion that the storm was the fury of the senators, but seemeth to adhere partially to his taking up; and many

authors agree that there was an unnatural darkness both at his birth and at his death; and that he might be slain by thunder and lightning it is not unlikely, for the emperor Anastasius was slain by lightning; so was Strabo, the father of Pompey, slain with a thunder-bolt; so Carus, the emperor (who succeeded Probus), whilst he lodged with his army upon the river Tigris, was there slain with lightning. But a Mars of the same kind might end him [Romulus] that began him; for he was begotten by a man of war, and by violence destroyed."

In the delineation of character Raleigh shows fine ability. In Book III, Chapter viii, Section vii, is found the following description of Epaminondas:

"This was the last work [the battle of Mantinea] of the incomparable virtue of Epaminondas, who being in the head of that warlike troop of men which broke the Lacedæmonian squadron, and forced it to give back in disarray, was furiously charged on the sudden by a desperate company of the Spartans, who all at once threw their darts at him alone; whereby receiving many wounds, he nevertheless with a singular courage maintained the fight, using against the enemies many of their darts, which he drew out of his own body, till at length by a Spartan, called Anticrates, he received so violent a stroke with a dart that the wood of it brake, leaving the iron and a piece of the truncheon in his breast. Hereupon he sank down, and was soon conveyed out of the fight by his friends, having by his fall somewhat animated the Spartans (who fain would have got his body), but much more inflamed with revengeful indignation the Thebans, who, raging at this heavy mischance, did with great slaughter compel their disordered enemies to leave the field, though long they followed not the chase, being wearied more with the sadness of the disaster than with the travail of the day. Epaminondas, being brought into his tent, was told by the physicians that when the head of the dart should be drawn out of his body he must needs die. Hearing this, he called for his shield, which to have lost was held a great dishonor: it was brought unto him. He bade them tell him which part had the victory; answer was made that the Bæotians had won the field. 'Then,' said he, 'it is fair time for me to die;' and withal sent for Iolidas and Diophantes, two principal men of war, that were both slain; which being told him, he advised the Thebans to make peace whilst with advantage they might, for that they had none left that was able to discharge the office of a general. Herewithal he willed that the head of the weapon should be drawn out of his body, comforting his friends that

lamented his death and want of issue, by telling them that the victories of Leuctra and Mantinea were two fair daughters, in whom his memory should live.

“So died Epaminondas, the worthiest man that ever was bred in that nation of Greece, and hardly to be matched in any age and any country, for he equaled all others in the several virtues which in each of them were singular. His justice and sincerity, his temperance, wisdom, and high magnanimity were no way inferior to his military virtue, in every part whereof he so excelled that he could not properly be called a wary, a valiant, a politic, a bountiful, or an industrious and a provident captain; all these titles, and many other, being due unto him, which, with his notable discipline and good conduct, made a perfect composition of a heroic general. Neither was his private conversation unanswerable to those high parts which gave him praise abroad. For he was grave, and yet very affable and courteous; resolute in public business, but in his own, particular; easy, and of much mildness; a lover of his people, bearing with men’s infirmities, witty and pleasant in speech, far from insolence, master of his own affections, and furnished with all qualities that might win and keep love. To these graces were added great ability of body, much eloquence, and very deep knowledge in all parts of philosophy and learning, wherewith his mind being enlightened, rested not in the sweetness of contemplation, but brake forth into such effects as gave unto Thebes, which had evermore been an underling, a dreadful reputation among all people adjoining, and the highest command in Greece.”

His estimation of Alexander the Great is very different from the popular idea of that great conqueror. In Book IV, Chapter ii, Section xxiii, he says:

“For his person, it is very apparent that he was as valiant as any man, a disposition, taken by itself, not much to be admired; for I am resolved that he had ten thousand in his army as daring as himself. Surely, if adventurous natures were to be commended simply, we should confound that virtue with the hardiness of thieves, ruffians, and mastiff dogs. For certainly it is in no way praiseworthy but in daring good things, and in the performance of those lawful enterprises in which we are employed for the service of our kings and commonweals.

“If we compare this great conqueror with other troublers of the world, who have bought their glory with so great destruction and effusion of blood, I think him far inferior to Cæsar and many other that

lived after him, seeing he never undertook any warlike nation, the naked Scythians excepted, nor was ever encountered with any army of which he had not a most mastering advantage, both of weapons and of commanders, every one of his father's old captains by far exceeding the best of his enemies."

Morals.—As this period represents the transition from Catholicism to Protestantism, in England and Scotland, the moral sense was necessarily blunted by fanaticism. Elizabeth herself was indifferent to the religious revolution consummated during her reign, and, with the exception of Spenser, and perhaps Raleigh, the greatest writers took but little interest in the matter. The mass of the people, however, were stirred as they never had been before, the cheapening and multiplying of books contributing largely to this agitation. Purity of life occupied a higher position than at any previous time. The introduction of many comforts and luxuries had a very marked refining tendency, but the language retained much of the coarseness of the previous age.

Intellect.—Freed from ecclesiastical control and rigid scholasticism, stimulated by the wonderful discoveries and intellectual activity on the continent, thought expanded with a freshness, beauty, and power unprecedented in English history. Two hundred poets have been counted as belonging to this period. The vigor and scope of the productions of this time have never been surpassed. In England it is appropriately called the Elizabethan Age.

SPENSER.

Early Life.—Spenser was born at East Smithfield, London, near the Tower. Of his youth we know scarcely any thing. His home was probably in the north of England; his parents were poor, though well connected. At the age of seventeen he entered Pembroke College, Cambridge, as a sizar. The principal duty of a sizar was to wait on the college pensioners,

called Fellows, at their meals, for which service he was paid by being allowed his tuition and the fragments of food that were left. As every Fellow had a sizar, the unfortunate poor scholar, besides his regular duty, was compelled to occupy the position of a common servant, so that his education was acquired under the most humiliating conditions. Spenser became an excellent scholar, mastering Italian for the purpose of becoming familiar with the writings of Ariosto and Tasso. He received his degree of B. A. in 1573,—of M. A. in 1576.

Subsequent Life.—After leaving college, Spenser became a tutor in the north of England. In 1580, through the influence of Gabriel Harvey, he was appointed secretary to Lord Grey, of Wilton, who was Lord Deputy of Ireland at that time. He went with Lord Grey to Ireland, and returned with him at the end of four years. Having received a large grant of land in Ireland upon the condition of living on it, he removed there in 1586. William Howitt says that Kilcolman Castle (Spenser's residence) was a desolate place. The plain was wide and boggy, the hills and the Mulla River at least two miles away. Sir Walter Raleigh induced Spenser to publish the first three books of the "Faery Queene" in 1590. The next year he received a pension of £50 a year, thus virtually making him poet laureate.

In September, 1598, Spenser was driven from Kilcolman by the Irish rebels under Tyrone, and the castle was burned. In the hasty flight it is said his infant child was left in the castle, and that it perished in the flames. Spenser never recovered from the shock of this calamity. He died in a common inn, or lodging-house, in London, January, 1599. Ben Jonson says he died for lack of bread, but this is very improbable. Spenser was buried by the side of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey. Taine sums up his life as follows: "Expectations and rebuffs, many sorrows and many dreams, some few joys and a sudden and frightful calamity, a small fortune and a premature end; this indeed was a poet's life."



Spenser.

Character.—"He was a refined, thoughtful, warm-hearted, pure-souled Englishman." Like a knight of the Middle Ages, his heart was full of devotion for the good and true and beautiful. His connection with a period of romantic adventure; his friendships among the most enterprising and chivalrous spirits of his age; his studies of the old romancers and chroniclers, and especially his Italian contemporaries; and his living interest in the efforts of Calvin and Knox,—show clearly that his province was that of ideal poetry.

Imagination.—Owing to the circumstances that surrounded him, and the natural bent of his genius, Spenser's imagination was magnificent. In richness and superabundance of imagery, he has, perhaps, never been equaled. Fully imbued with ancient and Norse mythology, with mediæval visions, with the

sublime simplicity of the Bible, he threw a halo of splendor around the closing struggle of the Reformation in England which has remained to this day. This imagination is always grave and equable. No ripple of humor ever passes over its surface, no cynicism impairs its purity. It is never sublime, nor is it ever commonplace. The overflow of Spenser's wonderful invention is like a full tropical stream reflecting the luxuriant verdure that lines its banks.

Intellect.—In such a genius as Spenser's the predominance of imagination tends to obscure the logical faculties; but even where most luxuriant, Spenser always preserves the natural sequence of ideas. Hence he is always clear. Even in the "Faery Queene," where a double allegory is attempted, there is no difficulty whatever in comprehending what he intends to inculcate. The most unrealistic of his scenes, and there are many of them, never strike the true reader as forced and unnatural. Judging from the intellectual ability manifested in his prose work, "A View of the State of Ireland," he would, no doubt, have made a creditable statesman, had opportunities offered.

Style.—Being naturally a creator and a dreamer, Spenser's style is very redundant; but, in spite of this, singularly clear and pure. As he had a perfect command of all the ornaments of language, he surpasses all others in sustained elegance. The archaisms he employs throughout the "Faery Queene," and which were subject to the adverse criticism of the unimaginative Samuel Johnson, add a dignity to his style which the current language would have failed to impart.

Position as an Author.—Spenser is, perhaps, the second of our four greatest poets. In tropical luxuriance of imagination he surpasses Shakespeare, but Shakespeare stands far ahead of him in the vigor, infinite variety, and creative power of the same faculty. Chaucer and Milton are both inferior to Spenser in imagination; but Chaucer excels Spenser and Milton in the delineation of character, and Milton stands away

above Chaucer and Spenser in intellectual power and sublimity of diction.

Many subsequent poets have been indebted to Spenser for much of their inspiration. Cowley, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Shenstone, Thomson, Gray, Beattie, and Collins acknowledge their obligations, especially to the "Faery Queene."

Principal Works.—Spenser's most important works are "The Shepherd's Calendar," "Sonnets," "The Faery Queene," and "A View of the State of Ireland."

THE FAERY QUEENE.

Composition.—All of this fragment of a poem was written during Spenser's residence at Kilcolman Castle. Spenser went to England in 1590 to superintend the publication of the first three books, and also in 1596 to look after the last three. It is very probable that the misfortunes of the last years of Spenser's life prevented the writing of the last six books. Some say they were burned at Kilcolman; others, that they were lost in the sea while Spenser was crossing over to England.

The poem, as we have it, is written in the sonorous, grand Spenserian stanza, which Spenser invented. This stanza consists of nine lines, the first eight being iambic pentameters, the ninth an iambic hexameter, or Alexandrine, with three rhymes in each stanza, as follows: 1, 3—2, 4, 5, 7—6, 8, 9. The language of the Middle Ages is purposely retained in order to give character and stateliness to the verse. Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," and Byron's "Childe Harold" are written in this stanza.

Plan.—The "Faery Queene" is in the form of an epic poem. It was to consist of twelve books, and each book of twelve cantos. The double allegory contained is not sufficiently close to cumber the beauty of the poem. One allegory gives the struggle of an honest Christian for immortal life; the other personifies and glorifies living characters. The fact that

the incompetent, corrupt, and perhaps murderous Liecester, the Queen's favorite, was Arthur, the magnificent hero of the poem, is sufficient to make us stop further inquiry about this allegory. The poem, nevertheless, blends the elevation of morality with the romance of chivalry in a remarkably successful manner. As Spenser himself says: "The general end of the book is to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in gentle and virtuous discipline." He considers the story of King Arthur, because of its nationality, no doubt, most fit for the purpose, and intends perfecting him in the "twelve private moral virtues." He claims to follow Aristotle's classification of these virtues, but he does not. The following arrangement is in accordance with Aristotle's ethics: I. *Intellectual Virtues*—(1) Art, (2) Wisdom. II. *Moral Virtues*—(1) Prudence, (2) Justice, (3) Courage, (4) Temperance, (5) Courtesy, (6) Liberality, (7) Magnificence, (8) Magnanimity, (9) Laudable Ambition, (10) Truth, (11) Friendship. III. *Theological Virtues*—(1) Faith, (2) Hope, (3) Charity.

Spenser looks upon Magnificence as including all the other moral virtues, and considers Holiness and Chastity as belonging to the list. Courage, Temperance, Justice, and Wisdom are called the four *cardinal virtues*.

According to Spenser's own statement, the twelfth book should have been the first, as it would have contained the account of the great twelve days' festival of the Faery Queene, and the twelve tasks assigned to the twelve different knights. From a fragment which is left, it is probable the seventh book would have been Constancy. Every thing else in relation to the composition of the poem is pure supposition.

As illustrative of the double allegory attempted by Spenser, the following explanations will be useful: Faery Queene means, in general, *The Glory of God*; in particular, *Queen Elizabeth*. Britomartis, the heroine of the third book, besides *Chastity*, also stands for *Elizabeth*. Arthur means *Magnificence*, and also the *Earl of Liecester*; the Red Cross Knight, *Holi-*

ness, and *The Model Englishman*; Una, *Truth*, and *the Protestant Church*; Duessa, *Falsehood*, and *Mary, Queen of Scots*; the giant *Orgoglio*, *Antichrist*, and *Philip II. of Spain*; Corceca, *Blind Devotion*, and *the Catholic Church*; and Kirkrapine, *Mercenary Religion*, and a *Priest*.

The entire poem abounds in beautiful imitations and phrases from the ancient, Norse, and mediæval poets, and from Ariosto and Tasso.

ARGUMENT.

Book I; Canto I.—The Red Cross Knight, clad in the armor of a Christian, starts forth with Una to release her parents' kingdom from the tyranny of the Dragon,—the Old Serpent. He meets Error in the "wandering wood," and after a fierce combat slays her. After leaving the wood they encounter Archimago (Hypocrisy), who beguiles them to his hut, and, by his magic, forces the Knight to believe that Una is immodest.

Canto II.—Archimago makes the Knight believe that Una is unchaste, so he flees from her. The Knight encounters Sans Foy (Infidelity) and slays him after a desperate struggle. Duessa (Falsehood) now accompanies him.

Canto III.—Una begins her search for the Knight. Encounters a lion (Fidelity), which becomes her protector. She encounters Abessa (Superstition), and follows her flight to the house of her mother Corceca (Blind Devotion). Una spends the night there. Kirkrapine (Sacrilege) bringing his spoils to the house, is slain by the lion. Corceca, returning from a fruitless chase after Una, meets Archimago, and informs him of the way Una has taken. Disguised as the Knight, Archimago deceives Una. Encountering Sans Loy (Lawlessness), Archimago is defeated and exposed. Sans Loy plucks Una from her horse, and is attacked by the lion, which is slain by Sans Loy. Sans Loy then carries off Una.

Canto IV.—Duessa takes the Knight to the Palace of Pride, where he is introduced to Lucifera. Pride and her six counsellors—Idleness, Gluttony, Lechery, Avarice, Envy, Wrath,—all, with Pride, called the seven deadly sins, take an airing, the Knight keeping out of the procession. On his return to the Palace of Pride, the Knight encounters Sans Joy (Moroseness), who challenges the Knight to deadly combat. The night is spent in dissipation. Duessa visits Sans Joy, and encourages him for the fight.

Canto V.—The Knight, after a terrible struggle, gains the advantage over Sans Joy, when a cloud is interposed by Duessa's arts, and the actual death of Sans Joy averted. The Knight receives all the honors of victory, even from Duessa. At evening she visits Night, and secures her aid in taking care of Sans Joy. Night carries Sans Joy in her iron wagon to Hell, where she begs Æsculapius to cure the wounds of Sans Joy. Æsculapius finally consents. In the meantime the Dwarf discovers the occupants of the dungeon of the Palace of Pride. Telling the Knight, said Knight flees by means of a private postern.

Canto VI.—Sans Loy carries Una into a wild forest. Her cries bring to her presence a troop of fauns and satyrs, and their uncouth forms terrify Sans Loy, so that he flees. The fauns and satyrs conduct Una to Sylvanus, in whose domain she remains for a time. Satyrane (type of rustic English knight), a noble, warlike knight, though the son of a satyr, meets Una, and, touched with her story, finally escapes from the wood with her. While traveling, they meet Archimago disguised as a pilgrim, who tells Satyrane that he saw the Knight slain by Sans Loy. Archimago directs Satyrane to Sans Loy. In the midst of the combat between Satyrane and Sans Loy, Una flees, followed by Archimago.

Canto VII.—Duessa seeks the Knight, and finds him disarmed by the side of a fountain. The water of this fountain enfeebles all who partake of it. While thus enfeebled, the giant Orgoglio attacks the Knight and overpowers him. At Duessa's request, the giant carries the Knight into his castle, and places said Knight in a dungeon. Duessa becomes the giant's favorite. The Dwarf, carrying the Knight's armor, shield, and spear, meets Una, who supposes the Knight to be slain. When told by the Dwarf, she starts out to find him. Una encounters Arthur. She tells her story to him, and he promises to liberate the Knight.

Canto VIII.—By a blast of his bugle that opens the gates and doors, Arthur calls out the giant and fiercely attacks him. After a desperate fight, in which Duessa endeavors to assist the giant, said giant is slain. Arthur enters the castle and meets Ignaro (Ignorance). Arthur finally bursts open the door of a dungeon, and discovers the Knight, who is at once rescued. Duessa's wickedness is then exposed, her character discovered, and, after being stripped of her finery, she is allowed to depart.

Canto IX.—Arthur tells the story of his lineage and training so far as he knows. He also recounts his dream of the Faery Queene, and declares his resolution to find her. The Knight and Arthur exchange gifts. They part, each starting again upon his mission. Una and the Knight meet Sir Trevisan fleeing from Despair. Trevisan tells his story, and the Knight promises to avenge him. The Knight enters the cave;

but, in the interview, yields to the sophistry of Despair, and attempts suicide. Una saves the Knight by snatching the knife from his hand.

Canto X.—Una, discovering that the knight is too feeble for his mission, conducts him to the house of Holiness. This is kept by Celia (Heavenliness), and her daughters Fidelia (Faith), Speranza (Hope), and Charissa (Charity). The door being opened by Humility, Una and the Knight enter. Una requests Fidelia to teach the Knight from her Scriptures. Speranza comforts him in his despair; Patience relieves him; Penance purifies him; Remorse contributes to his purification; Repentance washes away his sin; and Charissa instructs him. Mercy is finally given charge, and conducts him to the hospital first, and then to Heavenly Contemplation, who shows the Knight the city of the New Jerusalem. Heavenly Contemplation then tells the Knight he shall be called St. George of England after he completes his earthly work. He then declares the Knight's parentage to him.

Canto XI.—Una and the Knight come in sight of the brazen towers, inside of which Una's parents have shut themselves from the Dragon. She encourages the Knight for the coming conflict. The Dragon, seeing them, hastens to the attack, half running, half flying. The first charge of the Knight is a failure. The Dragon then seizing both man and horse, endeavors to fly away with them, but their weight is too great. The Knight then succeeds in wounding the Dragon under the left wing. In the desperation resulting, the Dragon, with his tail, knocks the Knight into the Well of Life. Una spends the night in prayer. In the second day's fight the Knight wounds the Dragon in the head, cuts off a part of its tail and one foot, and finally falls at the foot of the Tree of Life. Una again spends the night in prayer. In the beginning of the third day the Dragon is slain by a thrust in the mouth with the Knight's spear.

Canto XII.—The King and Queen go forth with their people to meet Una and the Knight. All do homage to the deliverers. The King takes them to his palace. The Knight tells his story, and the King offers Una to the Knight in marriage, but the six years' vow of the Knight forbids marriage till that time expires. A messenger (Archimago disguised) enters the palace with a letter from Duessa, in which she claims the Knight as pledged to her. The Knight explains, and Una confirms his explanation. Archimago is bound in chains and placed in a deep dungeon, and the King renews the banns of marriage, which banns are solemnized at a great feast. The Knight afterwards departs on his six years' mission, leaving Una at her father's.

FIRST BOOK OF
THE FAERY QUEENE.

CANTO I.

*The patron of true Holinesse
foule Errour doth defeate;
Hypocrisie him to entrappe
doth to his home entreate.*

- 1 A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloody felde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.
- 2 And on his brest a bloudie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

- 3 Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.
- 4 A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow:
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.
- 5 So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compeld.
- 6 Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

- 7 Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred arre.
- 8 Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They can not find that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.
- 9 At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the dwarfe awhile his needlesse spere he gave.
- 10 Be well aware, quoth then that ladie milde,
Least suddaine mischief ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir knight, with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah ladie, (said he) shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

- 11 Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though now too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisdomes warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
The fearefull dwarfe) this is no place for living men.
- 12 But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staid
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.
- 13 And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, eachone
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.
- 14 Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

- 15 Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:
Who nought aghast his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.
- 16 Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd;
Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly body raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine.
- 17 His lady sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee,
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, or else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for grieve and high disdaine,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.
- 18 Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

- 19 Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie sin
He raft her hatefull head without remorse:
A streame of cole black bloud forth gushed from her corse.
- 20 His lady seeing all that chaunst from farre
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And saide, Faire knight, borne under happy starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye:
Well worthie be you of that armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may.
- 21 Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he traveiled, before he heard of ought.
- 22 At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

- 23 He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my dear sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.
- 24 But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquire;
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.
- 25 Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wilderness
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (sayd the lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The sunne that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves emong.
- 26 Then with the sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night they say gives counsell best.
Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,
(Quoth then that aged man) the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your in
For this same night. The knight was well content,
So with that godly father to his home they went.

- 27 Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainment, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas:
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas;
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.
- 28 The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his gwestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes, and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundry kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.
- 29 Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame,
And cursed heaven, and spake reprochfull shame
Of highest Gqd, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.
- 30 And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies,
Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friends, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doo.

- 31 He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth spred.
- 32 Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre do lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.
- 33 And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemies.
- 34 The messenger approching to him spake,
But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

- 35 The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
 And threatned unto him the dreaded name
 Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
 And, lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
 Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
 Hither (quoth he) me Archimago sent,
 He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
 He bids thee to him send for his intent
 A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.
- 36 The God obayde, and, calling forth straightway
 A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
 Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
 His heavie head, devoide of careful carke,
 Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
 He backe returning by the yvorie dore,
 Remounted up as light as chearefull larke;
 And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
 In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

CANTO II.

*The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
 the Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
 Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
 and workes him woefull ruth.*

- 1 By this the northerne wagoner had set
 His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
 That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
 To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
 Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
 In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
 Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

- 2 When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night:
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bookes againe.
- 3 [The knight returns to bed] in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight.
He could not rest; but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrksome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light;
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do fly.
- 4 Now when the rosy-fingred morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed;
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to waite each houre:
Then gan she waile and weepe to see that woefull stowre.
- 5 And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slow beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

- 6 But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.
- 7 But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield, upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of haire discoloured diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemde, and well address,
And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.
- 8 But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.
- 9 Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

- 10 The knight of the Redcrosse when him he spide
 Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
 Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
 That daunted with their forces hideous,
 Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
 And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.
- 11 The Sarazin sore daunted with the buffe
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
 Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
 Each others equall puissaunce envies,
 And through their iron sides with cruell spies
 Does seeke to perce; repining courage yields
 No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies,
 As from a forge out of their burning shields,
 And streams of purple bloud new dies the verdant fields.
- 12 Curse on that Crosse, (quoth then the Sarazin,)
 That keeps thy body from the bitter fit;
 Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
 But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
 And hide thy head. Therewith upon his crest
 With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
 That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
 And glauncing down his shield from blame him fairly blest.
- 13 Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
 And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
 And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
 Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
 With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
 Whither the soules do fly of men, that live amis.
- E. L.—9.

- 14 The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.
- 15 Shee turning backe with ruefull countenance
Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to show
On silly dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty will. Her humblesse low
In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart;
And said, Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.
- 16 Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where Tiberis doth pas.
- 17 At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win;
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he livde, was called proud Sans foy,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy;
And twixt them both was born the bloody bold Sans loy.

- 18 Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
 Having both found a new friend you to aid,
 And lost an old foe that did you molest:
 Better new friend then an old foe is said.
 With chaunge of cheare the seeming simple maid
 Let fal her eyen, as shamefast, to the earth,
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-said;
 So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
 And she coy lookes: so dainty they say maketh derth.
-

CANTO III.

*Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
 and makes the Lyon mylde,
 Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
 in hand of treachour vyld.*

- 1 Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t' unworthy wretchednesse
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
 Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
 Which I do owe unto all woman kind,
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.
- 2 And now it is empassioned so deepe,
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
 That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe.
 To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorced in despaire,
 And her dew loves deriv'd to that vile witches share.

- 3 Yet she most faithfull ladie all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesses and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision, which th' enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.
- 4 One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight,
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all mens sight:
From her faire head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in that shadie place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.
- 5 It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddainly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.
- 6 In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

- 7 Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood ;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last in close hart shutting up her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got againe
To seeke her strayed champion, if she might attaine.
- 8 The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepart :
From her faire eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.
- 9 Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde ;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore ;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spyde slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.
- 10 To whom approaching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all ;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand ;
Till seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away : for never in that land
Face of faire lady she before did vew,
And that dread lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

- 11 Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay,
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,
But, suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere.
- 12 Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darkesome corner pent:
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred Pater nosters every day,
And thrise nine hundred Aves she was wont to say.
- 13 The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad Una downe her laies in wearie plight,
And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe;
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.
- 14 Now when Aldeboran was mounted hie
Above the shinie Casseiopias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entraunce was not at his call:
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

- 15 Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet;
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
The lyon frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.
- 16 Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke,
And on their former journey forward pas,
In wayes unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines far passing that long wandring Greeke,
That for his love refused deitye:
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flye;
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nye.
- 17 Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twaine,
That blind old woman, and her daughter deare,
Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there slaine,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare.
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.
- 18 Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

- 19 But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
She backe retourned with some labour lost;
And in the way as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have tost:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a ladie she could tellen ought.
- 20 Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde:
Whom seeming such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hill; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde;
Approching nigh she wist it was the same,
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee came:
- 21 And weeping said, Ah my long lacked lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
That should as death unto my deare heart light:
For since mine eye your joyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of blis.
- 22 He thereto meeting said, My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave, that have me loved still,
And chose in Faery court of meere goodwill,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of heavenly berth.

- 23 His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence:
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre:
Shee has forgot how many a woful stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.
- 24 They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde;
And on his shield Sans loy in bloody lines was dyde.
- 25 When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the Red crosse, which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele;
But yet his lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.
- 26 But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did pierce;
And had his staggering steede not shronke for feare,
Through shield and bodie eke he should him beare:
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare:
He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

- 27 Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reave his life,
And proudly said, Lo there the worthie meed
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife;
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake,
When mourning altars purgd with enemies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee take.
- 28 Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, O hold that heavie hand,
Deare sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand:
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land,
And whilst him fortune favourd, faire did thrive
In bloody field: therefore of life him not deprive.
- 29 Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage;
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slaine him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,
And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might;
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight;
- 30 And said, Why, Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend amis?
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay;

- 31 But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.
- 32 But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
And high disdaine, whenas his souveraine dame
So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes:
But he was stout, and yre did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his swerd he drawes.
- 33 O then too weake and feeble was the forse
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand:
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his lordly hart: with death opprest
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.
- 34 Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill.
He now lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdaineeful spight
Her vildly entertaines, and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

CANTO IV.

*To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa
guides the faithfull knight,
Where brother's death to wreak, Sansjoy
doth challenge him to fight.*

- 1 Young knight whatever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours hunttest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice and change of thy deare loved dame,
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

- 2 Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposed to be;
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished;
The house of mightie prince it seemd to be:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traveiled.

- 3 A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres;
And on the top a diall told the timely howres.

- 4 Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight,
Cald Malvenù, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her that was the lady of the pallace bright.
- 5 By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of lordes and ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence faire the place much beautifide.
- 6 High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene that shone, as Titans ray,
In glistring gold and peerelesse pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.
- 7 So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdayne:
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo underneath her scornefull feete was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

- 8 And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe a queene, and crownd to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold :
Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.
- 9 Soone as the elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming lady faire,
A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire :
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great majestee.
- 10 With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wise ;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of princesse worthy, scarce them bad arise.
Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight :
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some prancke their ruffles, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire : each others greater pride does spight.
- 11 Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The royall dame, and for her coche did call :
All hurtlen forth ; and she, with princely pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call ;
So forth she comes ; her brightnesse brode doth blaze ;
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze :
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

- 12 So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in royall rich array,
Great Junoes golden chaire, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Joves high house through heavens bras-paved way,
Drawne of faire peacocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tailes dispredden wide.
- 13 But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy monck, the service to begin.
- 14 And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hed,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.
- 15 And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne:
His belly was up-blowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
And like a crane his neck was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

- 16 In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not wear for heat;
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hande did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarce upholden can;
In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.
- 17 And next to him rode lustful Lechery
Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,
And whally eiss, (the sign of gelosy),
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and black, and filthy, did appeare;
Unseemely man to please fair ladies eye:
Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy!
- 18 And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold:
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold;
Accursed usurie was all his trade;
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.
- 19 And next to him malicious Envie rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous glad.

- 20 And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
 Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his hed:
 His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all, that him beheld;
 As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.
- 21 Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath;
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife;
 And fretting grieve the enemy of life;
 All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
 The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rife,
 The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire:
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.
- 22 And, after all, upon the wagon beame
 Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
 So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band,
 Showting for joy; and still before their way
 A foggy mist had covered all the land;
 And underneath their feet all scattered lay
 Dead sculls and bones of men whose life had gone astray.
- 23 So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
 To take the solace of the open aire,
 And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport;
 Emongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
 The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
 Of proud Lucifera, as one of the traine:
 But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike swaine.

- 24 So, having solaced themselves a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe retourned to the princely place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes yceled,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writt Sans joy they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeaunce in his bitter mind.
- 25 Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sans foy
He spide with that same Faery champions page,
Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
His eldest brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snatcht away:
But th' elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdained to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.
- 26 Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.
- 27 Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Up-rose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

- 28 Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fit,
Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speaches seeming fit:
Ah, deare Sans joy, next dearest to Sans foy,
Cause of my new grieffe, cause of my new joy,
Joyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greev'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo his Fidessa to thy secret faith I flye.
- 29 With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
And bad say on the secret of her hart.
Then sighing soft, I learne that little sweet
Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:
For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sans foy I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.
- 30 Thereto said he, Faire dame, be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their grieffe is with them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid;
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sans foy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deepe do grone:
He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.
- 31 But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sans foyes dead dowry you endew.
Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secret aid
Shall follow you. So passing forth she him obaid.

CANTO V.

*The faithfull knight in equall field
 subdews his faithlesse foe;
 Whom false Duessa saves, and for
 his cure to hell does goe.*

- 1 The noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
 And is with child of glorious great intent,
 Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
 Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
 Such restlesse passion did all night torment
 The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
 Devizing, how that doughtie turnament
 With greatest honour be atchieven might:
 Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

- 2 At last the golden orientall gate
 Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
 And Phoebus fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire;
 And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy aire.
 Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streightway
 He started up, and did him selfe prepaire
 In sunbright armes, and battailous array:
 For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

- 3 A shrilling trompet sownded from on hye,
 And unto battaill bad themselves addresse:
 Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
 And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,
 The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:
 With greedy force each other doth assayle,
 And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
 Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
 The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

- 4 So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of bloud down flow;
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde;
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.
- 5 At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathful fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Dost thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
And sluggish german dost thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?
- 6 Goe caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his longwandering woe:
Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe.
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall:
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, Thine the shield, and I, and all.
- 7 Soone as the Faerie heard his lady speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake;
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

- 8 And to him said, Goe now proud miscreant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when lo a darkesome clowd
Upon him fell; he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives: the darknes him does shrowd.
- 9 In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said, O prowest knight,
That ever ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despyght
And bloudie vengeance; lo th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield and glory yours.
- 10 Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
He sought, all round about, his thirstie blade
To bathe in bloud of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie;
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.
- 11 Werewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene;
Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his great chevalree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

- 12 Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide
And softly gan embalme on everie side.
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of grieve and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.
- 13 So wept Duessa untill eventide,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide;
But comes unto the place, where th' hethen knight,
In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way.
- 14 Where griesly night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phoebus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for journey new,
And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.
- 15 Who when she saw Duessa sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare;
(For never did such brightnes there appeare;)
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speech she gan to heare,
Saying, Yet, O thou dreaded dame, I crave
Abide, till I have told the message which I have.

- 16 She stayd, and forth Duessa gan proceede,
O thou most auncient grandmother of all,
More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of gods cælestiall;
Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade,
Why suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
With elfin sword most shamefully betrade?
Lo where the stout San joy doth sleepe in deadly shade.
- 17 Up then, up dreary dame, of darknesse Queene;
Go gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
That dreaded night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of faire light deface.
Her feeling speeches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pitty in her hart was never prov'd
Till then: for evermore she hated, never lov'd:
- 18 And said, Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes ensaw:
But who can turne the streame of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?
The sonnes of day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.
- 19 Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he, the man that made Sans foy to fall,
Shall with his owne bloud price that he has spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of nephews kilt?
I that do seeme not I, Duessa am,
(Quoth she) how ever now in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came;
Duessa I, the daughter of deceit and shame.

- 20 Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying ; In that faire face
The false resemblance of deceit I wist
Did closely lurke ; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darkesome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child, whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unwares. Lo now I goe with thee.
- 21 Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch :
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch ;
Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.
- 22 So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the paynim lay
Devoid of outward sense, and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald :
So lay him in her charet, close in night conceald.
- 23 Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole :
By that same hole an entrance dark and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell : there creature never past,
That backe returned without heavenly grace ;
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

- 24 They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully;
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.
- 25 Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly:
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.
- 26 There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin;
And Sisypheus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhoeus joynts were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law;
And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.
- 27 They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad Aesculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedillesse;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

- 28 There auncient night arriving, did alight
 From her nigh weary waine, and in her armes
 To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
 Whom having softly disarayd of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
 Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
 If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
 A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.
- 29 Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things else, the which his art did teach:
 Which having seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
 Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;
 And backe returning tooke her wonted way
 To runne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
 In westernne waves his weary wagon did recure.
- 30 The false Duessa leaving noyous Night,
 Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pride;
 Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
 Departed thence, albe, his woundes wide
 Not throughly heald, unready were to ride.
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
 For on a day his wary dwarfe had spide
 Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
 Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day.
- 31 A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie;
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captivitie;
 How mortgaging their lives to covetise,
 Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,
 They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
 Provokt with wrath and envies false surmise,
 Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse,
 Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

- 32 Whose case when as the careful dwarfe had tould,
 And made ensample of their mournfull sight
 Unto his maister, he no lenger would
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
 But early rose, and ere that dawning light
 Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
 He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
 That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
 For doubtlesse death ensewd, if any him descryde.

VERBAL REFERENCES.

Canto I.—Stanza (1), Verse 1: **gentle Knight**, the Red Crosse Knight; **pricking**, spurring.—2. **ycladd**, past participle of **clad**; **mightie**, strongly made.—6. **angry**, spirited; **chide**, press.—8. **jolly**, handsome.—9. **giusts**, tilts and combats.—(2) 1. **bloudie**, red.—2. **deare**, grievous.—5. **scor'd**, traced.—8. **cheere**, countenance.—9. **ydrad**, past participle of **dread**.—(3) 1. **bond**, bound.—6. **earne**, yearn.—9. **stearne**, fierce.—(4) 5. **stole**, a long robe.—7. **palfrey**, usually a led horse ridden by a lady: here, the ass.—(5) 3. **lynage**, lineage.—8. **forwasted**, utterly wasted or desolated.—9. **compeld**, called to her aid.—(6) 3. **Scan.**—8. **shrowd**, take shelter from.—(8) 1. **led**, excited.—3. **weening**, desiring.—(9) 5. **tract**, track; 6. **hollow cave**, a useless pleonasm.—8. **eftsoones**, at once.—(10) 1. **well aware**, very cautious.—4. **dreadfull**, full of dread or fear.—5. **stroke**, attack.—7. **shame were**, it were a shame. The omission of the nominative is very common throughout the Faery Queene.—9. **for to**. This is now an obsolete form.

Stanza (11), Verse 4: **gate**, way.—5. **retrate**, retreat.—7. **does**, a singular verb for a plural. A common solecism at this time.—8. **read beware**, advise you to beware.—9. **fearefull**, timid.—(12) 1. **hardiment**, hardihood.—2. **ought**, aught; **staide**, prevented.—5. **shade**, a ghost.—9. **full of vile disdaine**, exciting the utmost contempt.—(13) 3. **boughtes**, folds.—7. **Scan.**—(14) 1. **effraide**, frightened.—4. **wihout entraile**, without twist, untwisted.—6. **armed to point**, armed at every point.—7. **bale**, torment.—8. **desert**, deserted.—(15) 1. **Elfe**, so called because employed by the Faery Queene.—3. **trenchand**, trenchant. The *and* is an old participial form.—8. **enhaunst**, raised.—(16) 1. **dint**, stroke. The figure is metonymy.—5. **tho**, then.—6. **traine**, tail.—9. **traine**, snare.—(17) 4. **Scan.**—6. **gall did grate**. The gall was considered the seat of anger;

did grate, became excited; for grieve, from the oppression.—8. with so great paine, pain to Error.—(18) 4. vildly, vilely.—9. parbreake, that which bursts forth. Here vomit is meant.—(19) 1. bestedd, situated; shame, defeat.—5. lin, stop.—8. raft, separated by cutting off.—(20) 4. foes. The knight had vanquished only one foe.—5. armory, the armor of Truth which the knight wore.—9. like succeed it may, it may succeed likewise.—(21) 1. mounted . . . upon, a pleonasm.—7. to frend, to befriend.—9. Scan.—(22) 2. an aged sire, Archimago.—(23) 1. faire, politely; louting, bowing.—2. quited, returned it.—4. pas, come to pass.—6. silly, harmless, simple minded.—7. bidding, counting.—9. sits not, it sits not, it is not seemly; mell, meddle.

Stanza (24), Verse 7: weare, pass.—(25) 1. wastfull, desolate.—2. wight, person.—3. thorough, through.—4. draweth, it draweth.—(28) 3. Morpheus, the god of sleep.—5. riddes, removes.—(29) 4. blacke Plutoes griesly dame. Proserpine, the wife of Pluto, is called *griesly*—horrid—because she was the avenger of men, inflicting their curses upon those against whom these curses were directed.—8. Gorgon. Demogorgon, of the middle ages, was a wicked demon or magician of great power.—9. Cocytus, one of the rivers of the infernal regions; it was the river of lamentation. Styx, the river of hate; Acheron, the river of grief; Phlegethon, the river of fire; and a fifth river, Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, were also in hell.—(30) 2. Sprights, spirits.—5. fray, frightens.

Stanza (31), Verse 1: spersed, thin.—6. Tethys, wife of Oceanus, god of the ocean.—7. Cynthia, goddess of the moon.—(32) 9. keepe, care, heed.—(34) 2. wast, wasted.—7. dryer braine. Here a *dry* brain, in opposition to the notion of the ancients, is the cause of "troubled sights and fancies."—(35) 3. Hecate, the mother of Medea and Circe. She presided over magic and enchantments. Her power was three-fold, hence she was a triple deity, and was represented with three heads,—one head of a horse, one of a dog, and one of a lion. She had the power of Phoebe, or the Moon, in heaven; Diana, on the earth; and Proserpine, in hell.—3. Scan.—9. sent, sensation.—(36) 2. diverse, distracting.—4. carke, anxiety.—5. starke, stiffened. This dream, which was designed to prove that Una was unchaste, failed in its object, as the Knight was proof against it.

Canto II.—Stanza (1), Verse 1: northerne wagoner, the constellation Bootes.—2. sevenfold teme, the constellation of the Great Bear; sted-fast starre, the pole star.—3. in ocean waves yet never wet. The pole star never sets in northern latitudes.—4. firme is fixt, does not change its place in the heavens.—6. Chaunticlere, the clear chanter, the

cock.—8. **climbing up the easterne hill**. The ancient idea that the ascent from the “lower concave” was steep.—(2) 7. **Proserpines**, the wife of Pluto and mistress of the lower regions. This time Archimago succeeds in deceiving the Knight, who becomes convinced that Una is false to him.—(3) 4. **despight**, vexation.—6. **Hesperus**, the evening star. Here used as the morning star, an office usually given to Lucifer.—(4) 1. **rosy-fingred morning**, just before sunrise,—the red beams of the sun resembling fingers. The allusion is to Eos or Aurora, the goddess of the morning.—2. **aged Tithones**. Tithonos was the husband of Eos. In asking immortality for him from Zeus, Eos forgot to ask for eternal youth. After Tithonos grew old and feeble Eos neglected him, so he asked to be removed from the world. Eos could not do this, but changed him into a grasshopper; **saffron** here means gilded. It is a metaphorical epithet.—3. **purple**, the royal color, from Tyrian purple,—the expensive and magnificent dye which the Tyrians alone could make. The manufacture of this dye is one of the lost arts.—4. **Titan** here means the sun, so called by Ovid and Virgil. The titans were twelve in number, and were the offspring of Uranos and Gaea.—5. **royall virgin**, Una.—6. **bowre** here means bed. The usual meaning is bed-room. The figure is synecdoche.—9. **stowre**, stir.

Stanza (6), Verses 3, 5 : Scan.—(7) 9. **Saint George**, the patron saint of England. It is believed that he was born in Armorica, and was beheaded in Diocletian's persecution of the Christians in 303, A. D. The slaying of the dragon by Saint George is an allegory to express the triumph of a Christian over evil.—(8) 2. **was wandred**, had wandered. A passive form with an intransitive verb.—4. **will**, willfulness.—6. **Sarazin**, Saracen.—8. **Sans foy**, without faith.—9. **cared not for God**, the popular idea of a Mohammedan.—(9) 3. **purfled**, embroidered.—4. **Persian mitre**, a high mitre-like cap.—5. **owches**, sockets of gold to hold jewels.—(10) 2. **dispiteous**, cruel.—3. **couch**, place in position; **towards**, *him* understood.—4. **fell**, angry.—8. **astonied**, astonished.—9. **rebut**, rebound, retire.—(11) 3. **quyteth**, returns.—4. Scan.—(12) 2. **bitter fit**, agonies of death.—5. **assured sitt**, sit firm or assured in your saddle.—9. **from blame him fairly blest**, hardly saved him from injury.—(13) 2. **eftsoones**, very soon.—(14) 5. **scowre**, hurry.—7. Scan.—(15) 4. **humblesse**, humbleness.—6. **emmove**, move.—(17) 2. **perforce**, by force.—8. **Sans joy**, without joy.—9. **Sans loy**, without law.—(18) 6. **shamefast**, fixed in shame, modest.—9. **dainty . . . maketh derth**, coyness excites desire.

Canto III.—Stanza (2), Verse 1 : Scan.—(3) 3. **preace**, crowding.—(4) 2. **unhastie**, slow.—5. **undight**, unfastened.—(5) 1. Scan.—2. **ramp**—

ing, rushing on its prey.—7. **pray**, prey.—(6) 6, 8, 9. Scan.—(7) 1. **redounding**, overflowing.—9. **attaine**, find him.—(9) 1. Scan.—(10) 9. **hew**, appearance.—(11) 3. **whereas**, where.—4. **eternall night**, *i. e.*, the darkness of unquestioning devotion.—(14) 1. **Aldeboran**, the “eye” in the constellation Taurus.—2. **Casseiopeias chair**, a northern constellation, the chief stars of which form the outline of a chair. Cassiopeia was the wife of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia. For comparing her beauty with that of the Nereides she was exposed to be devoured by a sea monster, but was released by Perseus.—8. **severall**, a variety.—9. **purchase criminall**, criminal catching robbery.—(15) 1. **bet**, beat.—3. **frayed**, terrified.—6. **disdainfull**, full of hatred.—8. **cruell clawes**, with cruel claws.—9. **supprest**, pressed under, overpowered.—(16) 5. **long wandering Greeke**. Ulysses, who was ten years in reaching his home at Ithaca, after the fall of Troy.—6. **refused deitye**, refused immortality from Calypso, queen of the island Ogygia (now Gogo, near Malta). Ulysses was wrecked upon this island, and detained seven years by Calypso.—(17) 3. **Kirkrapine**, church robber.

Stanza (18), Verse 1: **bray**, call to in a loud voice.—3. Scan.—(19) 4. **embost**, clad, literally surrounded.—(20) 7. Scan.—(21) 3. Scan.—(22) 9. **my lief**, my dear.—(23) 9. **toyld**, struggled to find.—(25) 6. **un-tryed dint**, untried stroke. The figure is metonymy.—(26) 6. Scan.—(27) 2. **reave**, bereave, deprive of.—6. **Lethe**, the river of forgetfulness. Whoever drank of the water forgot all about his former life.—7. Scan.—8. **Furies**. There were three of them, whose first duty, as guardians of the entrance to the lower world, was to punish those who came down there without having obtained atonement from the gods. Their names were Tisiphone, the avenger of murder; Alekto, the unwearied persecutor; and Megaera, the grim.—(28) 5. **Mercy not withstand**, withhold not mercy.—6. For he is one of the truest knights alive.—(31) 3. **guerdon of his guile**, reward of his treachery.—(32) 6. **have reft away**, to have snatched away.—(33) 3. **corse**, body.—(34) 4. **save or spill**, preserve or slay.—7. **will or nill**, willing or unwilling.

Canto IV, Stanza (1), Verse 6. **misweening**, distrusting.—(2) 4. Scan.—6. **a goodly building**, the House of Pride.—(3) 8. **bowres**, chambers.—(4) 1. **forth right**, straight on.—4. **Malvenu**, ill come,—the opposite of welcome.—6. **arras**, tapestry, so called from a city in northern France.—(5) 2. **presence**, Queen Lucifera.—5. Notice the pronunciation of **shew**.—(6) 5. **a mayden Queene**, Lucifera or Pride.—(7) 7. **fayne**, with pleasure.—(8) 1. **Lucifera**. Lucifer was one of the mediæval names applied to Satan; hence, Lucifera is his daughter. Spenser ranks her as the chief of the seven deadly sins.—5. **usurpe**, here used intransitively.

—8. **six wizards** old, the other six deadly sins.—(10) 7. **frounce**, frizzle.—8. **prancke**, adorn in a showy manner.—(11) 3. **hurtlen**, hurry.—4. **Aurora**, the goddess of the morning.—9. **glitterand**, glittering; *and* is the old form of the present participle.—(12) 5. **Juno** was the wife of **Jupiter**, the chief god of the Romans.—8. **Drawne of faire Pecoeks**. This is not classical. Juno's chariot was drawn by horses, although the peacock was sacred to her.—9. **Argus**, the giant having one hundred eyes, placed as a guard over Io, who, on account of her love for Zeus, had been transformed into a white cow. Hermes, at the command of Zeus, slew Argos by lulling all his eyes to sleep with music, and thus released Io.—(13) 1. **unequall**, of different sizes and characters.—**bestiall behests**, desires in accordance with their beastly natures.—6. **Idlenesse**, the second of the deadly sins.—8. **amis**, amice, a square linen cloth worn by a Catholic priest; it was tied around the neck, and hung down behind.—(14) 1. **portesse**, a prayer book.—7. **may seeme**, it may seem.—(15) 1. **Gluttony**, the third of the deadly sins.—2. **filthie swyne**. The hog has always been considered filthy and gluttonous, hence here a fit animal for Gluttony to ride upon.

Stanza (16), Verse 6. **bousing**, drinking.—(17) 1. **Lechery**, the fourth of the deadly sins.—(18) 1. **Avarice**, the fifth of the deadly sins.—2. **upon a camell**, selected, probably, because a suitable beast of burden.—9. He did not discriminate between right and wrong.—(19) 1. **Envie**, the sixth of the deadly sins.—2. **upon a ravenous wolfe**. The wolfe is still symbolical of envy.—3. **venomous tode**, perhaps considered so because repulsive looking.—5. **Scan**.—7. **death it was**, it was as death to him.—(20) 1. **Wrath**, the seventh and last of the deadly sins.—2. The lion was supposed to be the fiercest of all beasts.—7. The effect of anger generally being to drive the blood from the face.—(21) 3. **unthrifty scath**, mischief that does not thrive.—7. **the swelling splene**. The spleen was supposed to be the seat of anger.—8. **Saint Fraunces fire**, St. Anthony's fire or erysipelas.—(22) 5. **routs**, crowds.—(23) 8. **joyaunce**, festivity.—(24) 2. **breathing fields**, fields full of fresh air or delightful odors,—a very poetical expression.—(25) 7. **ought**, owned.—(26) 1. **hurtlen**, run together.—2. **darrayne**, prepare.—(27) 6. **leaden mace**. Leaden, because of its weight and dull color.—(29) 5. **launcht with lovely dart**, pierced with the dart of love.—6. **joyed howre**, enjoyed an hour.—(30) 4. **vantage none**, help any one.—5. **helpless hap**, unavoidable accident.—8. **his dewties last**, his last obsequies.—(31) 1. **sithens**, since.

Canto V.—Stanza (3), Verse 4: **blesse**, wave or flourish.—6. **each other**, each the other.—(5) 2. **his suddein eye**, his eye suddenly or

quickly.—5. **And said**, and he said.—8. **german**, any blood relation. Sans joy here reproaches himself as a sluggish brother. (6) 4. **quit**, recovered.—(7) 5. **Tho**, then.—7. **Scan**.—8. **forced him**, he forced him. (8) 5. **heavie**, powerful. A metaphorical epithet.—(9) 2. **prowest**, bravest.—(10) 1. **not all so satisfide**, not at all satisfied.—(11) 3. **his service seene**, his valor and duty which she has seen.—4. **gree**, satisfaction.—5. **advauncing**, praising.—9. **it fils**. The antecedent of *it*, is *sound*, understood.—(12) 2. **leaches**, surgeons. Probably so called because they used leeches for bleeding a patient, and bleeding was usually the first thing that was done.—7. **sweet music did divide**. To “play divisions” was to ornament, in the execution, any plain musical composition.—(14) 3. **foule**, thick.—4. **mew**, place of confinement.—6. **charet**, chariot. Iron, probably, because of the color of that metal.—9. **rusty**, unused. An epithet of metonymy.—(15) 4. **unacquainted light**, light with which she was unacquainted.—9. **have**. Note the pronunciation.—(16) 2. **most ancient grandmother**. Night was one of the very first of created things.—3. **Jove** was not the son of Night, but of Chronos and Rhea.—5. **Demogorgon** was a mediæval demon, who lived in the Himalaya mountains, and summoned all the elves and fairies to report to him every five years, as he was their ruler.

Stanza (18), Verse 3: **their foes ensew**, to their foes ensew.—5, 6. **chayne of strong necessitee**, a probable allusion to the golden rope which Jove fastened to the earth to try his strength by.—9. **excheat**, way of gaining.—(21) 5. **unlich**, unlike.—8. **tarre**, as black as tar. A metaphor both suggestive and appropriate.—9. **ramp**, rear; **the fine element**, the thin air.—(22) 2. **whereas**, where, or in which.—6. **cruddy**, curdled, coagulated.—(23) 3. **Avernus hole**, the lake of Averno, ten miles west of Naples, near the bay of Baja. It is in the crater of an extinct volcano, is about half a mile in diameter, is very deep, and has no outlet. Because of its depth, and the mephitic vapors arising from it, it was supposed to be one of the entrances to hell.—(25) 1. **Cerberus**, the three-headed watch-dog of the infernal regions. He fawned upon all who entered, but showed his terrible teeth to those who tried to pass out.—4. **lilled**, lolled, thrust out.—6. **felly gnarre**, growl horribly.—7. **his taile**. The tail of Cerberus was shaped like that of a serpent.

Stanza (26), Verse 1: **Ixion**, a sovereign of Thessaly, who, for falling in love with Hera, was sent to Tartaros, and lashed with serpents to a rapidly revolving wheel.—3. **Sisyphus**, once king of Corinth: so condemned on account of treachery.—5. **Tantalus**, once king of Phrygia: so condemned on account of treachery and cruelty to his son. He was
E. L.—11.

not hung by the chin, but stood that depth in water, which receded whenever he attempted to drink it.—6. **Tityus**, a giant of Eubœa, who, for attacking Leto, the mother of Artemis and Apollo, was condemned to be stretched upon the ground, where two vultures fed upon his liver, which always grew again.—7. **Typhoeus**. He was buried under Ætna, and not racked in an engine.—8. **Theseus** was kept in chains, until released by Hercules, for assisting Perithoös, prince of Thessaly, in his attempt to carry off Proserpine from the lower regions.—9. The **fifty daughters of Danaos**, king of Argos: so sentenced for murdering their husbands.

Stanza (27), Verse 7: **Aesculapius**, son of Apollo and Koronis, the daughter of a prince of Thessaly. He became famous for his remarkable skill in medicine, and was killed by Zeus upon complaint of Pluto. He was, however, translated to the stars instead of being sent to hell.—9. **Hippolytus**, a son of Theseus, dragged to death by wild horses, and restored to life by Æsculapius.—(28) 7. **charmes**. The belief in charms was quite common in Spenser's time.—8. **fordonne**, utterly undone.—(29) 9. **recure**, recover, refresh.—(30) 1. **noyous**, annoying.—5. **throughly**, thoroughly.—9. **caytive wretched thralls**, base wretched slaves to the seven deadly sins.—(31) 8. Scan.

MISCELLANEOUS REFERENCES.

Canto I, (1), 5.—He was a rustic who had not been trained for war. When Una presented herself before the Faery Queene upon the first day of the twelve days' festival, and asked for a champion, a rustic present offered his services. Una at first doubted his fitness for the task she wanted done, but, when she saw that the armor she had brought with her fitted him perfectly, she was satisfied of his ability.

(2), 1.—The *red* cross, which was symbolical of the blood of Christ, was worn only during the First Crusade. After that other colors were used.

(3), 4.—Note the pronunciation of *have*. This pronunciation was common until comparatively recent times.

(4), 2, 3.—Note the complexion of Una. It is Spenser's design to impress the reader with the purity of Una.—9. This is the only allusion to the lamb. Its introduction, although intended to heighten Una's innocence of character, as the ass is introduced to show her humility, was a mistake.

(6), 1.—The dwarf is probably a personification of prudence, feeble but faithful.

(7), 4, 5, 6.—Note the hyperbole.

(14).—The contest with Error is one of the first that a Christian has to encounter. Error, however, does not usually present such a repulsive form. Compare Error with Milton's description of Sin. "Paradise Lost," Book II, Line 650.

(17), 3.—Faith must be combined with works in order to slay Error.

(18), 6.—Probably an allusion to recent scurrilous attacks upon Queen Elizabeth. This entire stanza is extremely coarse, almost revolting. Of course there is nothing poetical in it.

(22), 2.—Note the disguise assumed by Archimago. This adventure is taken from the "Orlando Furioso."

(24), 5.—Why does the Red Crosse Knight desire to go out of his way in order to seek adventures? There is no further allusion to this "strange man."

(25), 8, 9.—The allusion is to Phoebus and his chariot, the sun. After passing through the ocean to the "lower concave," and feeding his steeds, Milton, in his "Comus," says that Phoebus drove them at a moderate pace across to the east to be ready for the next day's drive.

(27), 4.—This line is very suggestive.—8, 9. Hypocrisy seems to be Spenser's type of a votary of the Catholic Church.

(28), 1 to 4.—Note the rare beauty of these lines. A fine illustration of Spenser's imagination. Here it is not Morpheus, but his messenger, who sprinkles "slombring dew" from his horn, or the branch he carries, or off his wings.

(31), 4.—The place for all wickedness, because in the domains of Pluto.—6 to 9. Illustrative of Spenser's imagination.

(33).—This entire stanza is beautifully suggestive of the character and surroundings of Morpheus. An illustration of Spenser's imagination.

Canto II, (1).—Note the poetical character of this stanza. It is a magnificent picture of the early dawn.

(3), 6, 7.—Illustrative of Spenser's imagination.—9. Note the peculiar fitness of the dwarf's departure with the knight.

(4).—Note the poetical character of the first four lines.

(6), 8, 9.—A very pointed allusion to the animosity of the Catholic Church to the Reformation.

(11), 9.—Note the hyperbole.

(13), 5 to 8.—This is a very graphic description, and indicates more intensity of expression than is customary with Spenser.

(14), 1, 2.—Note the defective simile.

(15), 4 to 6.—Duessa is very appropriately dressed.

(16), 7 to 9.—This is an allusion to the belief of some of the popes that they were the proper heirs of the position of emperor.

Canto III, (1).—The sentiments in this stanza are in perfect harmony with the knightly inspirations of Spenser. Note how they correspond with Spenser's character in general.—Line three probably refers to Spenser's very favorable reception at the court of Elizabeth.

(4), 6, 7.—Note the exaggerated simile.—8. Note the hyperbole.

(5), 9.—It was a superstition that a lion would not hurt one of royal blood. The incongruity of the lion's presence does not mar the beauty of the poem because of the allegory.

(6), 4, 5.—Note the force and beauty of the sentiments.

(12), 1 to 3.—Illustrates the difficulties of Truth in entering the abodes of the ignorant.—8, 9. Spenser's idea of what was considered a religious life by the church at that time. Corceca, the mother, is blind devotion; and Abessa, the daughter, superstition. Note the hyperbole.

(15), 6 to 9.—A probable allusion to the overthrow of the monasteries by Henry VIII.

(22).—This stanza is decidedly unrealistic. It perhaps illustrates the old saying that "a poor excuse is better than none."

(23), 2 to 4, and 7, 8.—Note the beauty of the sentiments.

(24), 5, 6.—Note the strength of these two lines.

(29), 7, 8.—An allusion is here made, probably, to the crusades; Archimago representing the Pope, and Sans loy the Turk.

(30).—In this stanza it is possible that the generosity of the Moslem, especially during the Third Crusade, is indicated. The story is told that Saladin sent Richard I. snow from Mount Lebanon when Richard was sick of a fever.

(32).—The allegory in this and the next stanza is not clear. Why should the infidel slay the lion, which represents fidelity?

Canto IV, (1).—Note the philosophical sentiments.

(3).—The description of the Palace of Pride would be good for nothing were it not for the allegory.

(5), 1, 2.—Why do Duessa and the Knight have such easy entrance to Lucifera, when so many others do not?

(6).—The following description, terminating with the eighth stanza, is highly characteristic of Spenser's imagination and style.

(8), 8.—England, it is claimed, was then ruled by law; Spain, by policy: hence this allusion.

(11), 4, 5, 6.—This simile is very beautiful.

(14), 1, 2.—Notice the satire in these two lines.

(15), 5.—This characteristic of a glutton is very unusual. The neck is generally short and thick. The allusion is to a glutton, spoken of by Aristotle, who wished such a neck in order to enjoy his food the longer.

(16), 1.—Vine and ivy leaves were supposed to cool the brain. Here the effect of the vine is extended to the body.

(17).—The description of this deadly sin in this stanza is very truthfully disgusting.

(18), 8.—The taking of any interest for the use of money was, at this time, considered disreputable. Note "Merchant of Venice," Act I., Scene 3, line 40; also lines 57, 58; also lines 65, 66.

(19), 2 to 4.—These lines are unnecessarily coarse.

(21).—Note the thoughts included in this stanza.—8. Why do palsy and erysipelas accompany or follow anger?

(23), 5 to 9.—The Red Crosse Knight does not lose all his self-respect in the Palace of Pride. Note that Duessa's fitting place is next to Lucifera.

(27), 1, 2.—Note the poetical character of these lines.

(29), 5 to 9.—This lie of Duessa's is too transparent even for Sans joy. Did not Spenser introduce it to fill out the stanza?

(30), 5.—An old saying that has taken a variety of forms.

Canto V, (2).—Note the poetical character of the first five lines.

(4), 4 and 8.—Note the hyperbole.

(9), 9.—She was his before the combat.

(12), 4, 5.—This custom shows how little was known of surgery in Spenser's time.—9. Why did Duessa weep?

(13), 2.—A very poetical expression for the stars. The description of Duessa's visit to hell, and her return, stanzas 13 to 30, is magnificent, and well illustrates Spenser's imagination and style.

(16), 7, 8.—Note the relationship of the Saracens to Night. Their father, Aveugle, was the son of Erebus and Night.

(18), 9.—The sentiment in this line is rather too moral to attribute to Night.

(19), 4.—A foolish threat to attribute to Night, because it is not, and perhaps can not be, enforced.

(20), 6, 7.—It is seen from these lines that the three Paynims and Duessa were first cousins.

(21), 4, 5.—It is difficult to determine why Spenser made two of the team brown. It certainly does not strengthen the picture.

(23), 5.—Native sulphur is found in the crater of volcanoes. Mount *Ætna* has furnished a large supply of it for many years. This fact perhaps gave rise to the notion that the fires of hell are due to burning sulphur.—7. The popular idea in Spenser's time was that no one ever returned from hell. Was it through "heavenly grace" that Duessa returned with Night?

(24), 3, 4.—Compare with lines 580, 581, Book II., “Paradise Lost :”

“Fierce Phlegeton,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.”

—7. Does this house add any thing to the description of hell?

(27), 1.—They all beholding persons of the upper world in this place.
Was Night a worldly person?

(28), 4, 5.—And when she had gently disarmed the knight, she began to discover to Æsculapius all the knight's wounds.

(29), 9.—Why does Spenser here use *wagon* instead of “charet.”

(30), 9.—Of base wretched prisoners who have ruined their souls by indulging in the seven deadly sins.

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—1564-1616.

"When, amid the stream of learned men in Italy, antiquity was revived so that the spirit of Plato walked abroad and inspired new scholars; when, in the Netherlands, humanistic learning struck its roots, and the great work of school reform began; when Germany was shaken out of sleep by her reformer, who gave a shock to the might of Rome, and purified religion and morals; when the bold navigators of Genoa and Portugal opened the way to the Indies, and cast a light upon the extent of earth; when the Spanish conquerors, as if in sport, laid new kingdoms at the feet of their sovereigns; when Charles V. and Philip II. united the civilized and uncivilized world; when Machiavelli created anew history and state policy, and politicians arose in his school who laid open to the human mind a long disused region of activity; when Copernicus and Galileo penetrated into the mysteries of the heavens; when Italy snatched from Greece the monopoly of the plastic arts, and Palestrina became a reformer in music, and Ariosto gave to his generation a new conception of poetry; in all this we behold a primitive world of creative power, in which the eminence of one genius disappears, or becomes common amid the abundance of the like all around him."—*Gervinus, "Com. of Shakespeare."*

"From the mysteries he [Shakespeare] drew the necessity for epic fullness of matter, from the moralities he gained ideal and ethical thought, from the comic interludes he derived the characteristic of realistic truth to nature, from the middle ages he acquired the romantic matter of epic-poetic and historical literature; from the present he obtained the strong passions of a politically excited people, and of a private society deeply stirred by the religious, scientific, and industrious movements of the age."—*Gervinus, "Com. of Shakespeare."*

The Drama.—The drama has a purely religious origin. The odes chanted at the festivals of Bacchus, and the choruses that were sung in honor of Bacchus at the harvest gatherings among the Greeks, were the beginning. At the former, as the principal sacrifice at the altar was a goat, the odes were called *tragodia* (goat songs), hence our word *tragedy*; at the latter, as

the celebrations were in the villages, the odes were called *komodia* (village songs), hence our word *comedy*. In Christmas times the universal festival became that of Easter, in honor of the resurrection of Christ. Lasting eight days, it became the custom during the middle ages for the priests and acolytes to entertain the people with representations of the passion, sufferings, and death of Christ. These plays were called *Mysteries*. Sometimes, at Whitsuntide and Corpus Christi, thirty or forty mysteries would be combined, and they would require from three to eight days to perform them. In some portions of Germany, especially at Oberammergau, the custom of presenting *Mysteries* or *Miracle plays*, as they are often called, still prevails, although the parts are now taken by citizens instead of priests.

In the fifteenth century allegorical plays, called *Moralities*, superseded the *Mysteries*; and, although presented by the schools instead of the church, they were essentially of a religious character. From the single allegorical figures which the *Moralities* at first contained, such as Truth, Justice, Charity, these *Moralities* advanced to human feelings, passions, crimes, virtues.

Following the *Moralities*, which often descended to the lowest comedy, came what were called *Interludes*. These were introduced from France in the reign of Edward III., and were at first pantomimes. John Heywood, who lived during the reign of Henry VIII., was the greatest writer of these. They were of a realistic character, and, after the colloquy was inserted, they formed the basis of the modern farce.

All of these early plays, especially the *Mysteries* and *Moralities*, were written in short verses with rhyming couplets.

The dramatic models of the ancients, and their French and Italian imitations, were known fully a quarter of a century before the first regular play was written in England. The first farce, or comedy, called "Ralph Royster Doyster," was written about 1540 by Nicholas Udall, the Master of Eton

College, more famous for the floggings he gave his boys, than for this or any other literary effort. The first tragedy, written in partnership by Sackville and Norton, was called "Ferrex and Porrex," or "Gorboduc," and was published in 1561, three years before Shakespeare was born. Besides being in five acts, it was the first dramatic composition that introduced rhymeless iambic pentameter verse, the accepted meter of the modern drama.

Our dramatic literature, therefore, may be said to begin with the reign of Elizabeth in 1558. From this time to the time of Shakespeare's appearance in London in 1587, the names of fifty-one plays have been counted. Although these were all played before Elizabeth, the most of them have been lost. It was Shakespeare, however, who ennobled the English drama, for he made its vocation the medium of elevating the morals of his times. His own great principle was, "to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." As Gerwinus so aptly says: "All the dramatic art we find in England previous to Shakespeare is only like a mute way-mark to an unknown end, through a path full of luxuriant underwood and romantic wildness, affording presentiment of the beauty of nature, but never its enjoyment."

The perfected art of the ancients required adherence to three fundamental rules in the construction of a drama. As their dramas did not include any thing more than the personification of abstract qualities, real human beings with all their various emotions being, therefore, excluded, it was easy to conform to fixed rules. These rules are called the three unities,—unity of *time*, of *place*, and of *action*. The *unity of time* requires that all the incidents of the play shall be limited to the consecutive time required to reproduce them, and that their presentation shall not exceed twenty-four hours in duration. The *unity of place* makes it necessary that the localities of the incidents shall not be so distant as to render it impossi-

ble for these incidents to conform to unity of time. The *unity of action* makes it obligatory that the incidents belong to the period to which they are assigned; that they have probably occurred in the localities named in the play; that the characters conform to the age in which they lived; that those characters preserve a perfect consistency and development throughout the play; and that the action be single and undivided, so that none of the parts of the play can be transposed or omitted without injuring or destroying the whole.

As Sophocles, Euripides, Æschylus, and Aristophanes occasionally overstepped the first two unities in their easily constructed dramas, it can the more readily be understood why the modern drama has been compelled to ignore them.

The only unity that has been retained is that of action. Shakespeare, who has given us all our laws for the modern drama, pays little attention to the unities of time and place. In the "*Tempest*," one of his last plays, the three unities are quite closely observed, but this is exceptional. In all his mature plays he seldom fails to adhere to unity of action. In "*Henry VI.*" and "*Pericles*" this unity is disregarded; and in some minor details, unimportant in themselves, such as putting the names of Roman gods into the mouths of the Druids of Britain, giving the Romans bells, using cannon in King John's time, and making Denmark Christian in Hamlet's time, he has overlooked it. These oversights will not compare with the mistakes of some of the great masters, Raphael, for instance, who represented Apollo playing the violin on Parnassus.

Besides the unity of action, Shakespeare has followed a few general rules with wonderful uniformity. (1) As in the epic poem the subject is always announced in the opening lines, so in the Shakesperian drama the plot is foreshadowed in the first scene of the first act. The storm in the "*Tempest*," the witches in "*Macbeth*," the ghost in "*Hamlet*," the strange melancholy of Antonio in the "*Merchant of Venice*" present

the dominant influence to the student, to which the plot invariably conforms. (2) Before the close of the first act all the important characters are introduced, and their peculiarities outlined. (3) By the middle of the third act the plot culminates, sometimes, instead, in the very middle of the play. Up to this point the materials are all woven together,—every thing is complication; from this point the unraveling begins, every thing is solution. It is like standing upon an eminence from which you can look down on one side to the beginning of the ascent, and on the other to the end of the descent. In “Julius Cæsar” and the “Merchant of Venice,” for instance, instead of the middle, the plot culminates at the beginning of the third act; but in the former, within sixty-one lines of the exact middle of the play, and in the latter within twenty lines of the middle.

It is interesting to become familiar with the almost perfect skill that Shakespeare has displayed in the construction of his plays. This, however, is secondary to the study of his characters. In the study of these there is much more fascination to the general student than in any other portion of his work. To Shakespeare himself they seem to be of primary importance; for his finest play, “Hamlet,” contains very little action, being indeed merely the development of a character.

Although it was a time of much more coarseness than the present, when even the Queen—the most intelligent woman of her age—would beat her maids and box a courtier’s ears, and sometimes, in her anger, swear like a fish-woman; when the great lords and ladies used exceedingly indecent words in common conversation; yet Shakespeare never went to extremes of language even with his boldest characters. In his noblest personations, such as Antonio and Posthumus, Brutus and Cassius, Coriolanus and Othello, Hamlet and Henry V., there will be found nothing trifling, and rarely any thing indelicate. Occupying a middle ground in the use of such language, he never introduces it save where the character demands it.

In the delineation of character, a chief cause for the fascination of the student lies in the fact that Shakespeare's men and women are not particular individuals, but typical, because stirred by the emotions and passions common to human nature in all ages.

In portraying the character of woman, Shakespeare has never had an equal. Whatever their surroundings or leading traits, however bold they may be or free in conversation with men, they never cease to be women in the finest and highest sense of the word. His aim was to exalt the sex, and he succeeded. As Gervinus so aptly says: "He is attracted by the fine nature of the womanly soul in which morality is innate. In men, he has rarely or not at all depicted this instinctive virtue, the kindly nature in which goodness springs rather from simplicity. For, most of all, he liked even in women, but above all in men, that purity of morals which has passed through struggles and temptations,—not the virtue of habit, but of principle."

The Stage.—If it had not been for the warm patronage both of Elizabeth and James I. the dramatic literature of England would have completely failed to reach the perfection it then attained. Religious fanaticism would have smothered it, for without a stage the drama would have been helpless. As it was, in spite of the passionate fondness of the people for the theater, the obstacles were difficult to surmount. London was largely Puritan, and the actors, disregarding the sanctity of the Sabbath, gave performances on this day to crowded houses, leaving the churches empty. The city authorities did their best to suppress these profane representations. Not a single public theater was allowed within the city limits. When James Burbage got permission to open a theater he selected the old dissolved monastery of Blackfriars, because it was just outside the city boundaries. Even then the authorities "burdened the license of the Earl of Liecester's players by an obligation to pay one-half of their income for the benefit of the poor."

About 1578 there were eight different theaters in or near London, to the great sorrow of the Puritans, many restrictions having been removed through the influence of the Queen; in 1600 there were eleven; under James I. there were seventeen,—half as many, probably, as London possesses to-day, although the largest city in the world.

Shakespeare's company, which at first were called the servants of the Lord Chamberlain, in 1589 were named the Queen's Players. Blackfriars was so successful a venture that its owners erected, not far from the Southwark foot of London bridge, the Globe Theater, a hexagonal-shaped building intended for representations during the pleasant weather of the summer months. Both of these theaters were uncovered except immediately over the stage, which parts had roofs of thatch. The "groundlings" in the pit stood upon the muddy ground, with the open sky above them; the nobility, and other favored ones, sat at the sides of the stage or behind the wings.

A flag placed on the top of the theater announced the commencement of the play, which always took place early in the afternoon. Before the play, the main portion of the audience—those in the pit—amused themselves by smoking, drinking beer, and playing rough jokes. Even those on the stage behaved no better. As painted scenes, immovable ones at that, had just been introduced, and were very few in number, simple contrivances were used instead. For tragedy, the stage was hung with black tapestry. Whenever necessary, a placard announced the locality of the scene,—London, Athens, Venice, or any other locality. A platform in the middle of the stage served for window, rampart, tower, and balcony. It was from this that Juliet held her interview with Romeo, and that Abigail threw the bags of treasure to her father Barabas, the Jew of Malta. The speaker of the prologue was always dressed in black velvet. Between the acts the time was occupied with singing and buffoonery, and at the end of the play a comic dance, with musical accompaniment, was performed. At the

very close, all the actors knelt upon the stage, and offered up a prayer for the continued health of the sovereign. The female parts were always taken by boys. This rendered schools for their training necessary, and the result was that very soon acting became a separate profession. When, in 1629, among the rude audiences, French actors appeared in London, the women among them were hissed off the stage. Fully to appreciate the magnificent intellectual power of Shakespeare, especially in his creations of women, all that is necessary is to imagine the part of Ophelia, or Portia, or Lady Macbeth taken by a boy.

As in Shakespeare's time the separation of dramatic poetry from the histrionic art was not known, in the creation of his greatest characters it is doubtful whether Shakespeare would have manifested such strength and versatility if there had been no great actor living to take these characters and vitalize them on the stage. Richard Burbage, son of the original proprietor of Blackfriars, was that actor. He was small in stature, graceful though fleshy, and handsome. Possessing great powers of mimicry, by hard labor he became a perfect Proteus on the stage. Every emotion of the human heart could be read plainly upon his countenance. He therefore excelled in the most difficult parts. He was the first Romeo, Henry V., Richard III., Brutus, Othello, Lear, Hamlet, and Coriolanus, and in all of these characters he was equally great.

Burbage's greatest contemporary was Edward Alleyn, who belonged to a rival company. His principal parts were from Marlowe's and Greene's plays. Like Burbage, he excelled in elevated characters; but, unlike him, he did well in really comic parts. His greatest parts were Orlando, in "*Orlando Furioso*," Barabas, in the "*Jew of Malta*," Faust, and Tamburlaine. By some he was considered the equal of Burbage. Alleyn became rich, and retired from the stage in 1606. Gerwinus says: "Simple, frugal, charitable, he was ever a kind and noble man."

With such actors, the short-comings of the stage could be and were easily overlooked. At the present day, the perfection of the stage enables the spectator to overlook the glaring deficiencies of the actors.

Shakespeare's Contemporaries.—The morals and intellect of the time of Shakespeare, and also of Bacon, are the same as given under Spenser. The principal contemporaries of Shakespeare, however, that have a direct bearing upon his character and work, being connected with theaters and theatrical performances, are different in character, if not in time. If we except Sir Walter Raleigh, who was the founder of the famous Mermaid Club, of which Shakespeare was a member, the intimate friends of Spenser and Shakespeare had nothing in common. Bacon was not even acquainted with Shakespeare, and they were so differently constituted that it is doubtful whether, if acquainted, they could ever have been friends. Gervinus says: "It may be presumed that Shakespeare liked Bacon but little; that he liked not his ostentation; that he liked not the fault-finding which Bacon's ill-health might have caused, nor the narrow-mindedness with which he pronounced the histrionic art to be infamous, nor the theoretic precepts of worldly wisdom which he gave forth, nor the practical career which he lived."

At the present day this seems queer, for all three were famous men at the same time. The "Faery Queene" was published in 1596; the first ten of Bacon's famous "Essays" in 1597; and Shakespeare had produced sixteen of his plays, among which were "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III.," and the "Merchant of Venice," by the same time.

Foreign Contemporaries.—As the Renaissance or new birth of literature was not confined to England, Shakespeare's foreign contemporaries were many and noted. Spain, France, and Italy could each count a larger number of poets than England. In dramatic literature, especially, Spain excelled. The most famous of the Spanish dramatists was Lope de Vega,

who died in 1635, at the advanced age of seventy-three years. The mention of his name is not owing to any direct or positive influence which he may have exerted over Shakespeare, but on account of the prolific character of his labor. He was the author of about eighteen hundred plays. He began his career in 1588, and although he became a priest in 1609 he continued indefatigable in his dramatic work. Hallam says: "Lopè de Vega is called by Cervantes [who was also a contemporary dramatist, as well as the author of 'Don Quixote,'] a prodigy of nature; not that we can ascribe to him a sublime genius or a mind abounding with fine original thought, but his fertility of invention and readiness of versifying are beyond competition. He would sometimes write a play in three or four hours; in twenty-four hours write a drama in three acts." "His aim was to paint what he observed, not what he would have approved, in the manners of the fashionable world of his age." Taine says: "A volunteer at fifteen, a passionate lover, a wandering duellist, a soldier of the Armada, finally a priest and familiar of the Holy Office; so ardent that he fasts till he is exhausted, faints with emotion while singing mass, and in his flagellations stains the walls of his cell with blood." Lopè de Vega may well be considered a prodigy of nature.

English Contemporaries.—Shakespeare's English contemporaries that are most intimately associated with his name, are Robert Greene, who died in 1592; Christopher Marlowe, 1593; John Lilly, 1600; Beaumont, 1616, and Fletcher, 1625; and Ben Jonson, 1637.

A few words introductory to the brief sketches of the lives of these men, and the few selections from their works, will be appropriate. They were all educated at one or the other of the universities, hence were fully imbued with the principles of ancient dramatic art. They adhered as closely as possible to classical models, thus definitely shaping dramatic art, as well as developing the poetical capabilities of the language. Their motives in writing, however, were very different from those of

Shakespeare. They wrote to keep from starving, and their extreme profligacy made it difficult for them to drive the wolf from their doors. "If they could represent the passing and grotesque humors of their age; if they could point some moral lessons against its more obvious transgressions, they aimed no higher."

Not one of these dramatists, and they represent the best of that time, could be adopted by Shakespeare as a model. Their influence upon him was, therefore, negative. They could only teach him what not to do.

Robert Greene was educated for a clergyman, but his dissolute habits, probably acquired at the university, compelled him to abandon that profession. Gabriel Harvey charged him with leading a most scandalous life, and if his own confessions may be believed, Harvey's statement is true. Being from Stratford, he was no doubt well acquainted with Shakespeare, whose increasing prosperity and reputation excited his envy. In composition, Hallam says: "Greene succeeds pretty well in that florid and gay style, a little redundant in images, which Shakespeare frequently gives to his princes and courtiers, and which renders some unimpassioned scenes in the historic plays effective and brilliant." Taine says: "Six years were enough to exhaust him. If it had not been for his hostess, who succored him, he would have perished in the streets. His doublet and hose and sword were sold for three shillings, and the poor folks paid the cost of his burial,—four shillings for the winding-sheet and six and fourpence for the burial. In such poor places, on such dunghills, amid such excesses and violence, dramatic genius forced its way."

Only five of Greene's plays have been preserved. These are "Orlando Furioso," adapted from Ariosto's epic of that name, "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," "James the Fourth," "Alphonsus, King of Arragon," "George A'Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield," and "A Looking Glass for London and England." The last play was written in partnership with Lodge,

a second-rate dramatist of the time. Greene was the author, also, of a romance in prose, entitled "Pandosto, or the History of Dorastus and Fawnia," from which Shakespeare obtained materials for his "Winter's Tale." The following selection, containing the remorse of Pandosto, at once brings to mind the story of Perdita in that fine comedy:

"O miserable Pandosto, what surer witness than conscience, what thoughts more sour than suspicion, what plague more bad than jealousy! Unnatural actions offend the gods more than man; and causeless cruelty never escapes without revenge. I have examined such a bloody fact, as, repent I may, but recall I can not. Ah, jealousy! a hell to the mind, and a horror to the conscience, suppressing reason, and inciting rage; a worse passion than frenzy, a greater plague than madness. Are the gods just? then let them revenge such brutish cruelty: my innocent babe I have drowned in the seas; my loving wife I have slain with slanderous suspicion; my trusty friend I have sought to betray; and yet the gods are slack to punish such offences. Ah, unjust Apollo! Pandosto is the man that hath committed the fault: why should Garinter, innocent child, suffer the pain?"

Greene's plays are very uneven in character. There are passages here and there remarkably fine; many lines are common-place; and many more so coarse or obscene as to be unfit for reading. This is a marked peculiarity of all the Elizabethan dramatists except Lilly and Shakespeare, and the latter can hardly be said to be free from it. Greene's best play is, probably, "James the Fourth." The following brief plot of this play will give a good idea of its character:

James IV. of Scotland has married Dorothea, daughter of the king of England, but loves Ida, daughter of the Countess of Arran. He is surrounded by base flatterers, and, through their advice, consents to the murder of his queen in order to marry Ida. Dorothea being advised of her danger, escapes in man's attire; but the assassin, a Frenchman, is notified of this, and discovers Dorothea, who defends herself against him, but is seriously wounded. The Frenchman supposes he has killed Dorothea, and hastens to the king, who rewards the assassin. The

king's nobles desert him, and the king of England, notified of his daughter's murder, wages war, and makes an easy conquest of Scotland. The king of Scotland, however, proposes to fight to the last. As the two armies are about to engage, Dorothea appears, and all the difficulties are happily settled, as she loves the king so dearly that she willingly forgives him.

The only character in the play that is drawn with a firm hand is that of Ida, who is a noble, pure-minded woman, that puts herself beyond the reach of the king by marrying Eustace, a Scottish lord.

The following selection is taken from Act II., Scene i. The Countess of Arran and her daughter Ida are "discovered" sitting upon the porch of their mansion engaged in needle-work.

Countess.—Fair Ida, might you choose the greatest good,
Midst all the world in blessings that abound,
Wherein, my daughter, should your liking be ?

Ida.—Not in delights, or pomp, or majesty.

Countess.—And why ?

Ida.— . Since these are means to draw the mind
From perfect good, and make true judgment blind.

Countess.—Might you have wealth, and Fortune's richest store ?

Ida.—Yet would I, might I choose, be honest poor ;
For she that sits at Fortune's feet a-low,
Is sure she shall not taste a further woe.

But those that prank on top of Fortune's ball,
Still fear a change, and, fearing, catch a fall.

Countess.—Tut, foolish maid, each one contemneth need.

Ida.—Good reason why, they know not good indeed.

Countess.—Many marry, then, on whom distress doth lour.

Ida.—Yes, they that virtue deem an honest dower.
Madam, by right this world I might compare
Unto my work, wherein with heedful care
The heavenly workman plants with curious hand,
As I with needle draw each thing on land,
Even as he list : some men like to the rose
Are fashioned fresh ; some in their stalks do close,

And, born, do sudden die ; some are but weeds,
And yet from them a secret good proceeds :
I with my needle, if I please, may blot
The fairest rose within my cambric plot ;
God with a beck can change each worldly thing,
The poor to rich, the beggar to the king.
What, then, hath man, wherein he well may boast,
Since by a beck he lives, a lour [frown] is lost.

Christopher Marlowe was born at Canterbury. His father was a shoemaker, but contrived in some way to send him to Cambridge, where he acquired a splendid education. His nature was so impetuous that the inherited coarseness of his disposition soon shaped and controlled the better instincts of his wonderful genius. Gervinus says: "Marlowe, both by word and writing, is said to have depreciated and scorned at religion; satirical poems call him a swearer and blasphemer, an associate of all who reject the law of God; his poetical contemporaries deplored that his wit, bestowed by heaven, consorted with vices born of hell." Taine says: "Marlowe was an ill-regulated, dissolute, outrageously vehement and audacious spirit, but grand and somber, with the genuine poetic frenzy. From his father's shop, crowded with children, from the stirrups and awls, he found himself at Cambridge, probably through the patronage of a great man, and, on his return to London, in want, amid the license of the green-room, the low houses and taverns, his head was in a ferment, and his passions were heated. He turned actor; but having broken his leg in a scene of debauchery, he remained lame, and could no longer appear on the boards. Trying to stab his rival, his hand was turned, so that his own blade entered his eye and brain, and he died, still cursing and blaspheming. He was only thirty years old. Think what poetry could emanate from a life so passionate, and occupied in such a manner! He was the first, the most powerful, the true founder of the dramatic school."

Six of Marlowe's plays are left us. They are "Tambur-

laine the Great," the "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," the "Jew of Malta," "Edward the Second," the "Massacre at Paris," and the "Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage."

The impression is very general that Shakespeare was indebted to the "Jew of Malta" for his "Merchant of Venice." This is a serious mistake, as there is no resemblance whatever between the two plays either in plot or character. Barabas, the Jew, is a horrible monstrosity, while Shylock never ceases to be a man. The following brief plot of the play will show this assertion to be true:

A fleet of Turkish war galleys arrive at Malta, and demand the customary ten years' tribute. Farnese, the governor, summons all the Jews to meet him at the council-house, and announces the following decree: (1) All the tribute shall be levied among the Jews, each to pay one-half of his estate; (2) He that denies shall become a Christian; (3) He that denies shall absolutely lose all he hath. Barabas refuses at first, and all his wealth is declared forfeit. Being a merchant instead of a money lender, his property is easily seized. When Abigail, his daughter, informs him that she has been turned out of doors, and their home converted into a nunnery, he contrives to secure his secreted treasure there by having Abigail enter the convent as a nun. After she returns to him, his plotting for a terrible revenge begins. He first buys a Turk named Ithamore, for a slave, a creature whose character is as infamous as his own. By means of a forged challenge they manage to bring the two Christian lovers of Abigail—Matthias, a gentleman, and Lodowick, the governor's son—together in a duel, and each slays the other. Ithamore tells Abigail all about the duel, and she in real earnest, because of her grief, asks to be admitted again as a nun into the convent. This so infuriates Barabas, that, in order to kill his daughter, he poisons the whole nunnery by means of a pot of pottage. Just before Abigail dies, she tells friar Jacomo that her father is responsible for the death of Matthias and Lodowick. As Jacomo and another friar charge Barabas with this crime, he contrives to have them both murdered. Ithamore becomes infatuated with a courtesan named Bellamira, and through her compels Barabas to send him money. Barabas disguises himself as a French musician, visits the room of Bellamira, and manages to poison Ithamore and Bellamira with a poisoned nosegay. The poison does not act quickly enough to prevent their telling the governor of the crimes of Barabas.

The governor is on the point of placing Barabas on the rack, when the Turks begin an attack, so Barabas is ordered into confinement with the informers. Ithamore and Bellamira are reported dead, and Barabas is brought in apparently dead. The governor orders the body to be thrown over the walls, and then hastens to repel the Turks. When left alone, Barabas rises and says :

“What, all alone ! well fare, sleepy drink !
I’ll be revenged on this accursed town ;
For by my means Calymath shall enter in.
I’ll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire the churches, pull their houses down.
Take my goods, too, and seize upon my lands :
I hope to see the governor a slave,
And rowing in a galley, whipt to death.”

Barabas betrays Malta to Calymath, the Turkish general. Farnese and his knights are taken prisoners, and Barabas is appointed governor. He sends for Farnese, and promises to save Malta from the Turks if he is permitted to remain governor and a certain large sum of money is raised by Farnese. Farnese consents, as he will thus obtain freedom long enough to mature his plans. Barabas then takes Farnese into his confidence. Barabas arranges so that the monastery containing the Turkish soldiers will be blown up, and has a gallery in the palace so constructed that when certain ropes are cut it will be precipitated into a deep pit. He then invites Calymath and his officers to a banquet. Farnese is to cut the ropes when all the Turks are on the gallery. When Calymath comes, Barabas, on the gallery, invites the Turks to ascend, when they are stopped by Farnese, who cuts the ropes, and Barabas falls into his own pit. Just before he dies, Barabas exclaims :

“Then Barabas breathe forth thy latest hate,
And in the fury of thy torments strive
To end thy life with resolution.
Know, governor, ’twas I that slew thy son ;
I penned the challenge that did make them meet ;
Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow ;
And had I but escaped this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damned Christian dogs and Turkish infidels.”

Farnese then tells Calymath that all his soldiers are killed by the explosion of the monastery, and that he is a prisoner until the pardon of Malta from the Turks is made sure.

Marlowe's "Edward II." is by far his best drama. It is more like Shakespeare's plays than any of the others, and contains comparatively little of the bombast, fury, and coarseness found in his other works. Charles Lamb says of the death scene of Edward that it "moves pity and terror beyond any scene ancient or modern with which I am acquainted." This scene is seriously marred, however, at the very close, by the brutal manner of Edward's death. Mortimer sends Lightborn, a murderer, to Berkeley Castle to slay the king. After his interview with Edward he calls in the keepers Matrevis and Gurney to assist him. *They cover the king's body with a table as he lies on the feather bed, and then all spring up and stamp upon it*,—the object being not to bruise the body. Lightborn is then stabbed by Gurney in order to conceal the crime. The following is the scene :

Edward.—Who's there ? what light is that ? wherefore comest thou ?

Lightborn.—To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edward.—Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks,
Villain, I know thou comest to murder me.

Lightborn.—To murder you, my most gracious lord ?
Far be it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used.
For she relents at this your misery :
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears
To see a king in this most piteous state ?

Edward.—Weep'st thou already ? list awhile to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis, hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
The dungeon where they keep me is a sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Lightborn.—O villains !

Edward.—And there, in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
 One plays continually upon a drum.
 They give me bread and water, being a king :
 So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
 My mind 's distempered, and my body 's numb'd,
 And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
 O, would my blood drop out from every vein,
 As doth this water from my tattered robes !
 Tell Isabel the queen, I looked not thus,
 When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
 And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

Lightborn.—O, speak no more, my lord ! this breaks my heart.
 Lie on this bed and rest yourself awhile.

Edward.—These looks of thine can harbor naught but death :
 I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
 Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,
 And let me see the stroke before it comes,
 That even then, when I shall lose my life,
 My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Lightborn.—What means your highness to mistrust me thus ?

Edward.—What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus ?

Lightborn.—These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
 Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edward.—Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
 One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
 Still fear I, and I know not what 's the cause,
 But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
 O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
 Let this gift change thy mind and save thy soul.
 Know that I am a king : O, at that name
 I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown ?
 Gone, gone, and do I still remain alive ?

Lightborn.—You 're overwatched, my lord ; lie down and rest.

Edward.—But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep ;
 For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
 Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
 Open again. O, wherefore sitt'st thou here ?

Lightborn.—If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edward.—No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
 Thou wilt return again ; and therefore stay.

Lightborn.—He sleeps.

Edward.—O, let me not die ; yet stay, O, stay awhile.

Lightborn.—How now, my lord ?

Edward.—Something still buzzeth in my ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake ;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come ?

Lightborn.—To rid thee of thy life ; Matrevis, come.

Edward.—I am too weak and feeble to resist :
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

John Lilly, born 1553, died 1600, won his reputation, not as a dramatist, but as the author of a work styled “*Euphues and Euphues and His England*.” The sense in which Lilly uses the word *Euphues* is *clever, keen witted*. The first part of the story, (published in 1579), if such it can be called, gives the history and correspondence of a young Athenian, named *Euphues*, while visiting Naples. In Naples *Euphues* forms the acquaintance of *Philautus*, a young Neapolitan, and the two become bosom friends. Both falling in love with *Lucilla*, the daughter of *Don Ferardo*, they become estranged. *Lucilla* marrying another, the two friends are reconciled, and *Euphues* returns to Athens, where he devotes himself to study. *Euphues* writes a treatise on education which he calls “*Ephœbus*.” This shows a great deal of research, and contains a large amount of good common sense upon the proper training of youth. The following extract gives us Lilly’s ideas upon the subject of punishment :

“Yet would I not have parents altogether precise, or too severe in correction, but let them with mildness forgive light offenses, and remember that they themselves have been young : as the phisition by mingling bitter poysons with sweete lyquor, bringeth health to the body, so the father with sharp rebukes, sesoned with loving looks, causeth a redresse and amendement in his childe. But if the Father bee throughly angry uppon good occasion, let him not continue his rage, for I had rather he should be soone angry than hard to be pleased, for when the sonne shall perceive that the Father hath conceived rather a hate than a heat against him, he becommeth desperate, neither regarding his father’s ire, neither his owne duetie.

"Some light faults let them dissemble as though they knew them not, and seeing them let them not seeme to see them, and hearing them, lette them not seeme to hear. We can easely forget the offences of our friendes be they never so great, and shall we not forgive the escapes of our children be they never so small? Wee beare oftentimes with our servaunts, and shal we not sometimes with our sonnes? the fairest Jennet is ruled as well with the wande as with the spurre, the wildest child is as soone corrected with a word as with a weapon."

Following "Ephœbus" is a discussion of the subject of atheism, in which Atheos, the atheist, is converted. The first part concludes with the letters of Euphues to his friends.

The second part of the story, published in 1580, and called "Euphues and his England," contains the account of the visit of Euphues and Philautus to England. The object in writing this was to remove the impression that he "defaced or defamed" the university of Oxford in his "Ephœbus." He therefore dedicates it to the "Gentlemen Scholars of Oxford," and affixes this motto to the title page: "Commend it, or amend it." It is not nearly equal in point of literary merit to the other part, being occupied mostly with the love affairs of Philautus, which become rather tedious before he settles down to the reciprocated love of his violet, Mistress Frances. After Euphues returns to Athens, having left Philautus in England, he writes a long essay, entitled "Euphues Glasse for Europe," which was, no doubt, intended to propitiate the "Gentlemen Scholars of Oxford," as it contains a very fulsome or euphuistic eulogy of Elizabeth and her times. The following passage is more nearly true than any thing else he says of Elizabeth:

"In questioning not inferior to *Nicaulia*, the Queene of *Saba*, that did put so many hard doubts to *Salomon*; equall to *Nicostrata*, in the *Greeke* tongue, who was thought to give precepts for the better perfection; more learned in the *Latine* than *Amalsunta*; passing *Aspasia* in Philosophie, who taught *Pericles*; exceeding in judgement *Themistocles*, who instructed *Pithagoras*; adde to these qualities those that none of these had, the *French* tongue, the *Spanish*, the *Italian*, not meane in every one, but excellent in all, readyer to correct escapes in those lan-

guages than to be controlled, fitter to teach others than learne of anye, more able to adde new rules than to erre in the olde. Insomuch as there is no Embassadour, that commeth into her court, but she is willing and able both to understand his message and utter her minde, not like unto the kings of *Asiria*, who aunswer Embassades by messengers, while they themselves either dally in sinne, or snort in sleepe."

The work throughout is full of classical allusions and sayings, and contains many aphorisms that are in common use at this day. A few of these epigrams will not be out of place here :

"It is too late to shutte the stable doore when the steede is stolne."

"Let thy attyre bee comely, but not costly."

"Put you no difference betweene the young flourishing Bay tree and the olde withered Beach?"

"The emptie vessell giveth a greater sound than the full barrell."

"If merry, a jester: if sad, a saint: if full of words, a sot: if without speech, a cipher."

"In arguing of the shadow, we foregoe the substance."

"The foule Toade hath a faire stone in his head."

"Delays breede daungers, nothing so perillous as procrastination."

"Two may keepe counsaile if one be away."

"Philautus thinking all to be gold that glistered, and all to be Gospell that Euphues uttered."

"But lest comparisons should seeme odious."

"A penny for your thought."

"There is nothing so daungerous as the fruition."

"He is like for mee to make his reckoning twice, because he reckoneth without his Hostesse."

"A new broome sweepeth cleane."

"That farre fet and deere bought is good for Ladyes."

"Shut me out for a wrangler, or cast mee off for a wiredrawer."

"But Fortune ruleth the rost."

"It is variety that moveth the minde of al men."

"Ther can no great smoke arise, but there must be some fire."

"Els wouldest thou never harp on that string."

"Where the streame runneth smoothest, the water is deepest."

"Things which can not be altered are to be borne, not blamed; follies past are sooner remembered than redressed, and time lost may well be repented, but never recalled."

"And if then she look as fayre as before, wooe her, win her, and weare her."

"I am glad that my Adonis hath a sweete tooth in his head."

"A rose is sweeter in the budde, than full blowne. Young twigges are sooner bent than olde trees."

"Yet will this only be cast in thy teeth."

"Thou must at Rome reverence Romulus, in Bœotia Hércules, in England those that dwell there."

"A burnt childe dreadeth the fire."

"Carrye thy heart on the backe of thy hand."

"A plaister is a small amends for a broken head, and a bad excuse will not purge an ill accuser."

"A foolish bird that staieth the laying salt on her taile."

"Cut thy coat according to thy cloth."

"One that could quickly perceive on which side my bread was buttered."

"Marriages are made in heaven, though consummated in earth."

The success of Euphues was remarkable. It became "a model of elegance in writing, and the highest of authorities in all matters of courtly and polished speech." Perhaps its most noticeable feature is its almost absolute freedom from the coarseness and obscenity peculiar to the time. Craik says, however: "Pedantic and far fetched allusion, elaborate indirectness, a cloying smoothness and drowsy monotony of diction, alliteration, punning, and other such puerilities,—these are the main ingredients of euphuism."

Craik lost sight of the fact that, in Elizabeth's time, such ingredients could not alone have given form to the language. The many valuable thoughts of a splendid scholar and man of genius, however fantastically clothed, gave Lilly his popularity. Gervinus says that although Shakespeare made fun of euphuism, "from no other of his predecessors has he, especially as regards the dexterous play of words in the merry parts of his comedies and dramas, learned and obtained so much as from Lilly."

As a dramatist, Lilly stands high among the authors of his

time. The antithetical, delicate, and quaint conceits of Euphues find, if possible, a more fitting place in his comedies. Eight of his plays have been published: "Endimion," "Campaspe," "Sapho and Phao," "Gallathea," "Mydas," "Mother Bombie," "The Woman in the Moone," and "Love's Metamorphosis." All of these, except "Mother Bombie," are characterized by the introduction of Greek and Roman mythological personages; and all, without exception, for their general dullness, although occasional fine passages are found. Familiar sayings abound throughout, a few of which are selected:

FROM "MOTHER BOMBIE."

"Then are we both driven to our wittes endes."

"If I thought thou meanest so, *senties qui vir, vir sum*, thou should'st have a crow to pull."

"All my father's are as white as daisies, as an egge full of meate."

"In faith I perceive an old saw, and a rustic, no foole to the old foole."

"Accius and Silena courted one another: their fathers took them napping."

"We will perswade them that all fals out for the best."

"Thou hast toucht me to the quick."

FROM "ENDIMION."

"'Tis an old said saw, Children and fools speak true."

FROM "SAPHO AND PHAO."

"Like master, like man."

"Water runneth smoothest where it is deepest."

"Strangers have green rushes, when daily guests are not worth a rush."

"Thy belly is thy god."

As illustrative of Lilly's dramatic talent, a selection has been made from Act III, Scene iv of "Endimion." The plot of the play is briefly as follows:

Tellus is in love with Endimion, and Endimion with Queen Cynthia. To be revenged, Tellus gets Dipsas, an enchantress, to throw Endimion into a profound sleep. Cynthia sends to all parts of the world to find some remedy. Eumenides, friend of Endimion, discovers the remedy by looking into a magic well, as he is a chaste lover of Semele, who does not reciprocate his love. He can choose only one thing. The struggle between his friendship for Endimion and his love for Semele is very great; but friendship prevails, and he asks for Endimion's release. By Cynthia's kissing Endimion he is to be awaked. This Cynthia does, discovers Endimion's love through the confession of Tellus, and accepts it. Her acceptance restores youth to Endimion.

The curious thing about the play is that forty years, the time of Endimion's sleep, do not change any of the characters physically or otherwise, except that of Endimion himself.

In the extract that has been selected, it must be borne in mind that Endimion has been asleep twenty out of the forty years. Cynthia has sent Eumenides to Thessaly. On his way there he meets Geron, the deserted husband of Dipsas, the enchantress. Geron is sitting by a fountain.

Geron.—But whence are you? What fortune hath thrust you to this distress?

Eumenides.—I am going to Thessalia, to seek remedy for Endimion, my dearest friend, who hath been cast into a dead sleepe; almost these twentie yeares, waxing olde, and ready for the grave.

Geron.—You need not for recure travell farre, for who so can clearly see the bottome of this fountaine shall have remedy for any thing.

Eumenides.—But did never any lovers come hither?

Geron.—Lusters, but not lovers; for often have I seen them weepe, but never could I hear they saw the bottom.

Eumenides (after looking into the well).—Father, I plainly see the bottome, and there in white marble engraven these words: "Aske one for all, and but one thing at all."

Geron.—O fortunate Eumenides (for so have I heard thee call thyself), let me see. I can not discerne any thing. I thinke thou dreamest.

Eumenides.—Ah, father, thou art not a faithful lover, and therefore canst not behold it.

Geron.—Then aske, that I may be satisfied by the event, and thyself blessed.

Eumenides (after anxiously debating whether he shall ask for Semele, whom he loves devotedly, or Endimion, his best friend).—Father, thy gray hairs are ambassadors of experience. What shall I aske?

Geron.—*Eumenides*, release Endimion, for all things (friendship excepted) are subject to fortune: love is but an eye-worme, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes; friendship the image of eternitie, in which there is nothing moveable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and vertue, bodies and shadowes, colours and life—so great oddes is there betweene love and friendship. Love is a camelion, which draweth nothing into the mouth but aire, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs: believe me, *Eumenides*, desire dies the same moment that beautie sickens, and beautie fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love dies: but friendship standeth stilly in stormes. Time draweth wrinkles in a faire face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast friend, which neither heate nor cold, nor miserie, nor place, nor destinie, can alter or diminish. O friendship! of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in miserie are alwayes sweete, and whose counsels in prosperitie are ever fortunate.

Eumenides.—Father, I allow your reasons, and will therefore conquer mine owne. Vertue shall subdue affections, wisdom, lust, friendship, beautie. I will have Endimion.

Francis Beaumont was born at Gracedieu, in Leicestershire, about 1585, and died in 1615 at London. **John Fletcher** was born at Rye, in Sussex, in 1579, and died of the plague, in London, in 1625.

Both were of good family, Beaumont's father being a judge whose ancestors were allied to royalty, and Fletcher's, a bishop. Their lives, so far as known, were comparatively uneventful. Beaumont was entered as a gentleman commoner at Broadgates Hall (where Pembroke College now stands) at the age of twelve years; Fletcher entered Cambridge at the same age. It is not known whether either took a degree. Both early adopted literature as a profession, and were entirely dependent upon it for subsistence. When they became acquainted is not known; but after their partnership they lived together until Beaumont's marriage in 1613. Of the two

Fletcher was the more brilliant. It was said "that Beaumont's main business was to correct the overflowings of Mr. Fletcher's wit." Both were extremely entertaining in conversation, and were members of the club that met at the Mermaid Inn. Beaumont possessed fine critical judgment. Dryden says that Ben Jonson submitted all his writings to Beaumont for criticism. The only dramatic composition known to have been written by Beaumont alone was the "Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn." Fletcher wrote eighteen plays without assistance from Beaumont. Together they wrote perhaps thirty-seven plays, ten of which were tragedies. Their best plays are comedies. Their dialogues are sparkling and spirited, their plots ingenious and interesting. In rank they probably deserve a place next to Marlowe. Craik says of them: "Undoubtedly, taking them all in all, they have left us the richest and most magnificent drama we possess after that of Shakespeare."

All of their plays, without exception, owing to the extreme profligacy of the time of James I., contain coarse and obscene passages. In this respect they surpass any thing that Wycherly or Congreve ever wrote under the equally loose reign of Charles II.

Milton must have been an admirer of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher; for he took the "Faithful Shepherdess," written by Fletcher, as the model for his magnificent mask of "Comus." In places Milton uses the same forms of expression as Fletcher, but with a purity unknown to the Elizabethan dramatist. The following passage from Act I., Scene I, of the "Faithful Shepherdess" will illustrate this:

Clorin, having lost her lover by death, mourning over his grave, resigns herself to a virgin life, and determines to devote herself to the benefit of those of her people whose misfortunes need her help. A satyr entering with fruit that he is carrying to Pan, sees her, and becomes so fascinated with her beauty that he offers her the fruit. After he departs, she soliloquizes as follows:

"What greatness, or what private hidden power,
 Is there in me to draw submission
 From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal,
 The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal.
 And also she that bore me mortal: prick my hand,
 And it will bleed: a fever shakes me, and
 The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink
 Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal,
 Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
 And now I do believe it), if I keep
 My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
 No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
 Satyr or other power that haunts the groves,
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
 Draw me to wander after idle fires:
 Or voices calling me in dead of night,
 To make me follow, and so tole me on
 Through mire and standing pools to find my ruin.

.
 Sure there is a power
 In that great name of virgin that binds fast
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
 That break their confines: then, strong chastity,
 Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
 In opposition against fate and hell."

There is considerable difference of opinion about which is the best of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. All of them contain passages of rare poetic beauty, but these are always smirched with loose thoughts and immoral sentiments. Charles Lamb prefers "*Thierry and Theodoret*;" Dyce considers the "*Maid's Tragedy*" the finest. "*Philaster*," upon the whole, is the most pleasing although full of inconsistencies.

In "*Philaster*" the most poetical passages are those in which Euphrasia (Bellario in the play) appears. Arethusa, the king's daughter, is, next to Euphrasia, the most consistent and the noblest character. Philaster himself is very carelessly developed by the authors, the usurping king exhibits little com-

mon sense or ability, and Pharamond, the Spanish prince and a suitor for Arethusa's hand, is scarcely better than an idiot.

The main thread of the story is this:

Philaster is heir to the throne of Sicily, which throne had been usurped by the present king. Philaster falls in love with Arethusa, the king's daughter, and she reciprocates that love. Euphrasia, daughter of Dion, a nobleman, who is a warm friend of Philaster's, falls in love with Philaster, and in order to be near him disguises herself as a page, under the name of Bellario, and secures employment from Philaster. After Arethusa confesses her love to Philaster, he transfers Bellario to her in order to facilitate mutual communication. Philaster is made desperately jealous of Bellario, and his trouble begins. He nearly kills Arethusa, and wounds Bellario in a most cowardly manner. However, when Bellario endeavors to fix the crime of the attempted assassination upon himself, Philaster makes a full confession, but his life is saved through Arethusa's obtaining the privilege of determining the penalty to be given him. Euphrasia finally discloses herself to her father under dread of torture, and all difficulties are removed and misunderstandings cleared up. Philaster and Arethusa marry, and Euphrasia devotes herself to a virgin life.

The selections made are two,—the one in which Bellario endeavors to prevent being sent to Arethusa, the other where Bellario describes Philaster's love for Arethusa to her.

Philaster.—And thou shalt find her honorable, boy ;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth
For thine own modesty ; and for my sake,
Apt to give than thou wilt be to ask ;
Aye, or deserve.

Bellario.—Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing ;
And only yet am something by being yours.
You trusted me unknown ; and that which you were apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps might have been craft ; the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft : yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me ; for which
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honor in her breast than you.

Philaster.—But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
 And bear'st a childish overflowing love
 To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair :
 But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
 Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
 That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
 She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bellarion.—In that small time that I have seen the world,
 I never knew a man hasty to part
 With a servant he thought trusty. I remember
 My father would prefer the boys he kept
 To greater men than he ; but did it not
 Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Philaster.—Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
 In thy behaviour.

Bellarion.—Sir, if I have made
 A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth :
 I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn ;
 Age and experience will adorn my mind
 With larger knowledge : and if I have done
 A willful fault, think me not past all hope,
 For once. What master holds so strict a hand
 Over his boy that he will part with him
 Without one warning ? Let me be corrected,
 To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
 Rather than turn me off ; and I shall mend.

Philaster.—Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay
 That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
 Alas ! I do not turn thee off ; thou know'st
 It is my business that doth call thee hence ;
 And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me ;
 Think so, and 't is so. And when time is full
 That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
 Laid on so weak a one, I will again
 With joy receive thee : as I live, I will.
 Nay, weep not, gentle boy ! 'T is more than time
 Thou did'st attend the princess.

Bellarion.—I am gone,
 But since I am to part with you, my lord,
 And none knows whether I shall live to do
 More service for you, take this little prayer :

Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs :
 May sick men, if they have your wish, be well.

Arethusa.—Where 's the boy ?

Lady.—Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO.

Arethusa.—Sir, you are sad to change your service ; is't not so ?

Bellario.—Madam, I have not changed ; I wait on you
 To do him service.

Arethusa.—Thou disclaim'st in me.

Tell me thy name.

Bellario.—Bellario.

Arethusa.—Thou canst sing and play ?

Bellario.—If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Arethusa.—Alas ! what kind of grief can thy years know ?

Had'st thou a curst master when thou went'st to school ?

Thou art not capable of other grief ;

Thy brow and cheeks are smooth as waters be

When no breath troubles them. Believe me, boy,

Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,

And builds himself caves to abide in them.

Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me ?

Bellario.—Love, madam ? I know not what it is.

Arethusa.—Canst thou know grief, and never yet knowest love ?

Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me

As if he wished me well ?

Bellario.—

If it be love

To forget all respect of his own friends

In thinking of your face ; if it be love

To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day,

Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud

And hastily as men i' the streets do fire :

If it be love to weep himself away

When he but hears of any lady dead

Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance ;

If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),

'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,

As others drop a bead,—be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Arethusa.—Ah, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit: but thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.

Ben Jonson was born in London in 1574, and died there in 1637. He was christened Benjamin, but is known only by his abbreviated name. He was born a month after his father died. Within two years his mother married a master-mason. Some friend paid his expenses at Westminster school, which he is supposed to have left at the age of thirteen. From Westminster, Jonson went to Cambridge, but only for a short time. His step-father, needing his help, put him to work at brick-laying, but Jonson did not like it, so he entered the army and served a campaign in Flanders. He enjoyed being a soldier, and distinguished himself; but, at the age of nineteen, after his step-father's death, he returned to London and became an actor. He soon fought a duel with a fellow actor and killed him, for which he was imprisoned for murder, and came near being hanged. After his release he returned to the stage, and, shortly after this, married. It is not known when he began to write, but "Every Man in his Humor" was popular in 1596. He changed the scene of this comedy from Italy to England, and revised it, after which it was played at Blackfriars, and Shakespeare took a part in it. It is a poor play, however, the part of "Brainworm" being probably contrived to show off some versatile actor who was apt in personating different characters. Before Jonson was twenty-three he had mastered the Greek and Roman classics, and was among the first scholars of the age.

Upon the accession of James I., in 1603, Jonson prepared nearly one-half of the entertainments for the occasion. Subsequently he furnished the king and queen a large portion of the masks and interludes that were performed at court, or

upon the royal progresses. He went to Paris in 1613 as a tutor to the son of Sir Walter Raleigh; and made a visit on foot to Scotland in the summer of 1618, remaining there till the following spring. While in Edinburgh, he was entertained by the gentry and nobility of the place in a very hospitable manner. His wife died before he went to Scotland, and he never married again. Most of his children died young, and none survived him. In 1631 he was given the reversion of Master of the Revels. James wanted to bestow upon him the honor of knighthood, but Jonson induced his friends to dissuade the king from it.

Although he was on terms of intimacy with many high personages of the land, his last years were spent in poverty and neglect, owing to his ill health, his improvidence, and the revengeful disposition of some powerful enemies.

In person Jonson was large and fleshy, and of fair complexion, but a scrofulous affection had scarred his face. In manners he was boisterous, dictatorial, and egotistical; but he was also warm-hearted, his friendships being lasting and his enmities of short duration. He stood high as a member of the Mermaid Club, both in conversational ability and in conviviality. Gifford says: "He was the frankest and most liberal of mankind." Notwithstanding his high opinion of his own importance, he was almost destitute of envy.

In intellect Jonson ranks very high. His memory was remarkable. It is said that at the age of forty he could repeat every thing he had ever written. He was an excellent reader of character. His judgment was correct and severe, and his knowledge of human nature profound. This is well illustrated in the play of the "Alchemist," where he exposes to unmeasured ridicule the then almost universal belief in alchemy.

As a writer of masks, Jonson is without an equal. In the construction of his plays he followed classical models as closely as possible, the effect being to hamper rather than improve them. There are, however, a few marked exceptions. In

"Volpone," for instance, which is considered one of his best and most finished plays, the test given to Celia is not only unnecessary to the development of the plot, but also grossly indecent; and the catastrophe is altogether too sudden.

Jonson did best in his comedies, of which there are seventeen. He wrote only two tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Catiline," which are severely classical. The last appearance of Shakespeare as an actor was in "Sejanus" upon its first presentation in 1603. Besides comedies and tragedies, Jonson also wrote about thirty masks and interludes.

William Gifford thinks the "Alchemist" to be Jonson's best comedy; but the fragment, in three acts, of the last play he ever wrote—the pastoral drama of the "Sad Shepherd"—is unquestionably superior to any other of his plays. This was written in 1636. The absolutely profound sorrow of Eglamour, the sad shepherd, when he believes his Earine is drowned, has never been surpassed in our literature.

The following selection is from Act I., Scene 2. Eglamour is sitting upon the bank of a stream when discovered by his brother Karolin and his companions Clarion and Robin Hood, all of whom have been looking for Eglamour.

Karolin.—Sure he's here about.

Clarion.—See where he sits.

Eglamour.—It will be rare, rare, rare !

An exquisite revenge ! but peace, no words !

Not for the fairest fleece of all the flock :

If it be known afore, 't is all worth nothing !

I'll carve it on the trees and in the turf,

On every green sward, and in every path,

Just to the margin of the cruel Trent.

There will I knock the story in the ground,

In smooth great pebble, and moss fill it round,

Till the whole country read how she was drowned ;

And with the plenty of salt tears then shed

Quite alter the complexion of the spring.

Or I will get some old, old grandam thither,

Whose rigid foot but dipped into the water
 Shall strike that sharp and sudden cold throughout
 As it shall lose all virtue ; and those nymphs,
 Those treacherous nymphs pulled in Earine,
 Shall stand curled up like images of ice,
 And never thaw ! mark, never ! a sharp justice !
 Or stay, a better ! when the year 's at hottest,
 And that the dog-star foams, and the stream boils,
 And curls, and works, and swells ready to sparkle,
 To fling a fellow with a fever in,
 To set it all on fire, till it burn
 Blue as Scamander, 'fore the walls of Troy,
 When Vulcan leaped into him to consume him.

Robin Hood.—A deep hurt phant'sie, sir.

Eglamour.—Do you approve it ?

Robin Hood.—Yes, gentle Eglamour, we all approve,
 And come to gratulate your just revenge :
 Which, since it is so perfect, we now hope
 You 'll leave all care thereof, and mix with us
 In all the proffered solace of the spring.

Eglamour.—A spring, now she is dead ! of what ? of thorns,
 Briars, and brambles ? thistles, burs, and docks ?
 Cold hemlock, yew ? the mandrake or the box ?
 These may grow still ; but what can spring beside ?
 Did not the whole earth sicken when she died ?
 As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
 But what was wept for her ! or any stalk
 Did bear a flower, or any branch a bloom,
 After her wreath was made ! In faith, in faith,
 You do not fair to put these things upon me
 Which can in no sort be ; Earine,
 Who had her very being, and her name,
 With the first knots or buddings of the spring,
 Born with the primrose, or the violet,
 Or earliest roses blown ; when Cupid smiled ;
 And Venus led the Graces out to dance,
 And all the flowers and sweets in nature's lap
 Leaped out, and made their solemn conjuration
 To last but while she lived ! Do not I know
 How the vale withered the same day ? how Dove,
 Dean, Eye, and Erwash, Idel, Sinté, and Soare,

Each broke his urn, and twenty waters more,
 That swelled proud Trent, shrunk themselves dry? that since
 No sun or moon, or other cheerful star,
 Looked out of heaven, but all the cope was dark,
 As it were hung so for her exequies !
 And not a voice or sound to ring her knell
 But of that dismal pair, the screeching owl,
 And buzzing hornet ! Hark ! hark ! hark ! the foul
 Bird ! how she flutters with her wicker wings !
 Peace ! you shall hear her screech.

Clarion.—Good Karolin, sing.

Help to divert this phant'sie.

Karolin.—All I can. [*Sing.*]

Though I am young, and can not tell
 Either what Death or Love is well,
 Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
 And both do aim at human hearts ;
 And then again, I have been told
 Love wounds with heat, and Death with cold ;
 So that I fear they do but bring
 Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a ruin, we it call
 One thing to be blown up or fall ;
 Or to our end, like way may have
 By flash of lightning or a wave :
 So Love's inflamed shaft or brand
 May kill as soon as Death's cold hand,
 Except Love's fires the virtue have
 To fright the frost out of the grave.

Eglamour.—Do you think so ? are you in that good heresy,—

I mean, opinion ? if you be, say nothing :

I'll study it as a new philosophy.

But by myself alone : now you shall leave me.

The "Alchemist" is very skillfully constructed, but the humor, as is almost always the case with Jonson, is heavy and coarse. He wields his satire as a giant would a bludgeon.

During the absence of Mr. Lovewit, the master of the house, Face, the butler, under the name of Jeremy, calls in Subtle, a quack, and a bawd, Doll Common, and they proceed to deceive a variety of persons through Subtle, the alchemist, who, for trifling considerations, offers to furnish each with the famous elixir called the philosopher's stone.

The play is thus a harsh satire upon the credulity of the age. As the world has not yet gotten over its credulity, the incidents of the play are often quite modern, especially among the class of persons represented.

The unities are well observed throughout; but the conclusion is not satisfactory, because the character of Lovewit is unnecessarily degraded by his keeping all the spoils collected by Face and Subtle, and by his marrying the widow Pliant merely for her money.

ACT II., SCENE I.

Ananias, a puritan deacon, is sent by his pastor, Tribulation Wholesome, to consult the alchemist with the hope of securing the elixir for the benefit of his church. The alchemist proceeds to dumbfound Ananias with the scientific jargon common among alchemists at that time.

Subtle.—[*To Face, Ananias having just entered.*]

Take away the recipient,
And rectify your menstrue from the phlegma,
Then pour it on the Sol, in the cucurbite,
And let them macerate together.

Face.—Yes, sir.

And save the ground?

Subtle.—No : *terra damnata*

Must not have entrance in the work. Who are you?

Ananias.—A faithful brother, if it please you.

Subtle.—What's that?

A Lullianist? a Ripley? *Filius artis*?
Can you sublime and calcify? calcine?
Know you the sapor pontic? sapor stiptic?
Or what is homogeneous or heterogeneous?

Ananias.—I understand no heathen language, truly.

Subtle.—Heathen! you knipper-doling? Is *ars sacra*,

Or chrysopœia, or spagyrica,

Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge, a heathen language?

Ananias.—Heathen Greek, I take it.

Subtle.—How ! heathen Greek ?

Ananias.—All's heathen but the Hebrew.

Subtle.—Sirrah [*To Face*], my varlet, stand you forth and speak to him
Like a philosopher : answer in the language,
Name the vexations and the martyrizations
Of metals in the work.

Face.—Sir, putrefaction,
Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation.

Subtle.—This is heathen Greek to you, now ! [*To Ananias.*]
And when comes vivification ?

Face.—After mortification.

Subtle.—What's cohobation ?

Face.—'T is the pouring on
Your *aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheres.

Subtle.—What's the proper passion of metals ?

Face.—Malleation.

Subtle.—What's your *ultimum supplicium auri* ?

Face.—Antimonium.

Subtle.—This is heathen Greek to you ! [*To Ananias.*] And what's
Your mercury ?

Face.—A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.

Subtle.—How know you him ?

Face.—By his viscosity, his oleosity, and his suscitability.

Subtle.—Your magisterium, now, what's that ?

Face.—Shifting, sir, your elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,
Hot into dry.

Subtle.—This is heathen Greek to you still ! [*To Ananias.*]
Your *lapis philosophicus* ?

Face.—'T is a stone,
And not a stone : a spirit, a soul, and a body :
Which, if you dissolve, it is dissolved ;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated ;
If you make it to fly, it flieth.

Subtle.—Enough.

ACT III., SCENE I.

Tribulation Wholesome.—These chastisements are common to the saints,
And such rebukes, we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ananias.—In pure zeal,
I do not like the man; he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

Tribulation.—I think him a profane person, indeed.

Ananias.—He bears the visible mark of the beast
In his forehead. And for his stone, it is
A work of darkness, and with philosophy
Blinds the eyes of man.

Tribulation.—Good brother, we must bend unto all means
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

Ananias.—Which his can not : the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.

Tribulation.—Not always necessary :
The children of perdition are oft times
Made instruments even of the greatest works :
Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire
And fume of metals that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater atheists than your cooks ?
Or more profane or choleric than your glass men ?
More anti-Christian than your bell founders ?
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenic ? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives and the stirrers up
Of humors in the blood. It may be so,
When as the work is done the stone is made,
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,
Against the bloody cloth and rag of Rome.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault t'upbraid him

With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing
 What need we have to hasten on the work,
 For the restoring of the silenced saints,
 Which ne'er will be, but by the philosopher's stone.
 And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
 Assured me ; *aurum potabile* being
 The only med'cine for the civil magistrate,
 T'incline him to a feeling of the cause,
 And must be daily used in the disease.

Ananias.—I have not edified more, truly, by man ;
 Not since the beautiful light first shone on me :
 And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

Tribulation.—Let us call on him, then.

Ananias.—The motion's good.
 And of the spirit ; I will knock first.
 [*Knocks.*] Peace be within.

SHAKESPEARE.

Early Life.—William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, probably April 23, 1564, and died there in 1616. He was the third child of John Shakespeare, who was a respectable citizen.

All the regular education Shakespeare received was probably at the grammar school in Stratford. That his subsequent development went far beyond the limits of the Stratford school is not wonderful when we consider that Raleigh and Jonson, both remarkably fine scholars, left college by the time they were seventeen,—long before such scholarship could be acquired. In fact, most of the scholars of the time were self-made men. It was an age of genius and of learning. Possessing greater ability than either Raleigh or Jonson, and probably having much better opportunities for study, it would have been strange indeed had not Shakespeare kept pace with his companions in the acquisition of knowledge.

At the age of eighteen Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, daughter of Richard Hathaway, a husbandman. She

was twenty-six years old. Although a great deal has been said about the probable unhappiness of this marriage, because of the disparity in age, the evidence is altogether insufficient even for a presumption to that effect. The stories about his wild life previous to marriage have no real foundation in fact. He went to London in 1586, and naturally sought employment at the theater, because it offered the best opportunities at that time for any one of literary aspirations. He worked his way from absolute obscurity to an enviable reputation after six years of patient and honorable industry. The fact of his steady and increasing prosperity, shows conclusively that he avoided the profligate mode of life of his companions,—a good reason why they have said so little about him.

What Shakespeare did in connection with the theater in the early part of his career is not known. His first literary work was the retouching of old plays. After he became an actor, the only parts it is known that he took in his own plays were Adam, in "As You Like it," and the Ghost, in "Hamlet." There is no doubt of his having been cast in "Every Man in His Humor," and in "Sejanus." What he called the first heir of his invention was "Venus and Adonis," published in 1593. According to F. J. Furnivall's table, Shakespeare had produced "Love's Labour's Lost," the "Comedy of Errors," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Romeo and Juliet," before he gave that magnificent poem to the public. He had probably held it back until he had won somewhat of a reputation. In 1597 he bought New Place, the best house on the main street of Stratford. This was after he had become part owner of Blackfriars and the Globe theaters. He retired to Stratford in 1612 or 1613. So far as known, "Henry VIII.," of which Shakespeare wrote only a part, and which was produced in 1613, was the last literary work of his hands.

Of what disease he died is not known. Before the close of the century, all his descendants were dead.



Shakespeare.

For nearly a hundred years after his death his works were somewhat neglected. This was owing to the coarse frivolity of the latter part of the reign of James I., its continuation under Charles I., the closing of the theaters by Puritan influence in 1642, and the reaction from puritanism during the reign of Charles II.

Character.—Shakespeare was a poet who, according to the old saying, was born—not made. He owed but little to the favorable circumstances of education, of poetic surroundings, of influence, and of wealth. He was almost perfectly free from egotism or vanity, not seeming to realize the value of his literary labor.

Intellect.—His intellect was so penetrating that it instantly perceived all the effects of a situation, and all the details of a

character. It fully grasped the age in which he lived. He knew every thing connected with his times,—of country, town and court, of manners, customs, thought, action. It enabled him “not to create our regular drama, but to regenerate and wholly transform it by breathing into it a new soul,” and therefore to possess a consummate knowledge of his art and its requirements. It was also truly philosophical, because it taught him to accept the popular beliefs of mankind instead of ignoring or despising them.

This breadth of intellect makes Shakespeare differ from all other poets in the following particulars: (1) *His own personality is sunk in his creations.* There is not a passage in any of his plays—not even in his sonnets—which can be said to express a single thought that he possessed as his own,—as representing a particular bias of his mind. This will, perhaps, account for the fact that he scarcely ever exhibited the influences of religious faith and resignation in any of his works, although the religious heart of England had so recently been moved to its inmost depths. (2) *His characters are real flesh and blood, and are wonderful in number and variety.* The more familiar the student becomes with them, the more life-like they are. No two are alike, so each character is a separate study. (3) *The unity of his characters is never lost in their diversity.* In whatever circumstances they are placed, whether as to age, surroundings, or period of time, they are always consistent, they always preserve their individuality. (4) *He is perfectly true to nature.* His characters are not exaggerations. There is not a single Barabas or Philaster in any of his plays. All are such human beings as we may meet even at the present day, for human nature is always the same. (5) *He lays nearly every known quarter of the globe under contribution, and almost every time—ancient, mediæval, and modern.* The different countries in which scenes in his dramas are laid, are England, Scotland, Wales, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Bohemia, Asia Minor, the islands of the Ægean Sea, Syria, and Africa. In the

"*Tempest*" the island referred to is, in all probability, one of the Bahamas.

Imagination.—*Craik* says: "It was the union of the most consummate judgment with the highest creative power that made Shakespeare the miracle he was." This creative power is the more remarkable, because, in the great majority of his plays, much of the materials have been furnished by dramatic and other writers of his own and previous times. *Taine* says: "His master faculty is an impassioned imagination, freed from the fetters of reason and morality." Also: "He had the prodigious faculty of seeing in the twinkling of an eye a complete character, body, mind, past and present, in every detail and every depth of his being, with the exact attitude and the expression of face which the situation demanded." Also: "His fantasy is a light tissue of bold inventions, of ardent passions, melancholy mockery, dazzling poetry. Ready, impetuous, impassioned, delicate, his genius is pure imagination, touched more vividly and by slighter things than ours."

Style.—"As there was no standard of taste, no school of criticism, no public opinion, no settled forms of English, no deference to classical models which all consented to accept, no long established rules to secure a wholesome restraint upon the teeming invention and luxuriant wit of the Elizabethan writers," his style was of his own creation. It is perspicuous, concise, nervous, and wonderfully flexible. Regarding flexibility *Craik* says: "But Shakespeare has invented twenty styles. He has a style for every one of his great characters, by which that character is distinguished from every other as much as Pope is distinguished by his style from Dryden, or Milton from Spenser." *Taine* says: "His style is a compound of furious expressions. He never sees any thing tranquilly: He is buried and absorbed in the present image or idea. Behind a word he has a whole picture, an attitude, a long argument abridged, a mass of swarming ideas. Hence his style is blooming with exuberant images—loaded with ex-

aggerated metaphors whose strangeness is like incoherence, whose wealth is superabundant."

Position as an Author.—Shakespeare not only ranks as the first of English poets, but also as the greatest poet of the world, excepting Homer.

Works.—Shakespeare wrote fourteen comedies, six tragedies, seventeen historical plays, two romantic poems,—entitled "Venus and Adonis," published in 1592 or 1593, and the "Rape of Lucrece," published in 1593 or 1594,—and one hundred and fifty-four sonnets.

"For the plots of his comedies Shakespeare was indebted to French and Italian novelists; for his histories, to Hall and Holinshed; and for his classical plays to the 'Lives' of Plutarch, translated by North, and to such versions of the classical authors as had appeared in the earlier part of the sixteenth century. Old English authors, plays, chronicles, and ballads furnished him with the groundwork of his tragedies." There are exceptions to the first part of this statement; for the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is based upon the fairy mythology of England; "As You Like It" was suggested by Lodge's romance of "Rosalynde;" "Measure for Measure," by George Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra;" "Troilus and Cressida" by the "Troilus and Cressida" of Chaucer; "Pericles" by a tale of John Gower's, and "A Winter's Tale" by Greene's "Pandosto."

The names of Shakespeare's works, and the dates of their production according to F. J. Furnivall's table, are as follows:

Comedies.—"Love's Labour's Lost," 1588 or 1589; "Comedy of Errors," 1589 to 1591; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1590; "Two Gentlemen of Verona," 1590 to 1592; "Merchant of Venice," 1596; "Taming of the Shrew," of which Shakespeare wrote only the Katharine and Petruchio scenes, 1596 or 1597; "Merry Wives of Windsor," 1598 or 1599; "Much Ado about Nothing," 1599 or 1600; "As You Like It," 1600; "Twelfth Night," 1601; "All's Well That Ends

Well," which Shakespeare recast from an old play, 1601 or 1602; "Measure for Measure," 1603; "Tempest," 1610; and "Winter's Tale," 1611.

Tragedies.—"Romeo and Juliet," 1591 to 1593; "Hamlet," 1602 or 1603; "Othello," 1604; "Macbeth," 1605 or 1606; "King Lear," 1605 or 1606; "Cymbeline," 1610 to 1612.

Histories.—"Titus Andronicus," only touched up by Shakespeare, 1588; "First Part of Henry VI.," only touched up by Shakespeare, 1590 to 1592; "Richard II.," 1593 or 1594; "Second Part of Henry VI.," which Shakespeare recast from another play, 1592 to 1594; "Third Part of Henry VI.," which Shakespeare recast from another play, 1592 to 1594; "Richard III.," 1594; "King John," 1595; "First Part of Henry IV.," 1596 or 1597; "Second Part of Henry IV.," 1597 or 1598; "King Henry V.," 1599; "Julius Cæsar," 1601; "Troilus and Cressida," 1606 or 1607; "Antony and Cleopatra," 1606 or 1607; "Coriolanus," 1607 or 1608; "Timon of Athens," of which Shakespeare wrote only a part, 1607 or 1608; "Pericles," of which Shakespeare wrote only a part, 1608; and "Henry VIII.," of which Shakespeare wrote only a part, 1613.

Long Poems.—"Venus and Adonis," 1592 or 1593; the "Rape of Lucrece," 1593 or 1594.

Sonnets.—1592 to 1608.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Sources.—The story of the caskets has been traced back to a mediæval romance entitled "Barlaam and Josaphat," written in Greek by Joannes Damascenus, A. D. 800. It is found, in a modified form, in the "Gesta Romanorum," in Boccaccio's "Decameron," and in Gower's "Confessio Amantis." Probably Shakespeare obtained it directly from the "Gesta Romanorum." The story of the pound of flesh is

much older than the other. It is perhaps of Persian origin. It is found in the "Gesta Romanorum;" in a collection of tales called "Il Pecorone," written by Ser Giovanni, a notary of Florence, about 1378; also in the ballad of "Gernutus, or the Jew of Venice," found in Pepys's "Collection of Ballads." Shakespeare probably obtained it through a translation of "Il Pecorone."

Fundamental Idea.—Avarice overreaching itself.

PLOT.

Act I. Scene 1.—Antonio is possessed of an unaccountable sadness, which Salarino and Salanio attribute to the uncertainty of his business or to love, and Gratiano jocularly to self-conceit. Bassanio tells Antonio of his impoverished condition, and of his desire to obtain sufficient money to visit Belmont, in order to make a trial for the hand of Portia. Antonio offers to lend the money if it can be borrowed.—*Scene 2*: In conversation with Nerissa, Portia discusses the hard conditions of her father's will, and analyzes the characters of the six suitors then present at Belmont. None of these make the venture to choose a casket, and they depart.—*Scene 3*: Shylock bargains with Bassanio about the loan of 3,000 ducats. Antonio enters, and Shylock goes over the bad treatment he has received from Antonio. Shylock finally proposes that in jest the forfeit of the bond shall be a pound of Antonio's flesh. Antonio agrees to this, and the bargain is closed.

Act II, Scene 1.—The Prince of Morocco is told the conditions required before making a choice of the caskets. These are (1) Never to unfold to any one which casket was chosen; (2) Never after to woo a maid in way of marriage; (3) To leave immediately after the choice is made, if that choice is wrong.—*Scene 2*: Launcelot debates with himself about leaving Shylock as a master, because of ill treatment. Old Gobbo, father of Launcelot, with a present of doves for Shylock, inquires his way to the house. After teasing his blind father awhile, Launcelot tells who he is. Bassanio gives directions about his departure, when Launcelot, ridiculously assisted by his father, proffers his service to Bassanio, which is accepted. Gratiano desires to be a companion to Bassanio on his journey, and Bassanio consents.—*Scene 3*: Jessica gives a letter for Lorenzo to Launcelot.—*Scene 4*: Launcelot delivers the letter to Lorenzo, who tells Gratiano that Jessica has informed him in what manner she will escape from her father's house.—*Scene 5*: Shylock leaves the keys of his

house with his daughter Jessica while he goes to sup with Bassanio.—*Scene 6* : Lorenzo, Gratiano, and Salarino meet near Shylock's house, and Jessica joins them, dressed in boy's clothes. Antonio hurries Gratiano off, as the wind is favorable for the voyage.—*Scene 7* : The Prince of Morocco reads the inscriptions on the caskets, makes his choice, and fails by choosing the gold casket, which has this inscription : "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."—*Scene 8* : Salanio describes Shylock's misery when he discovers Jessica's flight. Salarino describes the affectionate parting of Antonio and Bassanio.—*Scene 9* : The Prince of Arragon states the conditions necessary to a choice, reads the inscriptions, selects the silver casket, and fails. Its inscription is : "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

Act III, Scene 1.—Salarino tells Salanio that a ship of Antonio's is reported lost on the Goodwin Sands. Shylock mourns the loss of his daughter, and is infuriated by Tubal, who returns from a search for Jessica without finding her. He vows to take the heart of Antonio if the bond is forfeited.—*Scene 2* : Portia is so well pleased with Bassanio's company, and so dreads his failure if he makes a choice, that she begs him to remain longer before choosing. His impatience prevents his doing so. He discusses the inscriptions, and selects the leaden casket, which bears the following : "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." He therefore wins Portia. Gratiano asks permission to be married to Nerissa at the same time Bassanio is married to Portia, and obtains his request. Salerio delivers a letter from Antonio telling of the forfeiture of the bond, and requesting Bassanio to visit him. Portia has Bassanio tell her all about the bond, and he reads her Antonio's letter. Portia urges Bassanio to hasten at once to the rescue of Antonio.—*Scene 3* : Antonio endeavors to get Shylock to listen to him, but Shylock will not, and he abuses the jailer for permitting Antonio to walk abroad instead of being confined in his cell.—*Scene 4* : Portia gives Lorenzo charge of her house, feigning that she intends retiring to a monastery near by until Bassanio's return. She then sends her servant Balthazar to Bellario, the great lawyer, and instructs him to meet her at the ferry with Bellario's instructions.—*Scene 5* : A little domestic episode between Lorenzo and Jessica, in which Launcelot takes part.

Act IV, Scene 1.—The Duke endeavors to excite the pity of Shylock in behalf of Antonio, but fails. Bassanio offers Shylock six thousand ducats for the three thousand he borrowed, but the offer is refused. Nerissa enters with the letter from Bellario, and Portia is accepted as judge. Portia recommends Shylock to be merciful, but he is inflexible, although Bassanio offers him thirty thousand ducats for his three thou-

sand. Antonio bids Bassanio a manly adieu, and prepares to suffer the penalty, when Portia decides that if Shylock takes more or less than a pound, or spills one drop of blood, his life and goods will be forfeit. He thus loses his suit, and is let off upon the conditions of losing half his wealth, which is to go to the state; making a deed of gift of the remainder to his daughter upon his death; and becoming a Christian. After the trial Portia asks, as a fee, for the ring she gave Bassanio, and for Antonio's gloves. Bassanio refuses, but Antonio induces him to comply with her request.—*Scene 2*: Gratiano gives Portia the ring, and Portia sends Gratiano with Nerissa to Shylock's house for the deed, thus giving Nerissa an opportunity to get her ring from Gratiano.

Act V, Scene 1.—Lorenzo and Jessica talk about the beauty of the night. Stephano notifies them that Portia will return by day-break, and Launcelot brings word that Bassanio will also be back by morning. Portia and Nerissa are welcomed upon their return. Portia greets Bassanio, and cordially receives Antonio, who accompanies her husband. Nerissa first asks Gratiano for her ring. Then Portia asks for hers, and enjoys the confusion resulting. She then tells Bassanio and Antonio the part she took in the trial, and hands Antonio a letter which informs him that three of his ships were not lost, but have returned to Venice safe. Nerissa then gives to Lorenzo Shylock's

“Special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.”

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
 THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } suitors to
 THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } Portia.
 ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.
 BASSANIO, his kinsman, suitor likewise to
 Portia.
 SALANIO, }
 SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and
 GRATIANO, } Bassanio.
 SALERIO, }
 LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
 SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.
 TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.
 LAUNCELOT GOBBO, the clown, servant to
 Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
 LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
 BALTHAZAR, }
 STEPHANO, } servants to Portia.

PORTIA, a rich heiress.
 NERISSA, her waiting-maid.
 JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the
 Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to
 Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at
 Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the
 Continent.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Antonio. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
 It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn;
 And such a want-wit sadness makes of me
 That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
 There, where your argosies with portly sail,
 10 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
 Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,

That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salanio. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
20 And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salarino. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
30 And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
40 Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Antonio. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salarino. Why, then you are in love.

Antonio.

Fie, fie!

Salarino. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
50 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And others of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salanio. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

60 *Salarino.* I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Antonio. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salarino. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bassanio. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salarino. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.]

Lorenzo. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
70 We two will leave you: but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bassanio. I will not fail you.

Gratiano. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvelously changed.

Antonio. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gratiano. Let me play the fool:

- 80 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
90 And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
100 I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lorenzo. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gratiano. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

- 110 *Antonio.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gratiano. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried. [*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

Antonio. Is that any thing now?

Bassanio. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,

more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Antonio. Well, tell me now what lady is the same

120 To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bassanio. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal

130 Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Antonio. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

140 *Bassanio.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a willful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
150 As I will watch the aim, or to find both

Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Antonio. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
160 And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

Bassanio. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
170 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Antonio. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
180 Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is awarey of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences and well pronounced.

10 *Nerissa.* They would be better, if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to
20 choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose!" I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I can not choose one nor refuse none?

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall
30 rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Portia. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest

them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Nerissa. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Portia. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself.

Nerissa. Then there is the County Palatine.

40 *Portia.* He doth nothing but frown, as who should say "If you will not have me, choose;" he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Nerissa. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Portia. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!
50 why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Nerissa. What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Portia. You know I say nothing to him, for he under-
60 stands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Nerissa. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Portia. That he hath a neighborly charity in him, for he
70 borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he
would pay him again when he was able: I think the French-
man became his surety and sealed under for another.

Nerissa. How like you the young German, the Duke of
Saxony's nephew?

Portia. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober,
and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when
he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is
worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall
that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

80 *Nerissa.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the
right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will
if you should refuse to accept him.

Portia. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a
deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the
devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will
choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married
to a sponge.

Nerissa. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these
lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations;
90 which is indeed to return to their home and to trouble you
with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort
than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Portia. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as
chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my
father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reason-
able, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very
absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Nerissa. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's
time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in
100 company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so
called.

Nerissa. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my
foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serving-man. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth,
110 the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Portia. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Venice. A public place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock. For three months; well.

Bassanio. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bassanio. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shylock. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and
10 Antonio bound.

Bassanio. Your answer to that.

Shylock. Antonio is a good man.

Bassanio. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shylock. Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is

sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bassanio. Be assured you may.

Shylock. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bassanio. If it please you to dine with us.

30 *Shylock.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

Shylock. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
40 He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bassanio. Shylock, do you hear?
E. L.—15.

Shylock. I am debating of my present store,
50 And, by the near guess of my memory,
I can not instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Antonio.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Antonio. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
60 I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much you would?

Shylock. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Antonio. And for three months.

Shylock. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
Well, then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Antonio. I do never use it.

Shylock. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
70 The third possessor; ay, he was the third—

Antonio. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shylock. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Antonio. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
80 A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shylock. I can not tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Antonio. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:

90 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shylock. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—

Antonio. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shylock. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft

In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

100 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
"Shylock, we would have moneys;" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit:
What should I say to you? Should I not say
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
110 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this;
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time,
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

120 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:

130 This is kind I offer.

Bassanio. This were kindness.

Shylock. This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

140 *Antonio.* Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassanio. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Antonio. Why, fear not, man, I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shylock. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
150 The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture?
 A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
 As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
 To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
 If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
 And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Antonio. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

160 *Shylock.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
 Give him direction for this merry bond,
 And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
 See to my house, left in the fearful guard
 Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
 I will be with you.

Antonio. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock.*
 The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bassanio. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Antonio. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
 169 My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and his train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and others attending.

Morocco. Mislike me not for my complexion,
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
 To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
 And let us make incision for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
 10 The best-regarded virgins of our clime

Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Portia. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
20 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Morocco. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimeter,
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
30 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Portia. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
40 Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Morocco. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Portia. First, forward to the temple: after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Morocco.

Good fortune then!

To make me blest or curs'd'st among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Venice. A street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend;
10 "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son," or rather an honest woman's son; for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should
20 stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gobbo. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

30 *Launcelot.* [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit.
40 Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Launcelot. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

Launcelot. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

50 *Gobbo.* Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

Launcelot. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Launcelot. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff
60 of my age, my very prop.

Launcelot. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Launcelot. Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Launcelot. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his
70 own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder can not be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo. I can not think you are my son.

80 *Launcelot.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gobbo. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Launcelot. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I
90 have of my face when I last saw him.

Gobbo. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Launcelot. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a

present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one
 100 Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other followers.

Bassanio. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Launcelot. To him, father.

Gobbo. God bless your worship! .

110 *Bassanio.* Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gobbo. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Launcelot. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

Gobbo. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Launcelot. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gobbo. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins—

120 *Launcelot.* To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gobbo. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

Launcelot. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bassanio. One speak for both. What would you?

130 *Launcelot.* Serve you, sir.

Gobbo. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bassanio. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Launcelot. The old proverb is very well parted between
my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of
God, sir, and he hath enough.

140 *Bassanio.* Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Launcelot. Father, in. I can not get a service, no; I
have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in
Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a
book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line
of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is
nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-
150 in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and
to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;
here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman,
she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take
my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*]

Bassanio. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leonardo. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

160 *Gratiano.* Where is your master?

Leonardo. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*]

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio!

Bassanio. Gratiano!

Gratiano. I have a suit to you.

Bassanio. You have obtain'd it.

Gratiano. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bassanio. Why then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
170 But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
The skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
180 Thus with my hat, and sigh and say "amen,"
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bassanio. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gratiano. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

Bassanio. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
190 I have some business.

Gratiano. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in Shylock's house.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

10 *Launcelot.* Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jessica. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*]
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners, O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lorenzo. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging and return,
All in an hour.

Gratiano. We have not made good preparation.

Salarino. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salanio. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lorenzo. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours.
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

10 *Launcelot.* An it shall please you to break up this, it
shall seem to signify.

Lorenzo. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gratiano. Love-news, in faith.

Launcelot. By your leave, sir.

Lorenzo. Whither goest thou?

Launcelot. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to
sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lorenzo. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
20 I will not fail her; speak it privately. [*Exit Launcelot.*]
Go, gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salarino. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salanio. And so will I.

Lorenzo. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salarino. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*]

Gratiano. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lorenzo. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
30 How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Before Shylock's house.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shylock. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Launcelot. Why, Jessica!

Shylock. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Launcelot. Your worship was wont to tell me that I
could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

10 *Jessica.* Call you? what is your will?

Shylock. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

20 *Launcelot.* I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth
expect your reproach.

Shylock. So do I his.

Launcelot. An they have conspired together, I will not
say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not
for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday
last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on
Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shylock. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
 And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
 30 Clamber not you up to the casements then,
 Nor thrust your head into the public street
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
 But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
 My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
 I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
 But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
 Say I will come.

Launcelot. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at
 40 window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,
 Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

[*Exit.*

Shylock. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jessica. His words were "Farewell mistress;" nothing else.

Shylock. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
 Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
 More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me:
 Therefore I part with him, and part with him
 To one that I would have him help to waste
 50 His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
 Perhaps I will return immediately:
 Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
 Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[*Exit.*

Jessica. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. * *The same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gratiano. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
 Desired us to make stand.

Salarino.

His hour is almost past.

Gratiano. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salarino. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gratiano. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?

10 Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

20 *Salarino.* Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach:
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

Jessica. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lorenzo. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jessica. Lorenzo certain, and my love indeed.
30 For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lorenzo. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jessica. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me.
E. L.—16.

For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind and lovers can not see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

40 *Lorenzo.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jessica. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lorenzo. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jessica. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
50 With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit above.*]

Gratiano. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

Lorenzo. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself,
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

60 *Antonio.* Who's there?

Gratiano. Signior Antonio!

Antonio. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.

No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gratiano. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their trains.

Portia. Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.

Morocco. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

10 How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Portia. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Morocco. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give! for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

20 A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

- Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
30 Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
40 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
50 To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
60 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Portia. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. *[He unlocks the golden casket.]*

Morocco. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of Cornets.*]

Portia. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salarino. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salanio. The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salarino. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
10 Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salanio. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!

Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!

20 And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats."

Salarino. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salanio. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salarino. Marry, well remember'd.

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part

The French and English, there miscarried

30 A vessel of our country richly fraught:

I thought upon Antonio when he told me,

And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salanio. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salarino. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:

Bassanio told him he would make some speed

Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so;

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,

40 But stay the very riping of the time;

And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love:

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts

To courtship and such fair ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there:"

And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible

He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

50 *Salanio.* I think he only loves the world for him.

I pray thee, let us go and find him out

And quicken his embraced heaviness

With some delight or other.

Salarino.

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.

Nerissa. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,

And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON,
PORTIA, and their trains.*

Portia. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,

Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,

You must be gone from hence immediately.

Arragon. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

10 First, never to unfold to any one

Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail

Of the right casket, never in my life

To woo a maid in way of marriage:

Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,

Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Portia. To these injunctions every one doth swear

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Arragon. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now

20 To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

- "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
 What many men desire! that "many" may be meant
 By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
 Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 30 Even in the force and road of casualty.
 I will not choose what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common spirits
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
 "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"
 And well said too; for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune and be honorable
 Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
 40 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices
 Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
 Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover that stand bare!
 How many be commanded that command!
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
 To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
 50 "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
 I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Arragon. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
 Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

60 Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Portia. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.

Arragon. What is here?

[*Reads.*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss;
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis, -
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
70 Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wrath.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*]

Portia. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

80 O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Nerissa. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Portia. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Where is my lady?

Portia. Here: what would my lord?

Servant. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,

90 To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
 Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love:
 A day in April never came so sweet,
 To show how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Portia. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
 Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
 Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
 Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
 100 Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Nerissa. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salanio. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salarino. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio
 hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the
 Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous
 flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie
 buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman
 of her word.

Salanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as
 ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she
 10 wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,
 without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway
 of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O
 that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salarino. Come, the full stop.

Salanio. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he
 hath lost a ship.

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salanio. Let me say "amen" betimes, lest the devil cross
 my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

20 How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salarino. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salanio. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shylock. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

30 *Salarino.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shylock. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

40 *Salarino.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shylock. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same
50 diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall

we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

60 *Servant.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salarino. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salanio. Here comes another of the tribe: a third can not be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Salanio, Salarino, and Servant.]

Shylock. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but can not find her.

Shylock. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone,
70 cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my
80 breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tubal. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shylock. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tubal. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shylock. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

Tubal. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shylock. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

90 *Tubal.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shylock. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he can not choose but break.

Shylock. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

100 *Tubal.* One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tubal. But Antonio is certainly undone.

110 *Shylock.* Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.

Portia. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore forbear a while. There's something tells me, but it is not love,

- I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
10 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
20 And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bassanio.

Let me choose;

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Portia. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bassanio. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:

- 30 There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Portia. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bassanio. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Portia. Well then, confess and live.

Bassanio.

“Confess” and “love”

Had been the very sum of my confession:

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

40 *Portia.* Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And watery death-bed for him. He may win;

And what is music then? Then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

50 To a new-crowned monarch: such it is

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

60 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!

Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay

I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,

Or in the heart or in the head?

How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,

With gazing fed; and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies.

70 Let us all ring fancy's knell:

I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

- Bassanio.* So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
80 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
90 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
100 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Portia. [*Aside.*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
110 And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Bassanio. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
120 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
130 The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads.*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
140 I come by note, to give and to receive.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
E. L.—17.

That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no,
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Portia. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
150 Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of—something, which, to term in gross,
160 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
170 Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bassanio. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;

And there is such confusion in my powers
As, after some oration fairly spoke
180 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Nerissa. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

190 *Gratiano.* My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bassanio. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gratiano. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved, for intermission
200 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Portia. Is this true, Nerissa?

210 *Nerissa.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bassanio. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gratiano. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.
Gratiano. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a messenger
from Venice.*

Bassanio. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

220 *Portia.* So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lorenzo. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Salerio. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

Bassanio. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

230 *Salerio.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gratiano. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Salerio. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

240 *Portia.* There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bassanio.

O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
250 I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for indeed
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
260 The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salerio.

Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
270 He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes

Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

280 *Jessica*. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Portia. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?

Bassanio. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
290 In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Portia. What sum owes he the Jew ?

Bassanio. For me three thousand ducats.

Portia. What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
300 And then away to Venice to your friend ;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over :
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away !
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer :
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
310 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bassanio. [*Reads.*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all mis-

carried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Portia. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bassanio. Since I have your good leave to go away,
320 I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Venice. A street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shylock. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.

Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shylock. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
10 To come abroad with him at his request.

Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shylock. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [Exit.

Salarino. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Antonio. Let him alone:

- 20 I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
 He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
 Many that have at times made moan to me;
 Therefore he hates me.

Salarino.

I am sure the duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Antonio. The duke can not deny the course of law:

- For the commodity that strangers have
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,
 Will much impeach the justice of his state;
 30 Since that the trade and profit of the city
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go:
 These griefs and losses have so bated me,
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
 Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHASAR.

Lorenzo. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
 You have a noble and a true conceit
 Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
 How true a gentleman you send relief,
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
 I know you would be prouder of the work
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

- 10 *Portia.* I never did repent for doing good,
 Nor shall not now: for in companions
 That do converse and waste the time together,
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
 There must be needs a like proportion

- Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
- 20 In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself:
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
- 30 Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lorenzo. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Portia. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.

- 40 And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lorenzo. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jessica. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Portia. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man

In speed to Padua: see thou render this
50 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balthasar. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

Portia. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Nerissa. Shall they see us?

60 *Portia.* They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
70 How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
80 When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. A garden.**Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

Launcelot. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of base hope neither.

Jessica. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Launcelot. Marry, you may partly hope that you are not
10 the Jew's daughter.

Jessica. That were a kind of base hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Launcelot. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jessica. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Launcelot. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chris-
20 tians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jessica. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lorenzo. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot.

Jessica. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says
30 you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lorenzo. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Launcelot. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lorenzo. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Launcelot. That is done too, sir; only "cover" is the word.

Lorenzo. Will you cover then, sir?

40 *Launcelot.* Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lorenzo. Yet more quarreling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant! I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Launcelot. For the table, sir, it shall be served in: for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit.

50 *Lorenzo.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jessica. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
60 For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world

Hath not her fellow.

Lorenzo. Even such a husband

Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

70 *Jessica.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lorenzo. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jessica. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lorenzo. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;

Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things

I shall digest it.

Jessica. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice.*

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO,
GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate
And that no lawful means can carry me
10 Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into court.

Salerio. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
20 Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
30 And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
40 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
Some, when they hear the bagpipe: for affection,
50 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he can not abide a gaping pig;

Why he, a harmless necessary, cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing

60 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bassanio. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shylock. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:

70 You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,

80 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.

Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,

90 Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
"The slaves are ours:" so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.

100 If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salario. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

110 *Bassanio.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antonio. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You can not better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Nerissa. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

[*Presenting a letter.*]

120 *Bassanio.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shylock. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gratiano. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accused.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith

- 130 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Shylock. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:

- 140 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

- Clerk.* [*Reads.*] Your grace shall understand that at the
150 receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant
that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me
a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I ac-
quainted him with the cause in controversy between the
Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books
together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered
with his own learning, the greatness whereof I can not
E. L.—18.

enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a
160 reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes: And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Portia. I did my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Portia. I am informed throughly of the cause.
170 Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Can not impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not? .

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Portia. Do you confess the bond?

Antonio. I do.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

180 *Portia.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
190 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself:
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;

200 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear

210 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state: it can not be.

Shylock. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
220 O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shylock. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Portia. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
230 Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.

240 *Portia.* Why then, thus it is
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shylock. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?

250 "Nearest his heart:" those are the very words.

Portia. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shylock. I have them ready.

Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Portia. It is not so express'd: but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shylock. I can not find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Portia. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

260 *Antonio.* But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife:

270 Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

280 But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gratiano. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Nerissa. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

290 The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shylock. [*Aside.*] These be the Christian husbands. I have
a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas

Had been her husband rather than a Christian!

[*Aloud.*] We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful judge!

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

300 *Shylock.* Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

Portia. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh:"
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shylock. Is that the law?

310 *Portia.* Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gratiano. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shylock. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.

Bassanio. Here is the money.

Portia. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gratiano. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

320 *Portia.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

330 *Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.*

Portia. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bassanio. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Portia. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
340 *To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.*

Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Portia. Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be proved against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

350 *Comes to the privy coffer of the state;*

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly and directly too

Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.

Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

- 360 *Gratiano.* Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Portia. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

- 370 *Shylock.* Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gratiano. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

- Antonio.* So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one-half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
380 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Portia. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shylock. I am content.

- 390 *Portia.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shylock. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gratiano. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Portia. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:

I must away this night toward Padua,

400 And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

Bassanio. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Antonio. And stand indebted, over and above,
410 In love and service to you evermore.

Portia. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bassanio. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
420 Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Portia. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
[*To Antonio.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
sake;
[*To Bassanio.*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from
you:

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bassanio. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Portia. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bassanio. There's more depends on this than on the
430 value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Portia. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bassanio. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

440 *Portia.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
And if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

Antonio. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bassanio. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
450 Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste. [*Exit Gratiano.*]
Come, you and I will thither presently:
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night

And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Portia. That can not be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
10 And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gratiano. That will I do.

Nerissa. Sir, I would speak with you.
[*Aside to Portia.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Portia. [*Aside to Nerissa.*] Thou may'st, I warrant. We
shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud.*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will
tarry.

Nerissa. Come, good sir, will you shew me to this
house? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night

Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.

Lorenzo. In such a night
10 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
The did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jessica. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

20 *Lorenzo.* In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jessica. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lorenzo. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Stephano. A friend.

Lorenzo. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray
you, friend?

Stephano. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
30 Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lorenzo. Who comes with her?

Stephano. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lorenzo. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

40 *Lorenzo.* Who calls?

Launcelot. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master
Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lorenzo. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Launcelot. Sola! where? where?

Lorenzo. Here.

Launcelot. Tell him there's a post come from my master,
with his horn full of good news: my master will be here
ere morning. *[Exit.*

Lorenzo. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
50 And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. *[Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
60 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear

And draw her home with music.

[*Music.*

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

70 *Lorenzo.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze

By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet

80 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods:

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature.

The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;

The motions of his spirit are dull as night

And his affections dark as Erebus:

Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.

90 How far that little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Nerissa. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less:

A substitute shines brightly as a king

Until a king be by, and then his state

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook

Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Nerissa. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Portia. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:

100 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Nerissa. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Portia. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*]

110 *Lorenzo.* That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of *Portia*.

Portia. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lorenzo. Dear lady, welcome home.

Portia. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lorenzo. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Portia. Go in, *Nerissa*;
Give order to my servants that they take
120 No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, *Lorenzo*; *Jessica*, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*]

Lorenzo. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Portia. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their
followers.*

Bassanio. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Portia. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
130 For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

And never be Bassanio so for me :

But God sort all ! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bassanio. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Portia. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Antonio. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Portia. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
140 It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gratiano. [*To Nerissa.*] By yonder moon I swear you do
me wrong ;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :
Would he were dead that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Portia. A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ?

Gratiano. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
150 Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Nerissa. What talk you of the posy or the value ?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave :
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk ! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gratiano. He will, an if he live to be a man.

160 *Nerissa.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gratiano. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee :
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Portia. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

170 I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
And 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bassanio. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gratiano. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
180 Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed
Deserved it too: and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Portia. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bassanio. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Portia. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
190 By heaven, I will never be your wife
Until I see the ring.

Nerissa. No, nor I yours
Till I again see mine.

Bassanio. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring
And would conceive for what I gave the ring
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Portia. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
200 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

Bassanio. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
210 No woman had it, but a civil doctor.
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
220 For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Portia. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house;
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have.

Nerissa. Nor I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

230 *Gratiano.* Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Antonio. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Portia. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bassanio. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Portia. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one; swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

240 *Bassanio.* Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Antonio. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Portia. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this
And bid him keep it better than the other.

250 *Antonio.* Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bassanio. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Portia. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter: read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
260 And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Antonio. I am dumb.

Bassanio. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Gratiano. Were you the clerk and yet I knew you not?

Antonio. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

270 *Portia.* How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Nerissa. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lorenzo. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Portia. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in:

280 And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gratiano. Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.

VERBAL REFERENCES.

ACT I.

Scene I, Line 9 : **argosies**, merchant vessels.—10. **signiors**, noblemen.
—11. **pageants** here means finely decorated ships. The figure is a metaphor.—14. **woven wings**, sails. The figure is a metaphor.—27. **Andrew**, probably a name given to a ship in compliment to the famous Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria.—35. **this**. The meaning is obscure : it refers probably to a gesture.—42. **bottom**, a merchant ship.—47. **not . . neither**, two negatives used as in French.—50. **Janus**, a Roman deity almost equal to Jupiter in importance. He introduced the seasons, was responsible for the ups and downs of fortune, and promoted the civilization of the human race by means of agriculture, industry, arts, and religion. January is named after him. He is represented as having two heads. His temple in Rome was open during times of war, and closed in times of peace.—54. **Scan**.—56. **Nestor**, king of Pylos, in Greece,—

the oldest and most experienced of the Greek leaders in the siege of Troy.—61. **prevented**, anticipated. This is the literal meaning.—74. **respect upon**, regard for.—90. **entertain**, maintain.—92. **conceit**, conception.—108. **moe**, more.—110. **gear**, dress. Here probably means nonsense.—124. **swelling port**, ostentatious bearing.—126. **make moan to be abridged**, complain because compelled to economize.—136. **still**, constantly.—139. **Scan**.—142. **advised**, careful.—154. **circumstance**, circumlocution.—160. **prest**, ready.—172. **Jasons**. Jason was the leader of the Argonauts, who went in search of the golden fleece. Here the word is used as a metaphor.—175. **I have a mind** (which) **presages**, etc. The omission of the relative is frequent in Shakespeare.

Scene II, Line 22 : **will . . will**. Note the play upon these words.—34. **level**, aim, guess.—39. **County Palatine**, a count whose authority in his domains was regal in character. Here the palatinate of the Rhine is probably referred to.—42. **weeping philosopher**. Heraclitus, so called because he wept at the folly of man.—62. **proper man's picture**, handsome man's picture; that is, he is not a man, but only the picture of one.—64. **suit**, dressed.—65. **doublet**, a waistcoat or vest; **round hose**, knitted coverings for the legs; **bonnet**, hat.—81. **should**, would.—84. **contrary**, wrong.—91. **sort**, means; **imposition**, conditions.—93. **Sibylla**, used here as a proper name. The number of sibyls varies from two to twelve. They possessed the gift of prophecy. Age is supposed to be necessary to the prophetic instinct.—94. **Diana**, the goddess of hunting, noted for her chastity.—97. **pray God grant**. In the folios *wish* was used instead, owing to an act of Parliament under James I. prohibiting the use of such holy words on the stage.—100. **company of**. *The company of*, or *company with*, is present usage.—114. **condition**, disposition, character.—115. **had rather**. We now say, *would rather*.

Scene III, Line 1 : **ducats**. The Venetian ducat at the time of Shakespeare was worth 4s. 8d., or about \$1.15. This amount multiplied by five would give the present value approximately.—7. **stead**, assist or aid.—12. **good**, responsible.—16. **supposition**, uncertainty.—17. **Tripolis**. Tripoli, a country in Africa, one of the Barbary States.—18. **Rialto**, an island in Venice containing the seat of government. Also the name of one of the bridges connecting this island with other parts of the city. The merchants met at the Rialto to transact business.—19. **squandered**, scattered recklessly.—26. **assured**, satisfied.—27. **assured**, made secure. Note the play upon this word.—31. **the Nazarite**. Christ.—37. **fawning publican**. The publican was a collector of taxes. This Roman officer would not have been likely to fawn upon a Jew.—38. **for**, because.—41. **usance**, interest.—58. **giving of**, the giving of.—59.

ripe, pressing, a metaphorical epithet.—60. possessed, fully informed.—63. had forgot, had forgotten.—74. compromised, agreed.—75. eanlings, very young lambs.—82. inserted, placed in the scriptures.—95. rated, abused.—100. gaberdine, a long garment of coarse materials.—105. void your rheum, empty your spittle.—106. foot, kick.—128. doit, a small coin worth half a farthing.—133. single bond, a bond without sureties.—149. dealings teaches. Ungrammatical.—163. fearful, timid.

ACT II.

Scene I, Line 9 : fear'd, made timid, terrified.—14. nice, fastidious.—17. scanted, limited.—20. stood, would have stood.—25. Sophy, Emperor of Persia.—26. Solyman, Solyman the Magnificent.—32. Lichas, the son of Deianeira, wife of Hercules. It was he who carried the poisoned garment to Hercules, which caused his death.—35. Alcides, another name for Hercules.

Scene II, Line 23 : incarnal, incarnate. A Gobboism.—31. sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, half blind, very blind.—33. confusions, conclusions. A Gobboism.—36. marry, a corruption of the exclamation, "By Mary!"—39. sonties, saints.—55. father. The name applied to any old man.—56. Sisters Three. The three fates. Klotho put the wool of life around the spindle, Lachesis spun it, and Atropos, the eldest, cut it off, when a man had to die.—61. hovel-post, a post used to prop up a shed.—86. fill-horse, horse that works in the fills or shafts.—95. set up my rest, made up my mind. Note the play upon the word *rest*.—110. Gramercy, from the French "grand merci," many thanks. Here used merely as an exclamation.—114. infection, desire. A Gobboism.—119. cater-cousins, probably fourth cousins. Here means that they have no regard for each other.—122. frutify, probably fructify. A Gobboism.—125. impertinent, pertinent. A Gobboism.—131. defect, effect or result. A Gobboism.—143. guarded, embroidered.—146. fairer table, more fortunate palm of the hand.—176. habit, manner.—181. civility, refinement.—182. ostent, appearance.

Scene III, Line 10 : exhibit, inhibit, restrain. A Gobboism.

Scene IV, Line 5 : torch-bearers. Torches were then used to light the way at night.—6. quaintly, gracefully, elegantly.—7. undertook, undertaken. The past tense for the past participle. This was common usage in Shakespeare's time.—10. break up, break open.—12, 14. fair hand. Note the play upon these words.—23. provided of, provided with.—37. faithless, unbelieving.

Scene V, Line 18 : **to-night**, last night.—20. **reproach**, approach. A Gobboism.—24. **Black-Monday**, Easter Monday. So called because of a cold storm that occurred in 1360, during which Edward III., then before Paris with his army, lost a number of men from freezing.—29. **fife**, probably fifer.—32. **varnished faces**. Instead of wearing masks, maskers sometimes painted their faces.—45. **patch**, clown, fool. Used by metonymy for the person.

Scene VI, Line 1 : **pent-house**, the hood over a door.—5. **Venus' pigeons**. The dove was one of the symbols of Venus.—14. a **prodigal**, a spendthrift.—15. **scarfed**, decked with flags.—17. **the prodigal**. An allusion to the prodigal son, Luke xv. 11—32.—21. **abode**, stay.—30. **who**, whom.—42. **light**. Note the double meaning of this word.—47. **close**, secret.—52. **Beshrew**, curse.—67. **on't**, of it.

Scene VII, Line 1 : **discover**, disclose.—4. **who**, here used for which.—20. **shows**, appearances.—30. **disabling**, lack of appreciation.—41. **Hyrcean deserts**, the lands east and south of the Caspian Sea ; **vasty**, desolate.—42. **throughfares**, thoroughfares.—51. **cerecloth**, a cloth dipped in a mixture of wax, gums, and oils, and used for wrapping around a dead body in preparation of burial.—57. **insculp'd**, cut in relief.—63. **carriion Death**, fleshless skull.

Scene VIII, Line 4 : **raised**, roused.—8. **gondola**, the boat used in the watery streets of Venice. It is pointed at both ends, and propelled with one oar.—12. **passion**, passionate outcry.—27. **reason'd**, conversed.—30. **fraught**, laden.—39. **slubber**, slur over.—40. **riping**, fullness.—42. **mind of love**, loving mind.—43. **employ**, apply.—48. **affection wondrous sensible**, emotion wondrously sensitive.—52. **embraced heaviness**, sadness to which he clings.

Scene IX, Line 1 : **straight**, directly.—3. **election**, choice.—19. **addressed me**, prepared myself.—27. **fond**, foolish.—32. **jump**, agree.—42. **derived**, obtained.—43. **purchased**, won.—48. **ruin**, rubbish.—68. **wis**, think.—78. **wroth**, disappointment.—83. **goes**, the singular verb used for the plural.—89. **sensible regrets**, substantial greetings.—90. **commends**, commendations.

ACT III.

Scene I, Line 2 : **unchecked**, uncontradicted.—3. **narrow seas**, the English channel.—4. **Goodwins**, shoals off the coast of Kent.—9. **knapped**, broke into small pieces.—24. **wings**, boy's clothes. Here a metaphor.—26. **complexion**, nature.—34. **match**, bargain.—36. **smug**, neat, trim.—48. **fed**, is he not fed ?—64. **matched**, found to match.—70.

Frankfort. In the time of Shakespeare Frankfort was noted for the great fairs held there twice a year.—102. **turquoise**, a gem of a bluish green color and somewhat waxy luster, found in the mountains of Persia in the veins of the rocks. It was used as a set in the engagement ring. Its color was supposed to change if the lover became inconstant. It was also supposed to turn pale if its wearer was ill.

Scene II, Line 15: o'erlook'd, fascinated.—22. **peize**, draw out, prolong.—44. **swan-like end**. The notion was very popular that the swan never uttered a musical note except just before it died.—58. **Dardanian**, Trojan.—59. **bleared**, tear-stained.—63. **fancy**, here means love.—87. **excrement** here means beard.—97. **guiled**, treacherous.—102. **Midas**, a king of Phrygia, who prayed that every thing he touched might be turned to gold. His request was granted. As his food turned to gold, he prayed the gods to take their favor back. He bathed in the river Pactolus, the water of which ever after rolled over golden sands.—115. **counterfeit**, portrait.—130. **continent**, limits.—141. **in**, for.—157. **livings**, estates.—159. **in gross**, in general.—175. **vantage**, right.—182. **blent**, blended.—196. **so**, provided.—211, 212. Note the play upon the word **faith**.—213. **shall**, will; **in**, by.—219. **very**, true. This is the literal meaning.—239. **shrewd**, evil.—240. **steals**, singular verb for plural.—258. **mere**, absolute.—263. **hit**, success.—266. **touch**, blow.—272. **confound**, ruin.—276. **magnificoes**, nobles.—277. **port**, rank.—278. **envious**, malicious.—285. **deny**, forbid.—295. **deface**, cancel.—308. **cheer**, countenance.—313. **is forfeit**, is forfeited.—314, 315. **between you and I**, between you and me.

Scene III, Line 14: **dull-eyed**, stupid.—19. **kept**, dwelt.—20. **bootless**, useless.—23. **moan**, complaint.—27. **commodity**, advantage.—32. **bated**, reduced.

Scene IV, Line 2: **conceit**, conception.—6. **How true**, to how true.—7. **lover**, friend.—10. **repent for**, repent of.—11. **nor shall not**. Two negatives used as in French.—25. **husbandry and manage**, care and management.—33. **imposition**, task.—35. **lays**, lay. Singular verb for plural.—46. **honest-true**, perfectly reliable.—49. **Padua**, a city twenty-two miles west of Venice.—52. **imagined speed**, as quick as thought.—53. **tranect**, ferry-landing; **ferry**, ferry-boat.—56. **convenient**, suitable.—69. **quaint**, elaborate.—72. **I could not do withal**, I could not help it.—77. **raw**, unskillful.—79. **all my whole device**, a useless pleonasm.

Scene V, Line 3: **I fear you**. I fear for you.—4. **agitation**, cogitation.—14. **Scylla**; 15. **Charybdis**, two dangerous rocks between the coasts of Sicily and Italy. After avoiding one, a vessel was likely to be wrecked upon the other. Hence the meaning is, between two equal diffi-

culties.—28. **are out**, have fallen out.—38, 39. Note the play upon the word **cover**.—41. **quarreling with occasion**, quibbling upon every opportunity.—54. **garnish'd**, furnished. Here furnished with brains ; tricky, sportive.—55. **matter**, sense.—63. **mean**, desire.—75. **set you forth**, describe you fully.

ACT IV.

Scene I, Line 5 : **void and empty**, a useless pleonasm.—6. **from**, of.—7. **qualify**, modify.—20. **remorse**, relenting.—26. **moiety**, half. Here means a portion.—34. **gentle**, mild, favorable.—43. **say**, suppose.—46. **baned**, poisoned.—55. **woollen**, probably means wawling.—58. **nor . . not**, two negatives used as in French.—59. **lodged**, fixed.—61. **losing suit**, a suit in which I have nothing to gain pecuniarily.—69. **question**, argue.—71. **main flood**, ocean.—82. **Let me have judgment**. Let judgment be decided against me.—91. **parts**, labors.—103. **power**, authority.—122. Note the play upon the word **sole**.—124. **hangman's**, executioner's. Used here in a general sense.—127. **inexecrable**, that can not be execrated enough.—130. **Pythagoras**, the philosopher of Samos, to whom is attributed the belief in transmigration.—134. **fell soul fleet**, wicked soul flit.—139. **offend'st**, annoyest.—158. **fill up**, fulfill.—166. **take your place**. This was probably beside the duke.—174. **in such rule**, in so strict accordance with form.—176. **danger**, liability to him.—178, 179. Note the play upon the word **must**.—198. **spoke**, spoken. The past tense used for past participle.—210. **truth**, honor.—244. **Hath full relation**. Is fully applicable.—247. **more elder**, a double comparative.—273. **love**, dear friend.—274. **Repent**, regret.—277. **with all my heart**. Note the pathos of this jest.—279. **which**. We now use *who*.—302. **jot**, particle. Here means drop.—305. **in the cutting it**. We now say—in cutting it, or in *the* cutting of it.—322. **But**. We now use *than*.—328. **confiscate**, confiscated.—348. **contrive**, plot.—365. **pardon**, spare.—377. **quit**, remit.—379. **use**, trust. The exact meaning of *use* can not be determined.—387. **recant**, revoke.—398. **your grace of pardon**, pardon of your grace.—402. **gratify**, recompense.—408. **cope**, pay you for.—417. **force**, necessity.—443. **enemy**, as an enemy.

ACT V.

Scene I, Lines 4-6 : **Troilus, Cressid.**—Troilus, a son of Priam, king of Troy, loved Cressida, a Grecian, the daughter of Calchas, a priest. They vowed eternal constancy, and exchanged presents ; but Cressida soon transferred her love to Diomed, one of the Grecian commanders.—

7. **Thisbe**, a maiden of Babylon, beloved by Pyramus. They lived in adjoining houses, and as their parents opposed their meeting, they continued to converse through a hole in the garden wall. On one occasion they agreed to meet at the tomb of Ninus. Thisbe, who was the first on the spot, hearing a lion roar, ran away in fright, dropping her garment on the way. This the lion seized and tore. When Pyramus saw the torn garment he believed that Thisbe had been eaten, and he stabbed himself. Thisbe returning to the tomb saw Pyramus dead, and killed herself.—10. **Dido**, a Phœnician princess, who was supposed to be the founder of Carthage. Reference here is to Virgil's account of her love for Æneas; willow, used by Shakespeare and Spenser as the symbol of forsaken love.—13. **Medea**, a daughter of the king of Colchis, a sorceress who assisted Jason in obtaining the golden fleece upon the condition that he would marry her.—14. **Æson**, the father of Jason.—16. **unthrift**, unthrifty. The use of the adjective for the adverb is very common among the Elizabethan writers.—35. **nor . . not**, two negatives used as in French.—59. **patines**, the name of the plates used in the sacrament, communion or eucharist. The word here is a metaphor.—62. **cherubins**, from the French. We now use cherubim or cherubs.—66. **Diana**, here used for Luna or Selene.—80. **Orpheus**, regarded as the son of Kalliope and Apollo. His love for the dead Eurydice drew him down to the shades of the lower world, where he found her. He so charmed Pluto and Proserpine with his music that it was agreed Eurydice might follow him to the upper world provided he did not look back upon her face by the way. He broke this condition, and Eurydice was compelled to return. He is said to have accompanied Jason upon the Argonautic expedition.—85. **spoils**, acts of rapine.—87. **Erebus**, the god of Darkness. Here probably means the dark passage-way connecting Hades with the earth.—99. **without respect**, without its attending circumstances.—103. **attended**, accompanied by other songsters.—109. **Endymion**, the shepherd of Mount Latmos, loved by Luna. He was condemned to everlasting sleep and endless youth.—117. **is come**. *Has come* is now the better form.—129. **light**. Note the play upon this word.—132. **sort**, dispose of.—136. **sense**, reason.—148. **posy**, inscription.—150. **leave**, desert.—156. **respective**, regardful.—162. **scrubbed**, stunted.—199. **virtue of the ring**, the power it gave over Portia and her possessions.—201. **to contain the ring**, to keep the ring in its place.—210. **civil doctor**, doctor of civil law.—211. **Which**, who.—243. **wealth**, well-being.—247. **advisedly**, deliberately.—258. **now return'd**, now have returned.—263. **richly**, richly laden; **suddenly**, unexpectedly.—268. **living**, estate.

MISCELLANEOUS REFERENCES.

Plot Foreshadowed.

Act I, Scene I, Lines 1 to 7.—The unaccountable melancholy of Antonio is a presentiment of the trouble that is to befall him.

119 to 121.—This trouble is to be connected with some lady in whom Bassanio is interested.

161 to 165 and 173 to 176.—The lady's name is Portia, and Antonio's misfortunes will be connected with the money Bassanio desires to borrow for the purpose of visiting her.

179 to 181.—It is Antonio's borrowing of the money for Bassanio that will cause all the difficulty.

Scene III, 123 to 125.—The money is to be borrowed from Shylock, a bitter enemy of Antonio's.

134 to 139.—The plot is here decided. The chief interest of the play will be connected with the forfeiture of this bond.

A C T I.

Scene I, Line 18.—This refers to an old custom of determining the direction of the wind.

25.—The hour-glass in Shakespeare's time was in common use for telling the time of day. Neither clocks nor watches were in common use till 1631.

66.—When shall we meet in order to have a good, jolly time?

74.—You have too much consideration for the world.

76.—Why?

93, 94.—What I say is beyond question. Let no inferior creature contradict me.

111, 112.—The tongue being the symbol of speech, silence, or a quiet tongue, is worthy of praise only when in the shape of a beef's tongue that is prepared for the table by drying.

114.—Does he?

139.—Scan.

165, 166.—Consult Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," and compare the two Portias.

185.—I shall obtain money either on the strength of my credit or for the sake of friendship.

Scene II, Lines 5 to 8.—The glutton by excessive eating will kill himself as soon as a beggar that starves to death. The highest and healthiest enjoyment is found in moderation. The care of great wealth will make

one grow old sooner and die younger than a person who enjoys merely a competency.

44, 45.—I would rather marry a man's skeleton than such living persons. The rhetorical figure here is synecdoche.

71, 72.—A probable allusion to the constant promises of assistance to Scotland by the French. The surety always signed his name to a bond under that of a principal.

Scene III, Line 29.—The object of this speech was probably to show the exclusive customs of the Jews at that time.

34.—Why this question?

42.—An allusion to a particular grip in wrestling.

86.—Probably an allusion to Matthew iv. 6. This speech of Antonio's is spoken aside to Bassanio.

88, 89.—Note the beauty of these similes.

90.—This thought has been expressed in many other ways.

98.—Having no nation of their own, but being the subjects of others, and Christian nations hating the Jews on account of their treatment of Christ, they were compelled to submit patiently to all the exactions put upon them. The Jews have been subjected to longer and greater persecution than any other people of whom we have historical record. By the time of Shakespeare, sufferance had probably become an hereditary trait.

ACT II.

Scene II, Line 85.—Launcelot kneels with his back towards his father.

98.—You can count every rib I have with your fingers. A Gobboism.

101.—I will run as far as there is earth to run on.

103.—*I am a Jew* is one of the contemptuous expressions applied to Jews.

138, 139.—He hath enough that hath the grace of God.

147 to 153.—The belief in chiromancy, or telling one's fortune by examining the palm of the left hand, was very common in Shakespeare's time. The gypsies even now prefer this method to any other, and they make a fair living at it. The line of life referred to by Launcelot begins at the base of the fore-finger, and extends around the fleshy part of the thumb. By *simple* Launcelot either means an unbroken line, or one easily read.

Scene V, Line 30.—This gives an idea of the height of the windows above the floor. The walls were so thick that in many houses it was customary to sit in the casements for work or conversation.

Scene VI, Lines 12, 13.—This very true sentiment is found in other forms of expression.

24.—Scan.

Scene VII, Lines 44, 45.—An allusion to the ocean. Note the intense vigor of the metaphors.

53.—This gives the relative value of gold and silver in Shakespeare's time. Gold is now worth sixteen times more than silver.

65.—This is found in Lilly's "Euphues."

74 to 77.—Compare this passage with the parting words of the Prince of Arragon.

Scene IX, Lines 28 to 30.—Reference is to a species of swallow that builds its nest in walls. Note the beauty of the simile.

68, 69.—These lines are a modification of "All that glisters is not gold."

ACT III.

Scene I, Lines 18, 19.—An allusion to an old superstition.

95, 96.—The culmination of the plot.

110, 111.—Why? Was Shylock a religious hypocrite?

Scene II, Line 6.—Hatred would not give such counsels as I give you.

18.—The middle of the play.

24 to 27.—This suggests a very prominent difference between the sexes. Portia is satisfied with the present moment; Bassanio looks forward, anxious to be relieved of suspense.

32, 33.—This quiet denunciation of the rack was in advance of the times, for this instrument of torture was still believed in and still used. It was a frame in which a person was fastened, and the limbs stretched until they were sometimes drawn out of their sockets. Under such torture an innocent person was just as likely to acknowledge a crime as a guilty one.

49, 50.—At the coronation of English sovereigns the moment of putting on the crown is announced by a flourish of trumpets.

51 to 53.—Allusion to the old custom of the musicians, who were to accompany the bridegroom to the home of his bride on the morning of his marriage, awaking him early.

55, 56.—Poseidon (Neptune), assisted Laomedon, king of Troy, in building the walls of the city. Laomedon refused to pay the reward agreed upon, so Poseidon devastated the land by a flood, and sent a sea monster, to appease which Laomedon was compelled to offer his daughter Hesione as a sacrifice. Hercules set the maiden free and slew the monster merely for the sake of the horses promised him by Laomedon.

85.—The beard is generally considered a mark of physical courage, because indicating maturity of body.

86.—In the sacrifice of an animal by the Greeks or Romans before going into battle, a healthy liver was considered a good omen, a pale-colored liver was portentous of disaster. From this a coward was supposed to have an unhealthy liver.

89.—The greater the beauty, the greater the price it will bring.

91.—The more beauty the more frivolous the person who has it. Notice the play upon the word *light*.

140.—I come by written authority to give the kiss necessary to claim my lady.

162.—Scan. The change of *than* to *in* will make good sense.

204.—And swearing till the very roof of my mouth was dry.

237.—Jason's step-uncle Pelias had usurped the kingdom of Iolkos. Jason laid claim to it, but Pelias would not abdicate until Jason had performed some heroic enterprise. He therefore suggested to Jason that a fitting enterprise would be the capture of the golden fleece. Jason had the ship Argos constructed, and invited many of the great heroes of Greece to join him. Among these were Hercules, Castor and Pollux, Orpheus, and Theseus. Through the aid of Medea, Jason obtained the fleece.

274.—He claims that the laws in regard to aliens, especially Jews, are of no effect.

298.—Scan. Note the word *through* in scanning.

ACT IV.

Scene I, Line 48.—It is not uncommon now to meet a person who has an inherited dread of a cat. A case is known of a lady who could be thrown into convulsions by having a cat placed upon her.

195, 196.—If God conformed to the rigid rules of justice sometimes even now prescribed for Him, not a single human being would ever get to heaven.

368.—A proper humility may induce me to fine you instead of taking half your estate.

375.—A halter or rope to hang him with, for nothing.

382, 383.—This is not only an unreasonable demand, but also an unnecessary one.

394, 395.—In becoming a Christian only two god-fathers are necessary. Gratiano would have had twelve jurymen instead to condemn Shylock to death.

Scene II.—This giving to Nerissa an opportunity of securing Gratiano's ring is very skillfully done by Shakespeare. Slight as it is, it shows clearly that Shakespeare was a master of his art.

ACT V.

Note the delightful contrast between this act and the previous one.

Scene I, Line 28.—Scan. In the "Tempest" Shakespeare pronounces Stephano by placing the accent upon the first syllable.

169.—Scan. Note the vigor of this line.

REFERENCES TO SHAKESPEARE'S IMAGINATION.

Note.—Only a few of the easiest references have been selected in order to verify the description given of Shakespeare's imagination.

Act I, Scene I, Lines 52, 53.—Note what a slight thing gives Shakespeare the materials for this simile. The effect of laughter is to close the eyes partially, sometimes almost entirely. When laughing, therefore, a person peeps through his eyes.

Act II, Scene IX, Lines 93, 94.—The delicacy of these two lines makes them exceedingly poetical.

Act III, Scene II, Lines 44 to 47.—The intensity of this passage illustrates the impassioned character of Shakespeare's imagination.

Act V, Scene I, Lines 54 to 65.—This is probably the most poetical portion of the play. Note the suggestiveness of *sleeps, creep, soft, touches, floor, patines, gold, motion, young-eyed, vesture, grossly, and close*. *Sleeps*, by bringing before us the beautiful story of Endymion, illustrates Shakespeare's delicacy of imagination; *creep*, suggesting stealthiness, shows the readiness with which Shakespeare turns every impression to his own use; *soft*, a metaphorical epithet, gives a wonderful vividness to stillness; *floor*, brings heaven within our view, and with the *golden patines* shows what slight things can be turned to poetic account; *motion*, revives the old but ever new conception of the music of the spheres; *young-eyed* tells us that the cherubs are not only young in appearance, but also in reality, and that their youth is to be perpetual; *vesture*, intensified by the metaphorical epithet *muddy*, is suggestive of the sin-soiled, perishable body; *grossly*, brings to mind not only the coarse nature of our bodies, but also the influence they exert in preventing a realization of our noblest aspirations; *close* implies confinement, being surrounded by an obstruction that is difficult to get out of the way.

REFERENCES TO SHAKESPEARE'S INTELLECT.

Note.—Nearly every line of this play is a reference to Shakespeare's wonderful intellect. Only such selections have been made as are not alluded to under the references to the principal characters.

Act II, Scene II, Lines 1 to 27.—We have here the character of Launcelot given in such a manner as to bring him before us in all his child-like simplicity, coupled with the little shrewdness his experience has given him. His argument with his conscience is just such as many a boy has held with himself. By following this insignificant character through the play, he will be found perfectly consistent throughout, of real flesh and blood, and true to nature.

Scene IX, Lines 41 to 49.—These lines illustrate both style and intellect. With their conciseness and perspicuity are associated metaphors almost incoherent. Think of new-varnishing the chaff and rubbish of the times! This passage shows Shakespeare's truly philosophical nature, and his perfect knowledge of the customs of his times.

Act III, Scene II, Lines 74 to 101.—Here is an epitome of the manners, customs, and modes of thought, not only of the Elizabethan era, but also of the present. Notice that Bassanio makes this speech,—a man of the world whose experience has enabled him to see human nature as it actually is. Notice also the dispassionate philosophy of the sentiments.

Scene V, 51 to 55.—This passage contains a little bit of philosophy that is very suggestive.

Act V, Scene I, Line 70 to 88.—The restraining and refining influences of music, and the effect upon human nature of its absence, are here not only philosophically but also poetically portrayed. No finer exposition of the subject can be found anywhere.

REFERENCES TO SHAKESPEARE'S STYLE.

Note.—To understand and appreciate the flexibility of Shakespeare's style it will be necessary to make a comparison of the different characters of the entire play. The other leading peculiarities are indicated by the following passages.

Act I, Scene I, 22 to 34.—The characteristic of these lines is their intensity. Shakespeare never sees any thing tranquilly.

28, 29.—These lines are so concise as at first sight to appear unintelligible.

88, 89.—Behind the words *cream* and *mantle* there is a mass of swarm-

ing ideas. Cream suggests the rising of cream upon milk, and the formation in the same way of the scum upon a stagnant pool. The effect of this is to cover the pool as with a mantle, thus enabling it to retain an unruffled surface even during a storm. There are men, then, who, by nature or cultivation, have the power of concealing every emotion, just as the mantled pool conceals every blast of wind. The expression, also, is readily seen to be very concise.

Scene II, 17 to 19.—The overloading of metaphors here makes the sense, at first glance, unintelligible. We have *hare* is *madness*, *madness* is *youth*, *meshes* are *nets* and *obstructions*, *counsel* is a *cripple*—really five metaphors in a line and a half.

53, 54.—The fickleness and frivolity of the French gentleman of Shakespeare's time could not be more briefly or strongly expressed.

87, 88.—The word *sponge* gives us a whole picture behind it.

Act II, Scene I, Lines 2, 3.—The suggestiveness of these lines is remarkable. In the first line *livery*, the dress of a servant, is the metaphorical expression for complexion, given by the Creator through the burning rays of the sun, to his subordinate creature or servant, man. This livery is shadowed, dark, bronzed,—the sober color suitable for a servant. The metaphorical epithet *burnished* illustrates the intense brilliancy of the sun. A thing is burnished when perfectly polished by means of a metal burnisher. In the second line, the popular idea of the ancients concerning the revolution of the sun around the earth, and its being much nearer to the earth in tropical regions than anywhere else, and hence hotter, is very compactly given.

Scene VI, 15 to 19.—Behind these words we have, not only one whole picture, but at least three. First, the life of a reckless youth who starts out with abundant means to gratify every desire. Second, the voyage of the gayly decorated ship that begins prosperously and ends disastrously. Third, the pathetic story of the prodigal son, Luke xv. 11 to 32.

Scene VII, 40 to 47.—The exuberance of Shakespeare's style is well illustrated in this passage.

Act III, Scene II, Lines 20, 21.—The conciseness of this sentence makes the meaning obscure. Expanded, it would read as follows: If it prove that you fail in your choice, Fortune should be made to suffer the penalty and not I, for it will be a penalty to me as severe as hell itself to lose you.

260 to 262.—From these lines it is easy to see that Shakespeare is absorbed in the present image, and that his intensity prevents his seeing any thing tranquilly.

267.—Note the comprehensiveness of the epithet *merchant-marring*.
E. L.—20.

Scene V, Lines 64 to 68.—Notwithstanding the extravagance of this hyperbole, it is not out of place, for the exuberance is Shakesperian.

Act IV, Scene I, Lines 27 to 29.—These three lines very perspicuously and concisely place Antonio's condition before us.

180 to 193.—This is the finest passage in the play. There is material here for half a dozen sermons. It would require a long argument to present the philosophical ideas contained herein.

Act V, Scene I, Lines 124 to 127.—This personification of a bright moonlight night into a personified daylight that is sick, is intensely Shakesperean. Commonplace in itself, this treatment of the notion is extremely poetical.

CONTRADICTIONS.

- (1) Act i, Scene i, 42 to 44, and 177; (2) Act i, Scene ii, 35 to 94, and 110; (3) Act i, Scene iii, 32 to 34, and Act ii, Scene v, 14, 15; (4) Act ii, Scene i, 41, 42, and Act ii, Scene ix, 12, 13, and 70, 71; (5) Act iii, Scene ii, 170 to 172, and 244 to 246.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

ANTONIO.

His Intellect.—(1) Adapted to business. Act i, Scene i, 41 to 44.

(2) Prudence blinded by affection. Act i, Scene i, 147 to 160.

(3) Deceived by Shylock's hypocrisy. Act i, Scene iii, 140, 141; 166.

(4) Practically philosophical. Act iv, Scene i, 114, 115; 263 to 267.

His Moral Nature.—(1) Generous. Act iii, Scene iii, 22, 23.

(2) Good. Act iii, Scene i, 12, 13, and Scene ii, 288 to 292.

(3) Affectionate. Act i, Scene i, 136 to 139. Act ii, Scene viii, 35 to 50. Act iii, Scene ii, 288 to 292. Scene iii, 35, 36. Scene iv, 5 to 9. Act iv, Scene i, 271 to 275.

(4) Sincere. Act ii, Scene viii, 35 to 50.

(5) Frank. Act i, Scene iii, 118 to 125.

(6) Magnanimous. Act iii, Scene ii, 314 to 317.

(7) Honest. Act iii, Scene i, 12.

(8) Opposed to usury. Act i, Scene iii, 39 to 41; 57, 58; 65, 66.

(9) Melancholy. Act i, Scene i, 6, 7; 78, 79. Act iv, Scene i, 113, 114; 276, 277.

(10) Patient and resigned. Act iv, Scene i, 10 to 13; 260 to 277.

BASSANIO.

His Intellect.—(1) Philosophical. Act iii, Scene ii, 73 to 101.

(2) Has good executive ability. Act ii, Scene ii, 104 to 107; 129, 130; 141 to 143.

(3) Has forethought. Act ii, Scene ii, 170 to 175.

(4) Easily deceived by Shylock. Act i, Scene iii, 130, 131.

(5) A scholar. Act i, Scene ii, 101.

His Moral Nature.—(1) Too proud to economize. Act i, Scene i, 122 to 125.

(2) Trusts to luck. Act i, Scene i, 140 to 144; 173 to 176.

(3) Takes advantage of friendship. Act i, Scene i, 130 to 134.

(4) Frank. Act ii, Scene ii, 166, 167. Act iii, Scene ii, 249 to 259.

(5) Energetic. Act ii, Scene ii, 189, 190.

(6) Good at making promises. Act iii, Scene ii, 184 to 186. Act iv, Scene i, 110 to 112. Act v, Scene i, 240 to 242.

(7) Knows how to flatter. Act v, Scene i, 236, 237.

(8) Generous. Act iv, Scene i, 205 to 208; 280 to 283; 315; 406 to 408.

(9) Grateful. Act v, Scene i, 134, 135.

(10) Undemonstrative. Act iii, Scene ii, 139 to 148.

PORTIA.

Her Personal Appearance.—(1) In general. Act i, Scene i, 161 to 163. Act ii, Scene vii, 39 to 48. Act iii, Scene ii, 115 to 129.

(2) Stature. Act i, Scene ii, 1, 2.

(3) Color of hair. Act i, Scene i, 169, 170. Act iii, Scene ii, 120 to 123.

Her Intellect.—(1) Philosophical. Act i, Scene ii, 11 to 19. Act ii, Scene ix, 61, 62. Act iv, Scene i, 180 to 198. Act v, Scene i, 90, 91; 93 to 97; 102 to 106.

(2) Shrewd in reading character. Act i, Scene ii, 36 to 38; 40 to 46; 48 to 54; 59 to 66; 69 to 72; 75 to 80.

(3) Practical. Act iii, Scene ii, 299 to 304.

(4) Satirical. Act i, Scene ii, 48, 49; 62 to 64; 69 to 71; 75, 76; 84 to 87. Act ii, Scene ix, 80, 81.

(5) Humorous. Act ii, Scene ix, 85; 96 to 98. Act iv, Scene ii, 15 to 17. Act v, Scene i, 170 to 176; 189 to 191; 208; 237 to 240.

(6) Has good common sense. Act iii, Scene ii, 161 to 166.

- (7) Intellect predominates. Act iii, Scene ii, 108 to 114 ; 152 to 160.
Her Moral Nature.—(1) In general. Act i, Scene i, 165 to 169.
 (2) Extremely obedient. Act iii, Scene ii, 60 to 62.
 (3) Frank and unaffected. Act iii, Scene ii, 1 to 6 ; 53 to 57.
 (4) Genuinely hospitable. Act iii, Scene ii, 220, 221. Act v, Scene i, 139 to 141 ; 259.
 (5) Generous. Act iii, Scene ii, 295 to 298 ; 302, 303.
 (6) Undemonstrative. Act v, Scene i, 129 to 132.
 (7) Has faith in good luck. Act iii, Scene ii, 41.
 (8) Can equivocate. Act ii, Scene i, 17 to 22.
 (9) Somewhat vain. Act v, Scene i, 112, 113.
 (10) Somewhat silly. Act iii, Scene iv, 62 to 78.

SHYLOCK.

- His Intellect*.—(1) Philosophical. Act iii, Scene i, 34 to 38, Act iv, Scene i, 89 to 101.
 (2) Logical. Act iv, Scene i, 89 to 101.
 (3) Cool headed. Act iv, Scene i, 138 to 141.
 (4) Sharp in business. Act i, Scene iii, 14 to 25.
 (5) Quick at repartee. Act ii, Scene v, 21. Act iv, Scene i, 66 ; 68.
His Moral Nature.—(1) True to his religion. Act i, Scene iii, 30 to 35. Act iv, Scene i, 292, 293.
 (2) Patient under persecution. Act i, Scene iii, 94 to 98.
 (3) Sensitive to wrong. Act i, Scene iii, 99 to 107. Act iii, Scene i, 47 to 54.
 (4) Loves his daughter. Act ii, Scene v, 15, 16 ; Scene viii, 15 to 17. Act iii, Scene i, 28.
 (5) Superstitious. Act ii, Scene v, 16 to 18.
 (6) Untruthful. Act i, Scene iii, 63 ; 155, 156.
 (7) Hypocritical. Act i, Scene iii, 49 ; 148 to 150.
 (8) Ironical. Act i, Scene iii, 108 to 117 ; 125 to 130.
 (9) Miserly. Act ii, Scene ii, 97, 98 ; Scene v, 3 to 5 ; 45 to 50 ; Scene viii, 15 to 21.
 (10) Extremely avaricious. Act iii, Scene i, 73 to 75 ; 92 to 94 ; 107 to 109. Act iv, Scene i, 370 to 373.
 (11) A good hater. Act i, Scene iii, 37, 38. Act ii, Scene viii, 16 ; Act iv, Scene i, 58 to 61.
 (12) Revengeful. Act i, Scene iii, 42, 43. Act iii, Scene i, 42 to 47 ; 56 to 59 ; 107 to 109 ; Scene ii, 280 to 286 ; Scene iii, 6, 7.
 (13) Malicious. Act iv, Scene i, 17 to 19.

(14) Pitiless. Act iv, Scene i, 4 to 6.

(15) Relentless. Act iv, Scene i, 36, 37; 84 to 86; 120, 121; 202, 203; 236 to 238.

(16) Heartless. Act iii, Scene iii, 1 to 3. Act iv, Scene i, 77 to 79; 98, 99; 224, 225; 248 to 258.

GRATIANO.

His Intellect.—(1) Philosophical. Act i, Scene i, 95 to 99. Act ii, Scene vi, 8 to 19.

(2) Satirical. Act iv, Scene i, 309; 313; 319; 329; 336, 337; 375.

(3) Humorous. Act i, Scene i, 108, 109. Act ii, Scene ii, 176 to 183. Act iii, Scene ii, 201 to 204; 212; 237. Act v, Scene i, 159.

His Moral Nature.—(1) Light-hearted and frivolous. Act i, Scene i, 79 to 86; 114 to 118. Act ii, Scene ii, 187, 188.

(2) Blunt in manners. Act ii, Scene ii, 167.

(3) Truthful. Act v, Scene i, 142, 143; 161 to 165.

(4) Extremely frank. Act i, Scene i, 73 to 76; 86 to 94. Act iv, Scene i, 360 to 363. Act v, Scene i, 179 to 184.

(5) Earnest. Act iv, Scene i, 122 to 125; 127 to 137; 394, 395.

(6) Sincere. Act iv, Scene i, 286 to 288. Act v, Scene i, 144, 145.

CRITICISMS.

(1) How could Antonio so love a man? Act i, Scene i, 135 to 139. Act ii, Scene viii, 46 to 50. Act iii, Scene ii, 313 to 317. Act iv, Scene i, 271 to 273.

(2) Is not going to Shylock to borrow the money a defect in Shakespeare's art? Act i, Scene iii, 1 to 3. Act iii, Scene ii, 275 to 277.

(3) Would Shylock make such a confession to Antonio? Act i, Scene iii, 84.

(4) Why is the episode of Lorenzo and Jessica introduced? Act ii, Scene iii.

(5) Does Jessica give this ducat for the sake of friendship? Act ii, Scene iii, 4.

(6) Is this natural? Act ii, Scene iii, 15 to 17.

(7) Did Shylock "contrive" against Antonio's life? Act i, Scene iii, 123. Act iv, Scene i, 348, 349; 354 to 357.

(8) Why did not Shylock manifest this exultation after line 34, Act iii, Scene i? Act iii, Scene i, 83.

(9) Does Portia do most of the love-making? Act iii, Scene ii, 10 to 20; 249 to 251.

(10) Was the bond a legal one? Act i, Scene iii, 134 to 139. Act iv, Scene i, 35 to 39.

(11) Does the bond say "nearest his heart"? Act i, Scene iii, 136 to 139. Act iv, Scene i, 228, 229; 249, 250.

(12) What is the connection between Bassanio and Gratiano? Act ii, Scene ii, 164, 165. Act iii, Scene ii, 190 to 195.

(13) This is the turning point of the plot. Why can we believe that Antonio will not be hurt, and that Shylock will be defeated in his purpose?

(14) Is Portia correct in this estimate of Antonio? Does the likeness between persons tend to promote friendship? Act iii, Scene iv, 16 to 18.

(15) Would Shylock make such a statement in court? Act iv, Scene i, 58 to 61.

(16) Could Portia so completely disguise herself? Act iv, Scene i, 164.

(17) Is not this decision purely technical? Act iv, Scene i, 302 to 308; 321 to 328.

(18) Would Shylock say this to save his life? Act iv, Scene i, 390.

(19) Did Portia have large hands? Act iv, Scene i, 422.

(20) Why is this scene introduced? Act iv, Scene ii.

(21) Why is Act v always omitted in the presentation of this play on the stage?

CHAPTER V.

FRANCIS BACON—1560-1626.

"The age was one in which knowledge was passing to fields of inquiry which had till then been unknown, in which Kepler and Galileo were creating modern astronomy, in which Descartes was revealing the laws of motion, and Harvey the circulation of the blood."—*Green, "History of the English People."*

"If the imaginative resources of the new England were seen in the creators of "Hamlet" and the "Faery Queene," its purely intellectual capacity, its vast command over the stores of human knowledge, the amazing sense of its own powers with which it dealt with them, were seen in the work of Francis Bacon."—*Ibid.*

"If he failed in revealing the method of experimental research, Bacon was the first to proclaim the existence of a Philosophy of Science, to insist on the unity of knowledge and inquiry throughout the physical world, to give dignity by the large and noble temper in which he treated them to the petty details of experiment in which science had to begin, to clear a way for it by setting scornfully aside the traditions of the past, to claim for it its true rank and value, and to point to the enormous results which its culture would bring, in increasing the power and happiness of mankind."

Contemporaries.—Like Shakespeare, Bacon stands almost alone among his contemporaries, not one of them having exerted any direct influence upon him. In science, he ignored all past and recent work. In history, the labors of Spenser, Raleigh, and William Camden may have given him some suggestions. In politics, Machiavelli, who died in 1527, comes nearer to a positive influence than any one else, because the characters of the two men had some strong points of resemblance. In essay writing, Montaigne was purely suggestive to Bacon.

Morals.—The reign of James I., during which the greater portion of Bacon's literary work was done, marks a decided

degradation of morals. The example and literary work of the king promoted this. The looseness of the time of Charles II. does not surpass this period.

Intellect.—This is the culmination of the impulse given during the latter half of the reign of Elizabeth. Nearly every department of literature had one or more able representatives.

Life.—Bacon's father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal under Elizabeth. His mother was Anne, a daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, a woman "exquisitely skilled in the Latin and Greek tongues."

When a young boy, Queen Elizabeth was quite fond of Bacon, often calling him her young lord-keeper. He was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of thirteen, and left there before he was sixteen. At sixteen he acquired his dislike of Aristotle's method of philosophy. He was in France in 1579, when his father died and left him largely to depend upon his own resources. He then adopted the profession of the law, and, although he said it was a secondary object, he became distinguished in that profession. As he preferred statesmanship to law, he worked hard to secure political position. Elizabeth gave him nothing but a reversion, in 1589, to the office of Register in the Court of Star Chamber, for which he had to wait twenty years. In 1584 he entered parliament, where he distinguished himself by his oratory. Ben Jonson says: "No man ever spoke more neatly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end." He so offended the queen by one of his speeches that, although treated by her in a friendly way, she never gave him an office. Under King James I. he was raised "thrice in dignity and six times in office." His dignities were: Knight, 1603; Baron Verulam, of Verulam, 1618; Viscount St. Alban, 1620. His two highest offices were: Lord-Keeper, 1617; Lord Chancellor, 1618. His income, after his rise in

office, was about £2400 per annum. The Earl of Essex, then the favorite of Elizabeth, was the best friend he had. He gave Bacon an estate valued at £1800, and worked hard for two or three years to restore him to the favor of the Queen. When Essex was tried, in 1601, Bacon took part against him, and assisted in his conviction. For this act of treachery, no good excuse has ever been given. In 1606 Bacon married Alice Barnham, daughter of a London alderman, by which marriage he added £220 a year to his income. He had no children. By a codicil to his will he revoked all he had given to his wife, "for just and grave causes." In 1621 there were twenty-three specific acts of corruption charged against him, to all of which he pleaded guilty, saying to the judges: "I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." His principal offense was the taking of presents from persons who had suits in his court, in some cases while the suits were still pending. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure; to be forever incapable of sitting in parliament or holding office in the state; and to be banished for life from the verge of the court. The king remitted his fine and imprisonment. Bacon admitted the justice of his sentence, but always denied that he had been an unjust judge. He said: "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years; but it was the justest censure in parliament that was these two hundred years."

The last five years of his life were devoted entirely to literary work. He was a voluminous writer. Nearly all of his works were first written in Latin. The "Essays" were first written in English and subsequently translated into Latin. The character of his writings is either historical or philosophical. He was an invalid all his life. He died of a fever.

Character in General.—He was by nature shy, retiring, and nervous. E. A. Abbott says: "He was singularly inexact, and by nature indifferent to details; and however strenuously he may have labored to remedy this defect, yet a defect

it always remained, seriously influencing his philosophic investigations, his statesmanship, and his morals." "To the end of his life, with all his parade of account-books and note-books, his servants remained uncontrolled, and his household loosely supervised." John Morley says: "Without hatreds or warm affections, preferring always a kind course to an unkind one, but yielding easily to stubborn facts in his search for prosperity, Bacon failed as a man, although he had no active evil in his character, for want of a few generous enthusiasms." "He was a kind master, attended church frequently, was free from malice, was no revenger of injuries, defamed no man."

Moral Nature.—Bacon was deficient in moral sensibility. In his political life, "he contributed nothing of the better advice or faithful service that might have averted the coming civil war. He did worse than nothing. He degraded himself, he injured his country and posterity by tarnishing the honorable traditions of the bench; he lowered morality, and shook the faith of human kind in human nature by making himself an ever memorable warning of the compatibility of greatness and weakness." "His closeness to the throne, his dependence upon court favor, his eagerness for office, his suppleness of temper, and his undoubted respect for James and desire to retain the royal esteem, biased him unduly to the side of the crown." "He liked Essex; indeed, he liked almost every one with whom he was brought into close intercourse; but he loved, and could love, no one." "Science is his substitute for love, for friendship, we may almost say for religion itself." He did not like the Puritans, nor the high-churchmen, nor the Catholics. Although the tone of his writings is often religious, he did not care much for the Christian religion, as the following quotation will show: "The Christian religion excludeth and interdicteth human reason, whether by interpretation or anticipation, from examining or discussing of the mysteries and principles of faith."

Imagination.—This was completely overshadowed by his

intellect. He was almost entirely destitute of poetic fancy. All his enthusiasms have the cold glitter of logic about them. Without warmth of nature there can be little poetic fervor. Had he attempted poetry, the requirements of metrical arrangement would have been a serious clog to him. This is very manifest in the seven psalms which he turned into metrical form, and the two very brief poems that have been attributed to him.

Intellect.—In the perfection of the logical faculty and in extent of grasp, his intellect towered above all his contemporaries. He was a born philosopher. “His opinions and assertions were for the most part binding, and not contradicted by any; rather like oracles than discourses.” According to Dr. Rawley, his biographer, Bacon possessed sharpness of wit, memory, judgment, and oratory. Taine says: “Bacon had the most comprehensive, sensible, originaive mind of the age.” His intellect was pre-eminently practical, abounding in strong common sense. “Shakespeare and the seers do not contain more vigorous or expressive condensations of thought, more resembling inspiration. In short, his process is that of the creators: it is intuition, not reasoning.” Craik says: “The acknowledgment that he was intellectually one of the most colossal of the sons of men, has been nearly unanimous.” The magnitude of his intellect forced him to ignore details. Hence: “He taught men how to discover natural laws, but discovered none himself.”

Aims.—Green says: “He had great social and political ideas to realize,—the reform and codification of the law, the civilization of Ireland, the purification of the church, the union—at later times—of Scotland and England, educational projects, projects of material improvement, and the like.” “It was against received authority and accepted tradition in matters of inquiry that his whole system [of philosophy] protested; what he urged was the need of making belief rest strictly on proof, and proof rest on the conclusions drawn from evidence



Bacon.

by reason." E. A. Abbott says: "To break down forever the authority of the school philosophy; to reveal the inherent infirmities and the pitfalls that beset the human mind in its journey towards knowledge; to hold up to deserved contempt the barrenness of the unaided syllogism; to trace and formulate the natural steps of the rightly guided mind, and to give to each step substance and a name,—this in itself was no mean achievement, but it was not the largest debt we owe to Bacon."

Style.—Bacon's style is chiefly remarkable for its smoothness, clearness, and extreme conciseness. Taine says: "He had a style of admirable richness, gravity, and vigor, now solemn and symmetrical, now concise and piercing, always elaborate and full of color." Dr. Rawley says: "In the com-

posing of his books he did rather drive at a masculine and clear expression than at any fineness or affectation of phrases, and would often ask if the meaning were expressed plainly enough, as being one that accounted words to be but subvenient or immaterial to matter, and not the principal. And if his style were polite, it was because he would do no otherwise. Neither was he given to any light conceits, or descanting upon words, but did ever purposely and industriously avoid them; for he held such things to be but digressions or diversions from the scope intended, and to derogate from the weight and dignity of the style."

Position as an Author.—In the magnitude and power of his reasoning faculties Bacon is the foremost of Englishmen. His deficiency of moral principle and imagination makes him rank below Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. "He was esteemed as a literary man more on the continent than at home." This was owing largely to the fact that he rejected all the great scientific discoveries of his own times; for the majority of scholars are not only slow but also unwilling to accept that which is new. He treated the astronomical theory of Copernicus with scorn; also the magnetic investigations of Gilbert, the laws of motion as revealed by Descartes, the theory of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, the invention of logarithms by Napier, the theory of the acceleration of falling bodies by Galileo, and the discoveries made by Kepler's calculations. Green says: "In spite, however, of his inadequate appreciation either of the old philosophy or the new, the almost unanimous voice of later ages has attributed, and justly attributed, to the "*Novum Organum*" a decisive influence on the development of modern science." R. L. Ellis says: "But the greatest of all services which Bacon rendered to natural philosophy was, that he perpetually enforced the necessity of laying aside all preconceived opinions and learning to be a follower of nature." Macaulay sets Bacon above all philosophers, and decides that genuine science dates from him.

Principal Works.—Although a somewhat voluminous author, Bacon's literary work is largely fragmentary. His two greatest works are the "Essays" and the "Novum Organum." His "History of the Reign of Henry VII" is remarkable for its having been written in five months (June to October, 1621) without access to much original material, and yet possessing a historical value of great use to subsequent historians.

The "Essays" are the finest examples in English of that kind of writing. They are fifty-eight in number, and their composition extends through his life. In 1597 he published the first ten. Their subjects are as follows: (1) Of Studies. (2) Of Discourse. (3) Of Ceremonies and Respects. (4) Of Followers and Friends. (5) Of Suitors. (6) Of Experience. (7) Of Regiment of Health. (8) Of Honor and Reputation. (9) Of Faction. (10) Of Negotiating. In 1612 he increased this number to thirty-eight; and in 1625 he published the third and last edition, containing fifty-eight essays. E. A. Abbott says these essays "are not the results of his reading, nor the dreams or theories of his philosophy: they are the brief jottings of his experience of men and things."

The "Novum Organum" was to have been the second part of Bacon's immense work involving all human knowledge, and to be called the "Instauratio Magna." This was to be written in Latin, and the six divisions were to be as follows: (1) *The Divisions of the Sciences*. This was to be "a summary or general description of the knowledge which the human race at present possesses." In regard to this subject Bacon says: "In laying out the divisions of the sciences, however, I take into account not only things already invented or known, but likewise things omitted which ought to be there." This first part of the "Instauratio" is represented by the "De Augmentis," which is a translation with large additions made in 1623, of the "Advancement of Learning," published in 1605.

(2) *The Novum Organum, or Directions concerning the Interpretation of Nature*.

(3) *The Phenomena of the Universe, or a Natural and Experimental History for the Foundation of Philosophy.* This "embraces the phenomena of the universe; that is to say, experience of every kind, and such a natural history as may serve for a foundation to build philosophy upon."

(4) *The Ladder of the Intellect.* This was to consist of "actual types and models, by which the entire process of the mind and the whole fabric and order of invention from the beginning to the end, in certain subjects, and those various and remarkable, should be set, as it were, before the ages."

(5) *The Forerunners, or Anticipations of the New Philosophy.* This was to include, as Bacon says, "such things as I have myself discovered, proved, or added; not, however, according to the true rules and methods of interpretation, but by the ordinary use of the understanding in inquiring and discovering." To these conclusions "I do not mean to bind myself."

(6) *The New Philosophy, or Active Science.* This "discloses and sets forth that philosophy which by the legitimate, chaste, and severe course of inquiry which I have explained and provided, is at length developed and established. The completion, however, of this last part is a thing both above my strength and beyond my hopes."

The "Novum Organum" was published in 1620. It consists of two books, and is arranged in a series of aphorisms. The first book is introductory, and contains, first, a classification of the different hinderances or false notions in the way of scientific development. These false notions Bacon calls idols. The first group he calls *Idols of the Tribe*. These "take their rise either from the homogeneity of the substance of the human spirit, or from its pre-occupation, or from its narrowness, or from its restless motion, or from an infusion of the affections, or from the incompetency of the senses, or from the mode of impression." As an illustration of this group, Bacon says: "Men become attached to certain particular sciences and speculations, either because they fancy themselves the authors and

inventors thereof, or because they have bestowed the greatest pains upon them and become most habituated to them."

The second group is called *Idols of the Cave*. These "are the idols of the individual man. For every one has a cave or den of his own, owing to his own peculiar nature, to education or conversation with others, to the reading of books and authority of those he esteems and admires, to differences of impressions." These idols "grow, for the most part, either out of the predominance of a favorite subject, or out of an excessive tendency to compare or to distinguish, or out of partiality for particular ages, or out of the largeness or minuteness of the objects contemplated."

The third group is named *Idols of the Market-Place*. These are "formed by the intercourse and association of men with each other." They "are the most troublesome of all, for they have crept into the understanding through the alliances of words and names. For men believe that their reason governs words; but it is also true that reason reacts on the understanding. Whence it comes to pass that the high and formal discussions of learned men end oftentimes in disputes about words and names."

The fourth and last group Bacon calls *Idols of the Theatre*. These "have immigrated into men's minds from the various dogmas of philosophies, and also from wrong laws of demonstration. These I call Idols of the Theatre; because, in my judgment, all the received systems are but so many stage plays, representing worlds of their own creation after an unreal and scenic fashion. . . . Idols of the Theatre, or of Systems, are many, and there can be, and perhaps will be yet many more. In general, however, there is taken for the material of philosophy either a great deal out of a few things, or a very little out of many things. . . . This false philosophy is of three kinds: the Sophistical, the Empirical, and the Superstitious. . . . The most conspicuous example of the first class was Aristotle, who corrupted natural philosophy by his logic.

. . . Nor let any weight be given to the fact that in his books on animals and his problems, and other of his treatises, there is frequent dealing with experiments, for he had come to his conclusion before. The Empirical school of philosophy has its foundations not in the light of common notions, but in the narrowness and darkness of a few experiments. Of this there is a notable instance in the alchemists and their dogmas; though it is hardly to be found elsewhere in these times, except, perhaps, in the philosophy of Gilbert. But the corruption of philosophy by superstition and an admixture of theology is far more widely spread, and does the greatest harm, whether to entire systems or to their parts." The works of Pythagoras and Plato are given as examples, and "some of the moderns have, with extreme levity, indulged so far as to attempt to found a system of natural philosophy on the first chapter of Genesis, on the book of Job, and other parts of the sacred writings, seeking for the dead among the living."

Following the explanation of the four different idols come *the signs of defective ancient philosophies*. These are six in number: (1) The wisdom of the Greeks,—the originators of most of the sciences,—was "professorial, and much given to disputation, a kind of wisdom most adverse to the inquisition of truth." (2) At that period the Greeks "had but a narrow and meager knowledge of time and place." (3) The fruits of their philosophy are almost valueless. "There can hardly, after the lapse of so many years, be adduced a single experiment which tends to relieve and benefit the condition of man." (4) The increase and progress of systems and sciences also furnish signs. "The old sciences stand where they did and remain almost in the same condition, thriving most under their first founder, and then declining. (5) Another sign is the confession of the ancient authorities themselves "of the subtlety of nature, the obscurity of things, and the weakness of the human mind." (6) The last sign is the disagreement among the ancient philosophers themselves.

Next, Bacon gives *the causes of the errors among the ancient philosophers*. There are eleven of these. (1) Only six out of the twenty-five centuries over which the learning of men extends, "were fertile in sciences or favorable to their development." (2) During this time "the least part of their diligence was given to natural philosophy." (3) Even among those who attended to philosophy, it was made merely "a passage and bridge to something else." (4) They did not keep the right object in view. "The true and lawful goal of the sciences is none other than this: that human life be endowed with new discoveries and powers." Men "neither take nor look for any thing more than what they may turn to use in their lectures, or to gain, or to reputation, or to some similar advantage." (5) Men have been kept back "by reverence for antiquity, by the authority of men accounted great in philosophy, and then by general consent." (6) This admiration of authority "has been increased by the craft and artifices of those who have handled and transmitted sciences." (7) The levity of those who have propounded new systems has increased their reputation. (8) Knowledge has suffered greatly "from littleness of spirit and the smallness and slightness of the tasks which human industry has proposed to itself. And this very littleness of spirit comes with an air of arrogance and superiority." (9) "Philosophy has had a troublesome adversary and hard to deal with; namely, superstition, and the blind and immoderate zeal of religion." "Some are weakly afraid lest a deeper search into nature should transgress the permitted limits of sober-mindedness; wrongfully wresting and transferring what is said in Holy Writ against those who pry into sacred mysteries, to the hidden things of nature, which are barred by no prohibition. Others, with more subtlety, surmise and reflect that if sacred causes are unknown, every thing can more readily be referred to the divine hand and rod; a point in which they think religion greatly concerned; which is, in fact, nothing else but to seek to gratify God with a lie.

Others fear from past example that movements and changes in philosophy will end in assaults on religion. And others, again, appear apprehensive that in the investigation of nature something may be found to subvert or at least shake the authority of religion, especially with the unlearned." (10) "In the customs and institutions of schools, academies, colleges, every thing is found adverse to the progress of science." (11) "Men despair, and think things impossible."

The hopes for the future, follow. Bacon gives twelve of them. (1) "That which is the worst thing in reference to the past, ought to be regarded as best for the future." (2) "From a closer league of the experimental and the rational (such as has never yet been made) much may be hoped." (3) So, also, "when natural history, the foundation of philosophy, has been drawn upon a better plan." (4) Also, by collecting a variety of experiments which may simply serve to discover causes and axioms. (5) By making careful records of these experiments and classifying them. (6) "We may hope well of the sciences when, by successive steps, we rise from particulars to lesser axioms, and then to middle axioms, one above the other, and, last of all, to the most general." (7) But induction must analyze nature by proper rejections and exclusions. (8) The branches of knowledge must not be cut off from the stem,—natural philosophy. (9) Scientific men should make useful discoveries their business. (10) Another hope is that "some of the inventions already known are such as, before they were discovered, it could hardly have entered any man's head to think of. . . . If, for instance, before the invention of ordnance, a man had described the thing by its effects, and said there was a new invention, by means of which the strongest walls and towns could be shaken and thrown down at a great distance; men would doubtless have begun to think over all the ways of multiplying the force of catapults and mechanical engines by weights and wheels and such machinery for ramming and projecting; but the notion of a fiery blast sud-

denly and violently expanding and exploding would hardly have entered into any man's imagination or fancy. . . In the same way, if, before the discovery of silk, any one had said that there was a kind of thread discovered for the purposes of dress and furniture, which far surpassed the thread of linen or of wool in fineness and at the same time in strength, and also in beauty and softness; men would have begun immediately to think of some silky kind of vegetable, or the finer down of some animal, or of the feathers and down of birds; but of a web woven by a tiny worm, and that in such abundance, and renewing itself yearly, they would assuredly never have thought. . . . So again, if before the discovery of the magnet, any one had said that a certain instrument had been invented, by means of which the quarters and points of the heavens could be taken and distinguished with exactness; men would have been carried by their conjectures concerning the more exquisite construction of astronomical instruments; but that any thing could be discovered agreeing so well in its movements with the heavenly bodies, and yet not a heavenly body itself, but simply a substance of metal or stone, would have been judged altogether incredible. . . . For want of observing that although it is more difficult to arrange types of letters than to write letters by the motion of the hand, there is yet this difference between the two, that types once arranged serve for innumerable impressions, but letters written with the hand for a single copy only; or perhaps, again, for want of observing that ink can be so thickened as to colour without running, (particularly when the letters face upward and the impression is made from above) men went for so many ages without this most beautiful discovery." (11) Another hope is: "There is a great mass of inventions still remaining, which not only by means of operations that are yet to be discovered, but also through the transferring, comparing and applying of those already known may be deduced and brought to life." (12) A last hope is: "If but a small part of the expenditure of under-

standing, time, and means on matters and pursuits of far less value, were directed to sound and solid studies, there is no difficulty that might not be overcome."

Bacon next enumerates the eight *objects he has in view*. (1) "My purpose is to try whether I can not in very fact lay more firmly the foundations, and extend more widely the limits of the power and greatness of man." (2) "My course and method is this: from works and experiments to extract causes and axioms, and again from these causes and axioms new works and experiments, as a legitimate interpreter of nature." (3) "In my judgment philosophy has been hindered by nothing more than this,—that things of familiar and frequent occurrence do not arrest and detain the thoughts of men, but are received in passing without any inquiry into their causes." (4) Referring to the introduction of "things that are mean or even filthy," Bacon says: "I am not raising a capitol or pyramid to the pride of man, but laying a foundation in the human understanding for a holy temple after the model of the world." (5) Concerning the many things that may "seem to be curiously and unprofitably subtle, at first and for a time I am seeking for experiments of light, not for experiments of fruit." (6) "My way of discovering science goes far to level men's wits, and leave but little to individual excellence; because it performs every thing by the surest rules and demonstrations." (7) "I am building in the human understanding a true model of the world, and as it is in fact, not such as man's own reason would have it to be." (8) "I do not take away authority from the sciences, but supply them with helps; I do not slight the understanding, but govern it."

The First Book concludes with *the excellency of the end in view*: "The introduction of famous discoveries appears to hold by far the first place among human actions Again, it is well to observe the force and virtue and consequences of discoveries; and these are to be seen nowhere more conspicuously than in those three which were unknown to the ancients,

and of which the origin, though recent, is obscure and inglorious; namely, printing, gunpowder, and the magnet. For these three have changed the whole face and state of things throughout the world, the first in literature, the second in warfare, the third in navigation. . . . The empire of man over things depends wholly on the arts and sciences. For we can not command nature except by obeying her. . . . The very contemplation of things as they are, without superstition or imposture, error or confusion, is in itself more worthy than all the fruits of inventions."

Book Second was to contain Bacon's art of interpreting nature. It is, however, only a fragment of what was contemplated. Bacon first considers the subject of forms. He then takes up what he calls the latent process and latent configuration, explains how tables and the arrangement of instances may be made, and in illustration of his method of induction discusses the form of heat. He gives twenty-eight "instances agreeing in the nature of heat, or the Table of Essence and Presence;" thirty-two instances in which the given nature is wanting; forty-one instances that form the "Tables of Degrees or Comparison in Heat;" and, finally, fourteen instances of "Exclusion or Rejection of Natures from the Form of Heat." His conclusion that heat is a motion he calls the "Indulgence of the Understanding, or the Commencement of Interpretation, or the First Vintage."

Following this introduction come *Prerogative Instances*. By this term he means the most prominent, or the most worthy. He discusses, somewhat elaborately, twenty-seven of these instances, to most of which he gives fanciful names. It is not known how he intended to make use of these, as the remaining topics of the book,—*Supports of Induction*,—*Rectification of Induction*,—*Varying the Investigation according to the nature of the Subject*,—*Prerogative Natures*,—*Limits of Investigation*,—*Application to Practice*,—*Preparations for Investigation*,—*The Ascending and Descending Scale of Axioms*,—were never written.

FIVE ESSAYS

SELECTED FROM BACON.

XXXIV.

OF RICHES.

I can not call riches better than the baggage of virtue : the Roman word is better—*impedimenta* ; for, as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue—it can not be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march ; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution ; the rest is but conceit ; so saith Solomon : “ Where much is, there are many to consume it ; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes ? ” The personal
10 fruition in any man can not reach to feel great riches ; there is a custody of them, or a power of dole, and donative of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner.

Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities, and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches ? But then, you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles ; as Solomon saith :
20 “ Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man. ” But this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact ; for, certainly, great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly,
(327)

use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly; yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them; but distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, "*In studio rei amplificandæ, apparebat, non avaritiæ prædam, sed instrumentum bonitati quæri.*" Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches. *Qui festinat ad divitias, non erit insons.*

30 The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps and goes slowly, but when he is sent from Pluto he runs and is swift of foot; meaning that riches gotten by good means and just labor pace slowly, but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man: but it might be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil; for when riches come from the devil (as by fraud and oppression and unjust means), they
40 come upon speed.

The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul: parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches, for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but it is slow: and yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time—a great grazier, a great sheep-
50 master, a great timber-man, a great collier, a great corn-master, a great lead-man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry; so as the earth seemed a sea to him in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, "That himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches;" for when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains, which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he can not but increase mainly.

- 60 The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things, chiefly—by diligence and by a good name for good and fair dealing; but the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others' necessity; broke by servants, and instruments to draw them on; put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices which are crafty and naught. As for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer.
- 70 Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst, as that whereby a man doth eat his bread *in sudore vultus alieni*, and besides doth plow upon Sundays: but yet, certain though it be, it hath flaws; for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men to serve their own turn.

The fortune in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches; as it was with the first sugar-man in the Canaries:

80 therefore, if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches; and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty; it is good, therefore, to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption of wares for re-sale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich, especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request,

90 and so store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service, though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, they may be placed among the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorsships, (as Tacitus sayeth of Seneca, *Testamenta et orbos tanquam indagine capi*,) it is yet worse,

by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service.

Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse
 100 when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great estate left to an heir, is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better stablished in years and judgment; likewise, glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt, and but the painted sepulchres of alms, which soon will putrify and corrupt in-
 110 wardly. Therefore, measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than his own.

XLII.

OF YOUTH AND AGE.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second, for there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely.

Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have
 10 passed the meridian of their years; as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimius Severus, of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus, plenam*; and

yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmus, Duke of Florence, Gaston de Foix, and others.

On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business; for the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them, but in new things abuseth them.

The errors of young men are the ruin of business, but the errors of aged men amount but to this—that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them; like an unready horse that will neither stop nor turn.

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.

Certainly it is good to compound employments of both. For that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth.

But, for the moral part, perhaps, youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain Rabbín, upon the text, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth that young

men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And, certainly, the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections.

There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes. These are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned; such as was Hermogenes, the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterward waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions which have better grace in youth than in age; such as is a fluent and luxurious speech, which becomes youth well, but not age. So Tully saith of Hortensius, *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat*. The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold. As was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebant*.

 XLIII.

OF BEAUTY.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set; and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features, and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect; neither is it almost seen that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue, as if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labor to produce excellency, and therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit, and study rather behavior than virtue. But this holds not always; for Augustus Cæsar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward the Fourth of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael the Sophy of Persia, were all high and great spirits, and yet the most beautiful men of their times.

- In beauty, that of favor is more than that of color, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favor. That is the best part of beauty which a picture can not express—no, nor the first sight of life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man can not tell whether Apelles or Albert
 20 Durer were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions—the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them—not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was, but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that if you examine them part by part you shall find never a good, and yet all together do well.
- 30 If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more amiable: *Pulchrorum autumnus pulcher*—for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and can not last, and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtue shine and vices blush.

L.

OF STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for, expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of

affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by
10 their rules, is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and
20 take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like
30 common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: *Abeunt studia in mores*. Nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may
40 have appropriate exercises—bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like; so, if a

man's wits be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores*; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases—so every defect of the mind may
50 have a special receipt.

LVIII.

OF VICISSITUDES OF THINGS.

Solomon saith, "There is no new thing upon the earth:" so that as Plato had an imagination that all knowledge was but remembrance, so Solomon giveth his sentence, "That all novelty is but oblivion;" whereby you may see that the river of Lethe runneth as well above ground as below. There is an abstruse astrologer that saith, "If it were not for two things that are constant (the one is that the fixed stars ever stand at like distance one from another, and never come nearer together, nor go farther asunder; the
10 other that the diurnal motion perpetually keepeth time), no individual would last one moment." Certain it is, that matter is ever in a perpetual flux, and never at a stay.

The great winding-sheets that bury all things in oblivion are two—deluges and earthquakes. As for conflagrations and great droughts, they do not merely dispeople and destroy. Phaëton's car went but a day; and the three years' drought, in the time of Elias, was but particular, and left people alive. As for the great burnings by lightnings, which are often in the West Indies, they are but narrow;
20 but in the other two destructions, by deluge and earthquake, it is further to be noted that the remnant of people which hap to be reserved, are commonly ignorant and mountainous people, that can give no account of the time

past; so that the oblivion is all one, as if none had been left. If you consider well of the people of the West Indies, it is very probable that they are a newer or a younger people than the people of the Old World; and it is much more likely that the destruction that hath heretofore been there, was not by earthquakes (as the Ægyptian priest told
 30 Solon, concerning the island of Atlantis, that it was swallowed up by an earthquake), but rather that it was desolated by a particular deluge—for earthquakes are seldom in those parts; but on the other side they have such pouring rivers, as the rivers of Asia and Africk and Europe are but brooks to them. Their Andes, likewise, or mountains, are far higher than those with us; whereby it seems that the remnants of generations of men were in such a particular deluge saved. As for the observation that Machiavel hath, that the jealousy of sects doth much extinguish the memory
 40 of things—trading Gregory the Great, that he did what in him lay to extinguish all heathen antiquities—I do not find that those zeals do any great effects, nor last long; as it appeared in the succession of Sabinian, who did revive the former antiquities.

The vicissitudes, or mutations, in the superior globe, are no fit matter for this present argument. It may be, Plato's great year, if the world should last so long, would have some effect, not in renewing the state of like individuals (for that is the fume of those that conceive the celestial
 50 bodies have more accurate influences upon these things below than indeed they have), but in gross. Comets, out of question, have likewise power and effect over the gross and mass of things; but they are rather gazed upon, and waited upon in their journey, than wisely observed in their effects, especially in their respective effects; that is, what kind of comet, for magnitude, color, version of the beams, placing in the region of heaven or lasting, produceth what kind of effects.

There is a toy, which I have heard, and I would not

60 have it given over, but waited upon a little. They say it is observed in the Low Countries (I know not in what part), that every five and thirty years the same kind and suit of years and weathers comes about again; as great frosts, great wet, great droughts, warm winters, summers with little heat, and the like; and they call it the *prime*. It is a thing I do the rather mention, because, computing backwards, I have found some concurrence.

But to leave these points of nature, and to come to men. The greatest vicissitude of things amongst men is the vicissitude of sects and religions; for those orbs rule in men's
70 minds most. The true religion is built upon the rock; the rest are tossed upon the waves of time. To speak, therefore, of the causes of new sects, and to give some counsel concerning them, as far as the weakness of human judgment can give stay to so great revolutions. .

When the religion formerly received is rent by discords; and when the holiness of the professors of religion is decayed and full of scandal, and withal the times be stupid, ignorant, and barbarous, you may doubt the springing up
80 of a new sect; if then, also, there should arise any extravagant and strange spirit to make himself author thereof—all which points held when Mahomet published his law. If a new sect have not two properties, fear it not, for it will not spread: the one is the supplanting, or the opposing of authority established—for nothing is more popular than that; the other is the giving licence to pleasures and a voluptuous life: for as for speculative heresies (such as were in ancient times the Arians, and now the Arminians), though they work mightily upon men's wits, yet they do not produce
90 any great alterations in states, except it be by the help of civil occasions. There be three manner of plantations of new sects—by the power of signs and miracles; by the eloquence and wisdom of speech and persuasion; and by the sword. For martyrdoms, I reckon them amongst miracles, because they seem to exceed the strength of

human nature; and I may do the like of superlative and admirable holiness of life. Surely there is no better way to stop the rising of new sects and schisms than to reform abuses; to compound the smaller differences; to proceed
 100 mildly, and not with sanguinary persecutions; and rather to take off the principal authors, by winning and advancing them, than to enrage them by violence and bitterness.

The changes and vicissitudes in wars are many, but chiefly in three things; in the seats or stages of the war, in the weapons, and in the manner of the conduct. Wars, in ancient time, seemed more to move from east to west; for the Persians, Assyrians, Arabians, Tartars (which were the invaders), were all eastern people. It is true the Gauls were western; but we read but of two incursions of theirs—the one
 110 to Gallo-Græcia, the other to Rome; but east and west have no certain points of heaven, and no more have the wars, either from the east or west, any certainty of observation; but north and south are fixed; and it hath seldom or never been seen that the far southern people have invaded the northern, but contrariwise—whereby it is manifest that the northern tract of the world is in nature the more martial region—be it in respect of the stars of that hemisphere, or of the great continents that are upon the north; whereas the south part, for aught that is known, is almost all sea, or
 120 (which is most apparent) of the cold of the northern parts, which is that which, without aid of discipline, doth make the bodies hardest and the courages warmest.

Upon the breaking and shivering of a great state and empire, you may be sure to have wars; for great empires, while they stand, do enervate and destroy the forces of the natives which they have subdued, resting upon their own protecting forces; and then when they fail, also, all goes to ruin, and they become a prey; so was it in the decay of the Roman empire, and likewise in the empire of Almaine, after
 130 Charles the Great, every bird taking a feather, and were not unlike to befall to Spain, if it should break. The great ac-

cessions and unions of kingdoms do likewise stir up wars; for when a state grows to an over power, it is like a great flood, that will be sure to overflow, as it hath been seen in the states of Rome, Turkey, Spain, and others. Look when the world hath fewest barbarous people, but such as commonly will not marry, or generate, except they know means to live (as it is almost everywhere at this day, except Tartary), there is no danger of inundations of people; but when there
 140 be great shoals of people, which go on to populate, without foreseeing means of life and sustentation, it is of necessity that once in an age or two they discharge a portion of their people upon other nations, which the ancient northern people were wont to do by lot—casting lots what part should stay at home, and what should seek their fortunes. When a warlike state grows soft and effeminate, they may be sure of a war; for commonly such states are grown rich in the time of their degenerating; and so the prey inviteth, and their decay in valor encourageth a war.

150 As for the weapons, it hardly falleth under rule and observation; yet we see even they have returns and vicissitudes; for certain it is that ordnance was known in the city of the Oxidrakes in India, and was that which the Macedonians called thunder and lightning and magic; and it is well known that the use of ordnance hath been in China above two thousand years. The conditions of weapons and their improvements are, first, the fetching afar off, for that outruns the danger, as it is seen in ordnance and muskets; secondly, the strength of the percussion, wherein, likewise, ordnance
 160 do exceed all arietations and ancient inventions; the third is, the commodious use of them, as that they may serve in all weathers; that the carriage may be light and manageable, and the like.

For the conduct of the war: at the first, men rested extremely upon number; they did put the wars likewise upon main force and valor, pointing days for pitched fields, and so trying it out upon an even match, and they were more

ignorant in ranging and arraying their battles. After, they grew to rest upon number rather competent than vast; they
 170 grew to advantages of place, cunning diversions, and the like, and they grew more skillful in the ordering of their battles.

In the youth of a state, arms do flourish; in the middle age of a state, learning, and then both together for a time; in the declining age of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise. Learning hath its infancy, when it is but beginning, and almost childish; then his youth, when it is luxuriant and juvenile; then his strength of years, when it is solid and reduced; and lastly, his old age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust. But it is not good to look too long upon
 180 these turning wheels of vicissitude, lest we become giddy. As for the philology of them, that is but a circle of tales, and, therefore, not fit for this writing.

VERBAL REFERENCES.

OF RICHES.

Published 1612. Edition of 1612 does not contain lines 28 to 97. Line 5: **disturbeth**, maketh uncertain.—7. **conceit**, conception, imagination.—10. **fruition**, enjoyment; **reach**, extend.—11. **dole**, distribution; **donative**, power of gift.—23. **proud riches**, riches used for mere display.—25. **abstract**, friarly, hermit-like. The mendicant friars, especially, were supposed to devote themselves to a life of poverty.—26. **Cicero**, the greatest of the Roman orators and writers. He was born 106 B. C., and murdered by the soldiers of Mark Antony, 43 B. C.; **Rabirius Posthumus**, a member of a noble Roman family.—32. **Jupiter**, god of the upper regions.—33. **Pluto**, god of the lower regions.—40. **upon**, in or on.—48. **audits**, accounts.—54. **himself**, he himself.—56. **expect**, wait for.—59. **mainly**, greatly.—64. **broke**, transact business.—66. **chapmen**, buyers.—67. **naught**, worth naught; **chopping of bargains**, bargaining by exchange of commodities.—71. **usury**, interest upon money. See Essay xli.—74. **flaws**, weak points.—75. **value**, exaggerate the fortunes of.—92. **humors**, eccentricities.—94. **Tacitus**, a Roman historian, born probably 55 A. D., died 117 A. D. He was famous also as an orator and a lawyer.—106. **stablished**, fixed. The word established is now used

instead.—107. *glorious*, ostentatious.—110. *advancements*. The Latin version has, thy gifts.

OF YOUTH AND AGE.

Published 1612. Principal change in edition of 1625 is the addition of lines 54 to 66. Line 7 : *divinely*, with heavenly inspiration.—10, 11. *Julius Cæsar*, a Roman of the gens Julia, distinguished as a general, orator, statesman, and an author. He was born 102 B. C., and was murdered by Brutus, 44 B. C. The month of July is named after him. *Septimius Severus*, born 146 A. D., died 211 A. D. He was a Roman emperor, distinguished for military and administrative ability. Gibbon considers him the principal author of the decline of the Roman empire.—14, 15. *Augustus Cæsar*, born 63 B. C., died 14 A. D. He was a great-nephew of Julius Cæsar, who treated him as his son and heir. He was the first Roman emperor. He was of a crafty nature, but possessed remarkable ability. In character he was firm and dignified. His reign is called the Augustan age. The month of August is named after him. *Cosmus*, born 1389, died 1464. He was the first of the Medici family who became governor of Florence,—a position which he held until his death. He remained a merchant all his life. He was a man of simple habits, but spent vast sums in erecting magnificent buildings. Shortly before his death he received the title of father of his country. *Gaston de Foix*, Duke of Nemours. He was a noted French general, born in 1489, and killed at the battle of Ravenna in 1512.—17. *is*. The singular verb is here used in accordance with the Latin idiom.—18. *composition*, temperament.—29. *absurdly*, unreasonably.—32. *unready*, awkward.—36. *period*, end.—42. *extern*, external.—46. *politic*, wisdom in adapting means to ends; *Rabbin*, a Jewish priest. Literally, great one, master. Here the reference is said to be to Abrabanel, a Jewish commentator.—56. *turned*, blunted.—57. *Hermogenes*, one of the Greek sophists. He lost his subtlety at the age of twenty-four.—61. *Tully*, another name for Cicero.—62. *Hortensius*, a famous Roman orator, contemporary, and at first the rival of Cicero. He became very wealthy. He was born 114 B.C., and died 50 B.C.—64. *magnanimous*, great-souled; *tract*, space.

OF BEAUTY.

Published 1612. The changes in edition of 1625 are the addition of lines 8 to 13, and 27 to 29. Line 1 : *plain set*, with a plain figure.—4. *almost*, generally.—8. *great spirit*, greatness of nature.—9, 10. *Titus*

Vespasianus, a Roman emperor, born 40 A. D., died 81 A. D. He was the son of Vespasian. He completed the conquest of Jerusalem, A. D. 70, by the capture of the city and the massacre and dispersion of its inhabitants. He became emperor in 79, the year that witnessed the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii. He was an able, noble-minded man. He it was who said whenever a day passed without his doing some good—"I have lost a day." **Philip le Bel**. Philip IV. the Fair, king of France, born 1268, died 1314. Under him the papal residence was transferred to Avignon. He suppressed the order of the Knights Templars in France with extreme cruelty. He was a perfect despot. **Edward IV**, king of England, born 1441, died 1483. He defeated the forces of King Henry VI. at Towton, in 1461. By the defection of the Earl of Warwick, Edward was compelled to flee to Holland in 1470, and Henry VI was restored. He recovered the throne by winning the battles of Barnet and Tewksbury in 1471. In his last years he was indolent and dissipated.—11. **Alcibiades**, an Athenian general and statesman, born 450 B. C., died 404 B. C. He was well born, handsome, and possessed remarkable ability, but was extremely dissipated. Socrates was the only person who had any great influence over him. He was assassinated. **Ismael**. He made himself master of Persia in 1478. He is said to have murdered his own mother.—14. **favor**, appearance, physical form; **color**, complexion.—15. **decent and gracious**, beautiful and graceful.—19. **Apelles**. This is a mistake. *Zeuxis* is meant. Zeuxis was born, probably, about 450 B. C. It is not known, exactly, when he died. The allusion is to his picture of Helen, for which he used as models five of the most beautiful virgins of the city of Croton.—19, 20. **Albert Durer**, born 1471, died 1528. He was the most remarkable German painter and engraver of his time. He was the first who insisted upon the study of perspective and anatomy in order to learn the art of painting; **more**, greater.—20. **would**, wished to.—28. **good**, good feature.—29. **all**, all the features.—32. **many times**, often; **more amiable**, more lovable than young persons.—33. **pardon**, favor.—37. **out of countenance**, unbecoming, because not usual.—38. **light well**, alight upon a worthy owner.

OF STUDIES.

This essay, as published in 1597, is as follows:

"Studies serve for pastimes, for ornaments, for abilities: their cheife vse for pastimes is in privateness and retiring: for ornaments, in discourse; and for ability in Iudgment and disposal of business: for expert men can execute, but learned men are more fit to Iudge, and censure: to

spende to much time in them is sloth : to vse them to much for ornament is affectation : to make Iudgement wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholler : they perfect nature, and are themselues perfected by experience : crafty men contemne them, wise men vse them, simple men admire them, for they teache not their owne vse, but that there is a wisdom without them, and aboue them wonne by observation : Reade not to contradict, nor to beleue, but to weigh and consider. Some bookes are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some fewe to be chewed and digested : that is : some are to be reade onely in partes, others to be reade but curiously, and some fewe is to be reade wholly wth diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready, and writing an exact man : therefore if a man write litle he had neede of a greate memory ; if he confer litle, he had neede of a present wit, and if he reade litle, he had neede haue much cunning to seeme to knowe that he doth not knowe : Histories make men wise : Poets witty : the Mathe-matiques subtile ; Naturall Philosophie deepe ; Moral graue : Logique and Rethorique able to contende."

Line 1 : **ability**, power to accomplish things.—2. **retiring**, retirement.—10. **humor**, eccentricity. This is allied to the "sloth" resulting from studies, and indicates a loss of individuality, a dependence upon the opinions of others, which is always slavish ; **perfect nature**, perfects one's nature.—24. **curiously**, with great care.—29. **flashy**, showy but useless.—35. **witty**, brilliant but not necessarily humorous.—38. **wit**, intelligence.—40. **bowling**, bowl playing, a game corresponding to ten-pins.—43. **wandering**, difficult to concentrate upon one object.—47. **beat over**, examine thoroughly.

OF VICISSITUDES OF THINGS.

Published in 1625. Line 1 : **Solomon**. Solomon was the last king of United Israel, son of David, born about 1027 B. C., died about 995 B. C. He was noted for his wisdom, the splendor of his court, and his profligacy.—2. **Plato**, a famous Greek philosopher, born about 429 B. C., died about 348 B. C. His real name was Aristocles. It is not known, exactly, why he was called Plato, (the broad). He was the great expounder of the teachings of Socrates, having been a pupil of Socrates for eight or nine years.—3. **sentence**, opinion.—5. **Lethe**, the river of oblivion, belonging to the lower regions. There is a place of forgetfulness on earth as well as in the domain of Pluto.—12. **matter**, the material used in creation ; **flux**, flow.—13. **bury**, cover, hide.—16. **Phaëton**, the son of Phoebus, who was ambitious to drive the chariot of the sun for

one day. The horses became unmanageable, and the earth was threatened with destruction by fire, when Jupiter slew Phaëton with a thunderbolt.—17. **Elias**. Elijah, a famous Hebrew prophet, who died at the beginning of the ninth century, B. C.—22. **hap**, happen.—30. **Solon**, one of the seven wise men of Greece. He was an Athenian law-giver, born about 638 B. C., died about 559 B. C. He was the author of the expression, “Know thyself.”—30. **Atlantis**, a mythical island supposed by some of the ancients to have been nearly west of the present strait of Gibraltar; by others, west of the Canary and Azores islands.—35. **Andes**. Some think this word is from the aboriginal word *anta*, copper, because this metal is so abundant in these mountains.—38. **Machiavel**. Niccolo Machiavelli, an Italian statesman, born 1469, died 1527. He is most noted as the author of “*Il principe*,” “*The Prince*,” which work has been very much criticised. It gives an exhaustive exposition of the manner of acquiring and holding despotic power. It shows the author to be almost destitute of moral principle.—40. **Gregory the Great**. Pope Gregory I, born of noble parents, 540 A. D., died 604. In 590 he was elected Pope against his desire. He was noted for a strong religious zeal combined with considerable toleration. He sent Augustin to England in order to convert the people there to Christianity.—43. **Sabinian**. He succeeded Pope Gregory I. in 604.—45. **superior globe**, starry globe. The outer globe surrounding the earth and revolving around it.—49. **fume**, smoke, idle notion.—50. **influences**, an astrological term synonymous with *aspects*, meaning streams *flowing from* the stars.—59. **toy**, trifle.—60. **waited upon**, observed.—61. **Low Countries**, the country on the east coast of the North Sea from Friesland to Belgium inclusive.—63. **suit**, sequence.—65. **It**. The antecedent is *suit*.—70. **orbs**, metaphor for motives. The figure is obtained from Eudoxus’s theory of concentric crystalline spheres, the outermost of which was called the Primum Mobile because it put all the rest in motion.—79. **doubt**, suspect, look for.—82. **Mahomet**, Mohammed. The word literally means the Desired or Promised. Mohammed was born about 570 and died 632. He founded the Mohammedan religion. His doctrine was that there is but one God. At the end of the first three years of his work he had only forty converts, and these were principally relatives.—85. **authority**, civil authority.—88. **Arians**, the followers of Arius, a presbyter of the church of Alexandria, about 315 A. D., who maintained that the Son of God is totally distinct from the Father; that he was the first and noblest of those beings whom God had created, and therefore inferior in nature and dignity; also that the Holy Ghost is not God, but was created by the power of the Son. **Arminians**, the followers of

Arminius, a pastor of Amsterdam, born 1560, died 1609. They were opposed to the doctrines of free-will, predestination and grace, as taught by Calvin.—90. **civil**, political.—110. **Gallo-Græcia**. Galatia, in Asia Minor, north of central part, Latitude 39 to 41 North, Longitude 32 to 35 East. The Gauls invaded Rome 390 B.C., Asia 278 B.C.—125. **enervate**, weaken. This has not been frequent enough to form a rule.—129. **Almaigne**, Germany.—153. **Oxidrakes**, a people inhabiting the north-west part of India at the head of the Indus river. The reference to them in the text is probably a mistake.—157. **fetching**, killing.—160. **arietations**, batterings.—169, 170, 171. **grew**. The first two mean inclined or began, the last means became.—181. **philology** here means history.

MISCELLANEOUS REFERENCES.

ON RICHES.

6, 7. **except it be in the distribution**.—This idea is rarely recognized, even now. The vast accumulations gathered into the hands of a few are equivalent to locking up so much available riches.

7 to 9.—Ecclesiastes v. 11: "When goods increase, they are increased that eat them: and what good is there to the owners thereof saving the beholding of them with their eyes?"

9 to 13.—No man has the capacity to enjoy great riches personally: he can hoard them, give them away, or enjoy the reputation of being rich, but he can not use them upon himself.

19, 20.—Proverbs xviii. 11: "The rich man's wealth is his strong city, and is an high wall in his own conceit."

21, 22.—More rich men have been ruined physically and morally than they have been able to destroy.

26 to 28.—"In the desire of increasing his wealth he sought not a prey for avarice, but an instrument for benevolence."

29, 30.—"He that maketh haste to riches will not be innocent." Proverbs xxviii. 20. "A faithful man shall abound with blessings; but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."

41.—The most natural *way* of obtaining riches.

44, 45.—The most natural mode of obtaining riches.

55 to 59.—With sufficient capital to wait until prices are at their best; to buy when large purchases can be made at the lowest rates; and to have capital handled carefully by young, energetic men; will surely result in large gains.

73.—“In the sweat of another’s face.”

73, 74. *doth plough upon Sundays*.—Receives interest for Sundays as well as for other days.

79. *Canaries*.—The cultivation of sugar was introduced into the Canary Islands in 1507, and soon became important.

80. *the true logician*.—Bacon divided the art of logic into four parts: invention, judging, retaining, and transmitting.

82, 83. *resteth upon gains certain*.—Is satisfied with sure gains, or is so cautious as to run no risks.

85, 86. *guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses*.—This is illustrative of Bacon’s intellect. It is exemplified in the character of Antonio in the “Merchant of Venice.”

86. *Monopolies*.—The granting of monopolies was a terrible abuse of the royal prerogative. Elizabeth revoked many, but gave many, and permitted others to exist. Monopolies were declared illegal under James I.

91. *though it be of the best rise*.—The Latin translation has, “though it have a certain dignity.”

95.—Wills and orphans were taken as in a net.

113. *of another man’s than his own*.—After death his riches belong to his natural heirs, not to himself. The ease with which wills are now broken has perhaps led many in recent years to realize the truth of this, and to act accordingly.

OF YOUTH AND AGE.

1. *old in hours*.—Old in intellectual and moral development.

12.—“He passed a youth full of errors, yes of madnesses.”

17 to 22.—Note the compactness and clearness of statement, the close observation and careful deduction. A fine illustration of Bacon’s style.

34 to 44.—An excellent passage illustrative of Bacon’s intellect and style.

62.—“He remained the same, nor was the same becoming.”

65, 66.—“His last years did not equal his first.”

OF BEAUTY.

1.—Why does virtue appear best in a homely figure? Can it not be inferred from this essay that the simile is not a true one?

16, 17.—This is that beauty which is manifested by the character of the person—a charm which conceals homely features.

25, 26. a kind of felicity.—He must possess genius to control and give fine expression to his mechanical ability.

32, 33.—“The autumn of the beautiful is beautiful.”

34. considering the youth.—Considering youth as in itself a beauty.

34, 35. Beauty is as summer fruits.—Is this necessarily so? What reasons are there for thinking that it ever is so?

37. an age a little out of countenance.—Is premature old age, resulting from a dissolute youth, more frequent among the beautiful than the homely?

38. vices blush.—This is an illustration of Bacon’s style in which extreme conciseness causes obscurity. E. A. Abbott says: “This may mean that the virtue well placed makes the owner blush at *his own vices*, and therefore deters him from them; or that his beauty, hand in hand with virtue, makes vice look ugly and blush *in others*.”

OF STUDIES.

7, 8. To spend too much time in studies is sloth.—That is, it absorbs the individuality of the student, makes him a book-worm, and incapacitates him for the development of that “ability” which is the great essential of studies.

8, 9. to use them too much for ornament is affectation.—The effect of constant reference to the sayings of others is one mark of pedantry,—indicating rather a desire for display than any thing else.

13, 14. directions too much at large.—Vague and general instructions.

19 to 25.—This passage finely illustrates Bacon’s style and imagination.

29, 30.—An excellent illustration of Bacon’s style and intellect.

37.—“Studies pass into the manners.”

47.—“Dividers of cummin seeds,” equivalent to splitters of hairs.

OF VICISSITUDES OF THINGS.

1.—Ecclesiastes i. 9: “And there is no new thing under the sun.”

4.—Ecclesiastes i. 10: “Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us.”

16, 17. the three years’ drought in the time of Elias.—1 Kings xviii. 1: “And it came to pass after many days, that the word of the Lord came to Elijah in the third year, saying, Go, show thyself unto Ahab; and I will send rain upon the earth.”

38. As for the observation that Machiavel hath.—The following is the observation: “So diligent and zealous was Saint Gregory and

other moderators of the Christian religion in abolishing the superstitions of the Gentiles; that they caused the works of all the poets and historians to be burned which made any mention of them; they threw down their images and idols, and destroyed all that might affect the least memory of paganism."

46, 47. **Plato's great year.**—The year in which all the planets and stars will return to the points they all started from at the beginning of the world.

51 to 53.—Note the confidence of this assertion. This confidence does not harmonize with Bacon's system of induction.

92.—Reference here is to the foundation of Judaism.

93.—This was the foundation of Christianity.

93, 94.—Mohammedanism was propagated by the sword.

110, 111.—The terms east and west are merely relative. That is, what would be west to one people would be east to another.

117. **in respect of the stars.**—An admission of belief in astrology by Bacon.

172 to 179.—An excellent illustration of Bacon's style and intellect.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN MILTON—1608-1674.

"John Milton is not only the highest but the completest type of Puritanism. His life is absolutely contemporaneous with his cause. He was born when it began to exercise a direct influence over English politics and English religion; and he died when its effort to mold them into its own shape was over, and when it had again sunk into one of many influences to which we owe our English character."—*Green, "History of the English People."*

Introductory.—The death of Bacon properly marks the close of the Elizabethan era of literature. Only eight years after this, the writing of "Comus" by Milton ushers in an entirely different period. It is a period full of political and religious excitement, but the excitement is of an essentially different character from that of the previous age. It will be well to outline the causes of this difference.

The Puritan influence, stimulated by the intolerable persecutions of James I., although, during his reign, Puritanism in itself was distasteful to a majority of the people, became more and more aggressive. In 1576 this influence was barely strong enough to compel the building of Black Friars theater outside the city walls; in 1643 it was strong enough to close every theater in the kingdom, completely revolutionize the government, and bury in temporary oblivion our best and noblest literature.

The peculiarities of James I. did much to bring this about. In the sober words of the historian Ranke, "this sovereign appeared in complete contradiction to himself. Careless, petty, and at the same time unusually proud; a lover of pomp and ceremony, yet fond of solitude and retirement; fiery and at the

same time lax; a man of genius and yet pedantic; eager to acquire and reckless in giving away; confidential and imperious; even in little matters of daily life not master of himself, he often did what he would afterwards rather have left undone."

The fondness of James I. for pomp and ceremony was inherited by his son and successor, Charles I. The frivolity of manners and laxity of morals did not affect Charles personally, but, strange as it may seem, he had no more moral principle than the cavaliers of his court. He was a perfect political hypocrite. Hypocrisy was what James called kingcraft, and Charles proved an apt pupil to his father's teaching. Charles never seemed to realize that sincerity in a king was of any political value whatever.

The effect of this upon the people at large was to strengthen Puritanism in a remarkable degree. It enabled the sturdy, though narrow-minded, thinkers of the time, nearly all of whom were Puritans, to push themselves to the front. They became the controlling power of parliament, and soon drove Charles to adopt an exclusively defensive policy. His obstinacy placed him continually at a disadvantage, and his unconstitutional measures and his dissimulation alienated the masses of the people from him more and more.

For a number of years the Bible had been the only book known to the people at large. It was read so devoutly that they became imbued not only with its spirit, but also with its letter. It affected their dress, manners, and speech. They even named their children after the great heroes of the Old Testament, and some used scriptural sayings for the same purpose. The name of the leader of Cromwell's first parliament was Praise God Barebones. The expressions: Faint not, Seek wisdom, Redeemed, Accepted, God reward, Make peace, Be courteous, Be faithful, Kill sin, Hope for, Weep not, Fight the good fight of faith, Stand fast on high, Search the Scriptures, The peace of God, are a few of the names with which zealous

Puritans christened their children. The whole nation, therefore, may be said to have become thoroughly imbued with intense religious zeal. In a common sense age like the present, such a condition of affairs seems incredible. It looks like a change from the bright sunlight to the gloom of a funeral vault. It looks like a perversion of the best faculties of human nature. With the suppression of all forms of innocent amusement, life became somber and moody. All human surroundings were made unnatural. The whole nation suffered under the rigid restraint of a prison. Real happiness could not exist under such conditions, for the best elements of happiness were completely repressed.

Hence, although the people, under other surroundings, would probably have preferred the continuance of a commonwealth, they hailed the restoration of a Stuart king with every manifestation of delight. The Puritans had overshot the mark, and, in consequence, doomed England to the most frivolous reign the country had ever experienced.

The reaction began in 1660. Every thing connected with Puritanism became detestable. The good and the evil of intense religious conviction, and there was much good, in spite of all prejudices to the contrary, were mingled in one common ruin. One day well illustrates the spirit of this reaction. January 30, 1661, "was kept as a very solemn day of fasting and prayer. This morning the carcasses of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw (which the day before had been brought from the Red Lion Inn to Holbern), were drawn upon a sledge to Tyburn, and then taken out of their coffins, and in their shrouds hanged by the neck until the going down of the sun. They were then cut down, their heads taken off, and their bodies buried in a grave made under the gallows." The king's motto, "No honesty in man, and no virtue in woman," became for a time the only creed. Duelling, swearing, drinking, gambling, debauchery of all kinds, seemed almost universal. On September 1, 1661, Samuel Pepys exclaims despairingly in

his diary: "But, good God, what an age is this, and what a world is this, that a man can not live without playing the knave and dissimulation!"

But the age, after all, was not thoroughly bad. Especially toward its close did genuine morality begin to assert itself; and all through the period, a number of good men struggled earnestly against the general depravity.

The reopening of the theaters, the introduction of movable scenery upon the stage, and the personation of female parts by women, gave a great prominence to the drama. It became the only remunerative department of literature. It reflects the popular tastes perfectly, and shows that even the dramatic genius of such men as Dryden and Otway could not always rise above their low surroundings. Wycherly, Vanbrugh, Etheridge, and especially Congreve, under better times might have left some dramas worthy of our literature. As it was, they are only worthy of being named because of their baseness. But frivolous and base as most of the popular plays were, Shakespeare was not entirely forgotten. His plays were frequently produced and well represented by such actors as Thomas Betterton and his wife. Between 1662 and 1712 Mrs. Betterton filled almost all the female characters in Shakespeare with great success. Between September 1, 1661, and February 6, 1669, Pepys states in his diary that he witnessed "Hamlet" three times, "Twelfth Night" three times, "Romeo and Juliet" once, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" once, "Macbeth" seven times, "Henry V." twice; "Henry IV." twice, "Tempest" six times, "Henry VIII." once, and "Othello" once.

As the strong controversial spirit of the Commonwealth was prolonged through the reign of Charles II., writings of a theological character stand next in importance to the drama. They represent the other extreme. Jeremy Taylor, Ralph Cudworth, Archbishop Tillotson, Isaac Barrow, Richard Baxter, and Robert South were not only able representatives of the churches to which they belonged, but they also did good work in their

line of literature. Metaphysics was remarkably well represented by Thomas Hobbes and John Locke; history, feebly by the Earl of Clarendon and Bishop Burnet. Popular poetry was necessarily lyrical, and such a time could furnish only the most inferior materials to Cowley and Waller, who were the foremost of their class.

Foreign Contemporaries.—English literature during the Commonwealth was largely exclusive in its character. Although there was great literary activity at the time, it did not harmonize with the stern influences that were then dominant. With the accession of Charles II., however, a remarkable change took place. The golden age of French literature had begun. During the time of Louis XIV., “there were gathered together in one spot more glory and shame, more sons of genius and daughters of infamy, more pulpit oratory and more open vice than could well be found in the same limited period in the history of any other country. It seemed as though art, science, and every effort of genius had been exhausted to make the court of that monarch one of the grandest spectacles upon which men had ever gazed.”

The most conspicuous influence of this period is that of the French drama, through the two great masters, Corneille and Molière.

Corneille, who was born in 1606, and died in 1684, is considered the founder of the classical drama in France, “*Le Cid*” being the first French dramatic masterpiece. Voltaire considered “*Cinna*” the most finished of Corneille’s tragedies, but the French critics preferred “*Polyeucte*.” Dryden referred to Corneille’s “*Cædipus*” as a failure, although the play was popular at the time of its production. Corneille’s later plays did not equal his early ones. His great defect in composition was his motive. His object was not to excite compassion, but admiration, not only for the heroism of virtue, but also for the heroism of vice.

Molière (1622–1673), however, who, in his comedies, was

the satirist and historian of the manners of his time, and who is very properly considered the father of French comedy, did most towards shaping the English drama of the time of Charles II. He is a fine illustration of the fact that the most entertaining portions of literature have been written by men who have been bowed down by sorrow, and at moments when that sorrow was heaviest. He depicted upon the stage, in all the sprightliness and brilliancy of comedy, the very domestic sorrows of which he was the victim; he satirized the faithlessness of wives and the jealousy of husbands, when his own wife was notoriously faithless, and he himself was torn by the pangs of well-founded jealousy.

It was Molière who first brought Racine into notice; and he treated as his own child and educated the famous actor Baron.

Thirty-one of Molière's dramas remain, his "*Precieuses ridicules*," "*Misanthrope*," and "*Tartufe*" being considered the best. He was a polished versifier, a keen delineator of character, and a merciless satirist.

English Contemporaries.—Of the many contemporaries of Milton, two are strongly typical. John Bunyan represents the best and purest features of the religious spirit of the Commonwealth; and John Dryden, the greatest and noblest genius of the Restoration. The former is great, because, in spite of lack of scholarship, his sincerity found expression in a plain, vigorous English that reached the hearts of the people; the latter, because, by his scholarship, he became a master of the language, purified and refined that language, and founded criticism and good style.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, a small village near Bedford, which is forty-five miles N. N. W. of London, in 1628; and died of a fever brought on by exposure, in 1688.

The incidents of his early life are related in his work entitled "*Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners*." It is extremely doubtful whether he was as bad a boy as he there represents himself to be. His worst habits were lying and

swearing, which are not at all unusual among boys of his class to-day; for his father was a tinker. Bunyan learned this trade from his father. At the age of nineteen he married a respectable woman who had sincere religious convictions. It was her society, no doubt, that made him wish to become something better than an ignorant mechanic. His habit of introspection, after his marriage, grew strong upon him. This habit is fully developed in "Grace Abounding." In this book, step by step, he shows how a human heart can struggle against its own purification. The knowledge he thus acquired of himself gave him that knowledge of humanity which qualified him to become the "poet-apostle" of the English middle classes. It was this knowledge of himself that made him modest, humble, shrinking; that saved him from vanity after he became the actual head of the Baptist community in England; and that prevented him, in spite of his narrow theology, from becoming a fanatic.

In November, 1660, he was arrested as a non-conformist. He could have avoided this arrest, but he would not. All that the magistrates asked of him was not to call the people together any more. Bunyan said he would not force the people to come together, but if he was in a place where the people were met, he should certainly speak to them. At this time he had four small children, one of them being blind, and he knew that his imprisonment would throw his wife and children upon the charity of his friends; but he did not hesitate in what he considered to be his duty. He went into Bedford jail as a prisoner, and, although for a portion of the time his imprisonment was merely nominal, he was not fully liberated for twelve years.

It was this imprisonment that gave his natural genius a fitting opportunity for expression. It was in Bedford jail that he wrote "Of Prayer by the Spirit," "The Holy City's Resurrection," "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," and the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

He was finally released from jail in 1672. Upon the day after his release he was licensed as pastor of Bedford Church, and he remained at the head of that church until his death.

Bunyan's ignorance of books has been spoken of by all his biographers. Froude says: "He was a man of natural genius, who believed the Protestant form of Christianity to be completely true. He knew nothing of philosophy, nothing of history, nothing of literature."

All admit that he probably knew the Bible by heart, and that he was familiar with Fox's "Book of Martyrs." There are coincidences in "The Holy War," which is in reality a "Paradise Lost and Regained" written in plain Saxon prose; also in "Visions of Heaven and Hell;" that render it almost certain he was familiar with Milton's great epics. The creation of Giant Despair, the Palace Beautiful, and the Delectable Mountains, in "Pilgrim's Progress," may have been suggested by the First Book of the "Faery Queene." He himself says, in "Visions of Heaven and Hell," that he had read Hobbes' "Leviathan;" in "Grace Abounding," that he was familiar with Luther's commentary on Galatians; and in his sermon on "The Pharisee and the Publican," he makes a quotation from Luther. The probabilities are, that, instead of being a man who knew only one book, like all self-educated men, Bunyan was familiar with such works as had a direct bearing upon the literature of his calling.

Bunyan was the author of sixty different books. Of these, "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Holy War" are allegories; "The Life of Mr. Badman" is a tale; "Grace abounding, to the Chief of Sinners" is an autobiography of his early life and of his struggles for pure Christianity; "The World to Come, or Visions of Heaven and Hell," is also allegorical; "The Book of Ruth," and "The History of Joseph," are in blank verse; and, with the exception of a collection of thoughts in verse for boys and girls, the remainder are what may properly be called sermons.

As Bunyan was a man of earnest and sincere convictions, his style is very plain, clear, and vigorous. Although he possessed the imagination of a poet, he was deficient in power of metrical expression.

The selections that follow are such as partly confirm the preceding assertions :

FROM "THE JERUSALEM SINNER SAVED."

"There are many things by which Satan has taken occasion to greaten his rage against Jesus Christ.

"As, first, his love to man, and then the many expresions of that love. He hath taken man's nature upon him ; he hath in that nature fulfilled the law to bring in righteousness for man ; and hath spilt his blood for the reconciling of man to God ; he hath broken the neck of death, put away sin, destroyed the works of the devil, and got into his own hands the key of death ; and all these are heinous things to Satan. He can not abide Christ for this. Besides, he hath eternal life in himself, and that to bestow upon us ; and we in all likelihood are to possess the very places from which the Satans by transgression fell, if not places more glorious."

FROM "THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN."

"I remember that Luther used to say : 'In the name of God begins all mischief.' All must be fathered upon God : the Pharisee's conversion must be fathered upon God. 'God, I thank thee,' and 'Blessed be God,' must be the burden of the heretic's song. So, again, the free-willer, he will ascribe all to God ; the Quaker, the Ranter, the Socinian, etc., will ascribe all to God. 'God, I thank thee,' is in every man's mouth, and must be entailed to every error, delusion, and damnable doctrine that is in the world."

FROM "GRACE ABOUNDING TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS."

"But before I had got thus far out of these my temptations, I did greatly long to see some ancient godly man's experience, who had lived some hundreds of years before I was born : well, after many such longings to my mind, the God, in whose hands are all our days and ways, did cast into my hand one day a book of Martin Luther's : it was his comment on the Galatians ; it also was so old that it was ready to fall piece from piece, if I did but turn it over. Now I was pleased much that such an old book had fallen into my hands ; the which, when I had but a

little perused, I found my condition in his experience so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart. This made me marvel ; for thus thought I, this man could not know any thing of the state of Christians now, but must needs write and speak the experience of former days.

“ Besides, he doth most gravely, also, in that book, debate of the rise of these temptations, namely : blasphemy, desperation, and the like, showing that the laws of Moses, as well as the devil, death, and hell, hath a very great hand therein ; the which, at first, was very strange to me ; but considering and watching, I found it so indeed. But of particulars here, I intend nothing ; only that I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians (excepting the Holy Bible), before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience.”

FROM “VISIONS OF HELL.”

“ Now we were come within hell’s territories, placed in the caverns of the infernal deep ; there, where earth’s center reconciles all things, where all effects in their causes sleep ; there, in a sulphureous lake of liquid fire, bound with the adamantine chain of Heaven’s fixed decree, sat Lucifer upon a burning throne ; his horrid eyes sparkling with hellish fury, as full of rage as his strong pains could make him. Those wandering fiends, that, as we came from Heaven, fled before us, had, I perceived, given notice of our coming, which put all hell in an uproar, and thus made Lucifer to vent his horrid blasphemies against the blessed God ; which he delivered with such an air of arrogance and pride, as plainly shows he only wanted power, but neither rage nor malice.”

“ Then these, said I, are atheists, a wretched sort of men indeed ; and who had once like to have ruined me, had not eternal grace prevented it.

“ I had no sooner spoke, but one of the tormented wretches cries out with a sad and mournful accent : ‘ Sure I should know that voice : it must be Epenetus.’

“ I was amazed to hear my name mentioned by one of the infernal crew, and therefore being desirous to know who it was, I answered : ‘ Yes, I am Epenetus ; but who are you in that sad, lost condition, that knows me ?’

“ To this the lost unknown replied : ‘ I was once well acquainted with you on earth, and had almost persuaded you to be of my opinion. I am the author of that celebrated book so well known by the title of “ Leviathan.”’

“ ‘ What ! the great Hobbes !’ said I. ‘ Are you come hither ?’ ”

The work by which Bunyan is and always will be best known is "The Pilgrim's Progress," because it represents the purest religious thought of the time in which he lived. Froude says of it: "'The Pilgrim's Progress' is the history of the struggle of human nature to overcome temptation and shake off the bondage of sin, under the convictions which prevailed among serious men in England in the seventeenth century. The allegory is the life of its author cast in an imaginative form. Every step in Christian's journey had been first trodden by Bunyan himself; every pang of fear and shame, every spasm of despair, every breath of hope and consolation which is there described, is but a reflection, as on a mirror, from personal experience. It has spoken to the hearts of all later generations of Englishmen, because it came from the heart; because it is the true record of the genuine emotions of the human soul; and to such a record the emotions of other men will respond, as one stringed instrument vibrates responsively to another."

The following selection from "Pilgrim's Progress" illustrates the fact that religion means a great deal more than mere professions. The character of Talkative not only typifies many pretenders in Bunyan's time, but also, unfortunately, represents a very large class of pretenders to-day.

"Moreover, I saw in my dream, that as they went on, Faithful, as he chanced to look on one side, saw a man whose name is Talkative, walking at a distance beside them, (for in this place there was room enough for them all to walk). He was a tall man, and something more comely at a distance than at hand. To this man Faithful addressed himself in this manner: 'Friend, whither away? Are you going to the heavenly country?'

Talkative.—I am going to the same place.

Faithful.—That is well; then I hope we may have your good company.

Talkative.—With a very good will will I be your companion.

Faithful.—Come on, then, and let us go together, and let us spend our time in discoursing of things that are profitable.

Talkative.—To talk of things that are good, to me is very acceptable, with you or with any other; and I am glad that I have met with those who incline to so good a work: for, to speak the truth, there are but few that care thus to spend their time as they are in their travels, but choose much rather to be speaking of things to no profit; and this hath been a trouble to me.

Faithful.—That is, indeed, a thing to be lamented; for what things so worthy of the use of the tongue and mouth of men on earth as are the things of the God of heaven?

Talkative.—I like you wonderful well, for your sayings are full of conviction: and I will add, what thing is so pleasant, and what so profitable, as to talk of the things of God? For instance, if a man doth delight of the history or the mystery of things; or if a man doth delight to talk of miracles, wonders, or signs, where shall he find things recorded so delightful, and so sweetly penned, as in the Holy Scripture?

Faithful.—That is true; but to be profited by such things in our talk should be that which we design.

Talkative.—That is it that I said; for to talk of such things is most profitable; for, by so doing, a man may get knowledge of many things; as of the vanity of earthly things, and the benefit of things above. Thus in general; but more particularly, by this a man may learn the necessity of the new birth, the insufficiency of our works, the need of Christ's righteousness, etc. Besides, by this a man may learn what it is to repent, to believe, to pray, to suffer, or the like; by this also a man may learn what are the great promises and consolations of the gospel, to his own comfort. Further, by this a man may learn to refute false opinions, to vindicate the truth, and also to instruct the ignorant.

Faithful.—All this is true, and glad am I to hear these things from you.

Talkative.—Alas! the want of this is the cause why so few understand the need of faith, and the necessity of a work of grace in their souls in order to eternal life; but ignorantly live in the works of the law, by which a man can by no means obtain the kingdom of heaven.

Faithful.—But, by your leave, heavenly knowledge of these is the gift of God; no man attaineth to them by human industry, or only by the talk of them.

Talkative.—All this I know very well; for a man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven; all is of grace, not of works. I could give you a hundred Scriptures for the confirmation of this.

Faithful.—Well, then, what is that one thing that we shall at this time found our discourse upon?

Talkative.—What you will. I will talk of things heavenly, or things earthly ; things moral, or things evangelical ; things sacred, or things profane ; things past, or things to come ; things foreign, or things at home ; things more essential, or things circumstantial ; provided that all be done to our profit.

Now did Faithful begin to wonder ; and stepping to Christian (for he walked all this while by himself), he said to him (but softly), “What a brave companion have we got ! Surely this man will make a very excellent pilgrim.”

At this Christian modestly smiled, and said : “This man, with whom you are so taken, will beguile with that tongue of his twenty of them that know him not.”

Faithful.—Do you know him, then ?

Christian.—Know him ! Yes, better than he knows himself.

Faithful.—Pray, what is he ?

Christian.—His name is Talkative ; he dwelleth in our town. I wonder that you should be a stranger to him ; only I consider that our town is large.

Faithful.—Whose son is he ? And whereabout does he dwell ?

Christian.—He is the son of one Say-well ; he dwelt in Prating Row ; and he is known of all that are acquainted with him by the name of Talkative in Prating Row ; and notwithstanding his fine tongue he is but a sorry fellow.

Faithful.—Well, he seems to be a very pretty man.

Christian.—That is, to them who have not a thorough acquaintance with him, for he is best abroad ; near home, he is ugly enough. Your saying that he is a pretty man brings to my mind what I have observed in the work of the painter, whose pictures show best at a distance, but, very near, more displeasing.

Faithful.—But I am ready to think you do but jest, because you smiled.

Christian.—God forbid that I should jest (although I smiled) in this matter, or that I should accuse any falsely ! I will give you a further discovery of him. This man is for any company, or for any talk ; as he talketh now with you, so will he talk when he is on the ale-bench ; and the more drink he hath in his crown the more of these things he hath in his mouth : religion hath no place in his heart, or house, or conversation ; all he hath lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith.

Faithful.—Say you so ? then I am in this man greatly deceived.

Christian.—Deceived ! you may be sure of it ; remember the proverb,

"They say and do not" (Matthew xxiii. 3). But the "kingdom of God is not in word, but in power" (1 Corinthians iv. 20). He talketh of prayer, of repentance, of faith, and of the new birth; but he knows but only to talk of them. I have been in his family, and have observed him both at home and abroad; and I know what I say of him is the truth. His house is as empty of religion as the white of an egg is of savor. There is neither prayer nor sign of repentance for sin; yea, the brute in his kind serves God far better than he. He is the very stain, reproach, and shame of religion to all that know him; it can hardly have a good word in all that end of the town where he dwells, through him. (Romans ii. 24, 25.) Thus say the common people that know him, "A saint abroad, and a devil at home." His poor family finds it so; he is such a churl, such a railer at and so unreasonable with his servants, that they neither know how to do for or speak to him. Men that have any dealings with him say it is better to deal with a Turk than with him; for fairer dealing they shall have at their hands. This Talkative, if it be possible, will go beyond them, defraud, beguile, and overreach them. Besides, he brings up his sons to follow his steps; and if he findeth in any of them a foolish timorousness (for so he calls the first appearance of a tender conscience), he calls them fools and blockheads, and by no means will employ them in much or speak to their commendation before others. For my part, I am of opinion that he has, by his wicked life, caused many to stumble and fall; and will be, if God prevent not, the ruin of many more.

Faithful.—Well, my brother, I am bound to believe you; not only because you say you know him, but also because like a Christian you make your reports of men. For I can not think that you speak these things of ill-will, but because it is even so as you say.

Christian.—Had I known him no more than you, I might perhaps have thought of him as at first you did; yea, had he received this report at their hands only that are enemies to religion, I should have thought it had been a slander (a lot that often falls from bad men's mouths upon good men's names and professions), but all these things, yea, and a great many more as bad, of my own knowledge I can prove him guilty of. Besides, good men are ashamed of him; they can neither call him brother nor friend; the very naming of him among them makes them blush, if they know him.

Faithful.—Well, I see that saying and doing are two things, and hereafter I shall better observe this distinction.

Christian.—They are two things, indeed, and are as diverse as are the soul and the body; for as the body without the soul is but a dead car-

cass, so saying, if it be alone, is but a dead carcass also. The soul of religion is the practical part : "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this : To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." (James i. 27.) This, Talkative is not aware of; he thinks that hearing and saying will make a good Christian, and thus he deceiveth his own soul. Hearing is but as the sowing of the seed; talking is not sufficient to prove that fruit is indeed in the heart and life; and let us assure ourselves that at the day of doom shall men be judged according to their fruits. (Matthew xiii, also xxv.) It will not be said then, "Did you believe?" but "Were you doers, or talkers only?" and accordingly shall they be judged. The end of the world is compared to our harvest; and you know men at harvest regard nothing but fruit. Not that any thing can be accepted that is not of faith, but I speak this to show you how insignificant the profession of Talkative will be at that day.

Then, at Christian's suggestion, Faithful enters into a discussion with Talkative, in order to convict him of his insincerity and thus get rid of his company. The plan succeeds perfectly; and, after Talkative's departure, Faithful says to Christian :

I am glad we had this little discourse with him; it may happen that he will think of it again; however, I have dealt plainly with him, and so am clear of his blood if he perisheth.

Christian.—You did well to talk as plainly to him as you did; there is but little of this faithful dealing with men nowadays, and that makes religion to stink so in the nostrils of many, as it doth; for they are these talkative fools whose religion is only in words, and are debauched and vain in their conversation, that (being so much admitted into the fellowship of the godly) do puzzle the world, blemish Christianity, and grieve the sincere. I wish that all men would deal with such as you have done; then should they either be made more conformable to religion, or the company of saints would be too hot for them.

Then did Faithful say :

How Talkative at first lifts up his plumes !
 How bravely doth he speak ! How he presumes
 To drive down all before him ! But so soon
 As Faithful talks of heart-work, like the moon
 That's past the full, into the wane he goes.
 And so will all but he that heart-work knows.

John Dryden was born at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, of a good Puritan family, in 1631. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1654. He began his literary life in London in 1657. In 1658 he wrote his eulogistic verses on Cromwell; and two years afterwards his "*Astrea Redux*," in praise of Charles II. His first play, "*The Wild Gallant*," written in 1662, was not successful, nor did it deserve to be. In 1663 he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, by which "he added a little to his income and less to his happiness." He left London during the plague, and went to his father-in-law's at Charlton. Here, in 1667, he wrote "*Annus Mirabilis*," in which he commemorated the Dutch war and the great fire. "*Absalom and Achitophel*," his first political satire, was published in 1681. The publication of "*The Hind and Panther*," in 1687, was designed to aid James II. in his scheme of a Catholic reaction. The last few years of his life were a struggle for mere existence. He was on the unpopular side, was persecuted by his enemies, and was in wretched health; yet he produced some of his most carefully written and his best works. His translation of Virgil, his "*Alexander's Feast*," and his "*Fables*" belong to this period. He died in 1700.

Dryden's nature was humane, compassionate, and forgiving. Congreve says: "I loved Mr. Dryden." Also: "To the best of my knowledge and observation, he was, of all the men that I ever knew, one of the most modest, and the most easily to be discountenanced in his approaches either to his superiors or his equals."

A fact that is rarely noted concerning Dryden is the excellence of his prose. Congreve does not at all exaggerate when he says: "His prose had all the clearness imaginable, together with all the nobleness of expression, all the graces and ornaments proper and peculiar to it, without deviating into the language or diction of poetry." In regard to his prose, Congreve further says: "I have frequently heard him

own with pleasure that if he had any talent for English prose it was owing to his having often read the writings of Archbishop Tillotson."

In perfection of poetical expression, Dryden has few, if any, equals; and no English writer who has reached three-score years has so fully retained his vigor of imagination to the close of his life.

Dryden's greatest poem is, perhaps, "*Absalom and Achitophel*." It is written in heroic verse with rhyming couplets, and in allegorical form, but the real characters are only slightly disguised. It is based upon the plot to secure the succession of the Duke of Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II., to the throne; and its aim was to turn the current of public opinion against the Earl of Shaftesbury, and get him indicted for high treason. Although failing in its object, the poem is justly considered the finest poetical portrait gallery in the English language. As an illustration of Dryden's keen satire, as well as his historical portraiture of character, the following description of Achitophel (Shaftesbury) is given:

Of these the false Achitophel was first ;
 A name to all succeeding ages cursed :
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit ;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place ;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace :
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity ;
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ,
 Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please ;

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son ;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try ;
And born a shapeless lump like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate ;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state."

It is as a dramatist, however, that Dryden's poetical genius is best estimated. It was his dramas that brought forth his essays on dramatic and heroic poetry, his graceful and beautiful prefaces and dedications, and gave his imagination, limited though it was, full play in finished and musical expression. Dryden was a master of dramatic composition; and had it not been for his close adherence to the three unities, and the sensual requirements of the age in which he lived, both of which seriously hampered his natural genius, he would deserve to stand next to Shakespeare. He was perfectly familiar, not only with English and continental dramatists, but also with the ancient drama. In method he followed Ben Jonson; his admiration for Shakespeare was so great that he imitated him in form of expression. "Shakespeare," he says, "was the man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature,—he looked inwards and found her there."

In his comparison of Jonson and Shakespeare he says: "If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare."

With such tastes as Dryden had, it is easy to understand that only the very best fruits of French genius could be appreciated by him. In his essay on dramatic poetry he says:

“For the French, I do not name them, because it is the fate of our countrymen to admit little of theirs among us but the basest of their men, the extravagancies of their fashions, and the frippery of their merchandise.”

As a brief illustration of the elegance of Dryden's prose, and the artistic skill with which he could praise a nobleman for the favor of accepting a dedication, the following to Lord Vaughan will, perhaps, be sufficient :

“That I have always honoured you, I suppose I need not tell you at this time of day ; for you know I staid not to date my respects to you from that title which you now have, and to which you bring a greater addition by your merit than you receive from it by the name ; but I am proud to let others know how long it is that I have been made happy by my knowledge of you, because I am sure it will give me a reputation with the present age and with posterity. And now, my lord, I know you are afraid lest I should take this occasion, which lies so fair for me, to acquaint the world with some of those excellencies which I have admired in you ; but I have reasonably considered that to acquaint the world is a phrase of a malicious meaning : for it would imply that the world were not already acquainted with them. You are so generally known to be above the meanness of my praises that you have spared my evidence and spoiled my compliment. Should I take for my common-places your knowledge both of the old and the new philosophy, should I add to these your skill in mathematics and history ; and yet farther, your being conversant with all the ancient authors of the Greek and Latin tongues, as well as with the modern, I should tell nothing new to mankind ; for when I have once but named you, the world will anticipate my commendations, and go faster before me than I can follow. Be therefore secure, my lord, that your own fame has freed itself from the danger of a panegyric, and only give me leave to tell you that I value the candor of your nature, and that one character of friendliness and, if I may have leave to call it, kindness in you, before all those other which make you considerable in the nation.”

Dryden is the author of twenty-seven dramatic works ; the last, “*Love Triumphant*,” being written in 1694. Of these, thirteen are tragedies, ten are comedies, two are tragicomedies, and two are operas. He used heroic verse with

rhyming couplets in five tragedies, one opera, and the prologue to the other; the remainder of his plays are written in prose and blank verse. Nine tragedies, four comedies, and the two operas are absolutely free from the obscenity peculiar to the times; seven comedies and two tragedies are badly tainted; and one comedy and two tragedies, somewhat loose in morals. In spite of Jeremy Collier's efforts for years against the impurities of the stage, and especially against Dryden, "*Amphitryon*," published in 1690, is fully as obscene as the "*Wild Gallant*," and his last play is not much better.

Although his comedies show considerable wit and a great deal of humor, he wrote them much against his inclination, and because of the public demand for them. There are passages of rare beauty to be found in these plays. A few selections only are admissible here:

FROM "*MARRIAGE A LA MODE*."

Leonidas.—Sir, ask the stars,
Which have imposed love on us like a fate,
Why minds are bent to one, and fly another?
Ask why all beauties can not move all hearts?
For though there may
Be made a rule for color or for feature,
There can be none for liking.
Love either finds equality or makes it:
Like Death, he knows no difference in degrees,
But plains and levels all.

FROM "*AURENG ZEBE*."

Aureng Zebe.—The world is made for the bold, impious man,
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
Justice to merit does weak aid afford,
But trusts her balance, and neglects her sword.
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;
And, while she long consults, the prize is gone.
When I consider life, 't is all a cheat,

Yet, fooled with hope, men favor the deceit ;
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay :
 To-morrow 's falser than the former day,
 Lies worse, and while it says you shall be blest
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possessed.
 Strange cozenage ! none would live past years again,
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,
 And from the dregs of life, think to receive
 What the first sprightly running could not give.
 I'm tired with waiting for this chymick gold,
 Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

FROM "ŒDIPUS."

Œdipus.—Thus pleasure never comes sincere to man,
 But lent by Heaven upon hard usury :
 And while Jove holds us out the bowl of joy,
 Ere it can reach our lips it's dashed with gall
 By some left-handed god.

When the sun sets, shadows that showed at noon
 But small, appear most long and terrible ;
 So when we think Fate hovers o'er our heads,
 Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds.

Ægeon.—King Polybus is dead.

Œdipus.—How died he ?

Ægeon.—Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
 But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long ;
 Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner,
 Fate seemed to round him up for four-score years,
 Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
 Till, like a clock, worn out with eating time,
 The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

FROM "LOVE TRIUMPHANT."

Ximena.—Mark how she whispers like a wanton wind,
 Which trembles through the forest ; she, whose eyes
 Meet ready victory where'er they glance ;
 Whom gazing crowds admire, whom nations court,
 And (did her praise become a mother's mouth)
 One who could change the worship of all climes,

And make a new religion where she comes :
Unite the differing faith of all the world,
To idolize her face."

Dryden wrote "The Tempest" in conjunction with Sir William Davenant; "The Indian Queen," with Sir Robert Howard; and "Ædipus" and "The Duke of Guise," with Nathaniel Lee.

It is difficult to determine which is Dryden's best tragedy. Next to "The Indian Queen," which is a partnership play, perhaps "Aureng Zebe" is best. The best constructed comedy, and the one containing the most genuine humor, is "Sir Martin Marall." The opera, "The British Worthy," and its prologue, "Albion and Albanius," are remarkable for smoothness of versification. The adaptation of sound to sense, wherever music is introduced, is fully equal to the rhythm of "Alexander's Feast." Dryden's other opera, "A State of Innocence," which is a dramatic version of "Paradise Lost," is not so musical in composition.

Dryden has imitated three of Shakespeare's plays. "The Tempest," in many passages, corresponds almost word for word with the original; "All for Love" is the same as Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," although the differences are so marked as to make it practically an original play, the action beginning after the battle of Actium, which marks the culmination of the plot in "Antony and Cleopatra;" and "Troilus and Cressida," a very feeble imitation, indeed.

In "All for Love" a fine opportunity is given the student of comparing passages similar to those in "Antony and Cleopatra," and thus determining, relatively, the merits of Dryden as a dramatist. The inferiority of "All for Love" is very marked. A most noticeable feature is the warm sensuality pervading the whole of it. Shakespeare handles the subject with much more delicacy than Dryden.

As an illustration, Antony's first meeting with Cleopatra is taken.

FROM "ALL FOR LOVE."

Act III, Scene I.

Antony.—Canst thou remember
 When, swelled with hatred, thou beheld'st her first
 As accessory to thy brother's death?

Dolabella.—Spare my remembrance; 't was a guilty day,
 And still the blush hangs here.

Antony.—To clear herself
 For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt,
 Her galley down the silver Cydnus rowed,
 The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold,
 The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails.
 Her nymphs, like nereids, round her couch were placed,
 Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

Dolabella.—No more: I would not hear it.

Antony.—O, you must!
 She lay and leant her cheek upon her hand,
 And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
 As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
 Neglecting she could take 'em: boys like cupids
 Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
 That played about her face; but if she smiled,
 A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad,
 That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
 But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
 The silver oars kept time; and while they played,
 The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
 And both to thought. 'Twas Heaven, or somewhat more;
 For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds
 Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
 To give their welcome voice.

FROM "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."

Act II, Scene II.

Enobarbus.—When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart
 upon the river Cydnus.

Agrippa.—There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well
 for her.

Enobarbus.—I will tell you :

The barge she went in, like a burnishèd throne,
 Burned on the water. The poop was beaten gold,
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them : the oars were silver ;
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggared all description ; she did lie
 In her pavilion (cloth of gold of tissue),
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
 The fancy outwork nature : on each side her,
 Stood pretty, dimpled boys, like smiling cupids,
 With diverse-colored fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

Agrippa.—Oh, rare for Antony.

Enobarbus.—Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tendered her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings ; at the helm,
 A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those soft white hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange, invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap indeed.

The latter part of Act I, Scene I, of “All for Love, or the World well Lost,” has been selected because it furnishes opportunity for comparison with the original, and because Dryden himself says: “I prefer the scene between Antony and Ventidius, in the first act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.”

Ventidius.—I must disturb him ; I can hold no longer.

Antony.—[*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius ?

Ventidius.—Are you Antony ?

I am liker what I was, than you to him

I left you last.

Antony.—I'm angry.

Ventidius.—So am I.

Antony.—I would be private. Leave me.

Ventidius.—Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you.

Antony.—Will not leave me ?

Where have you learned that answer ? Who am I ?

Ventidius.—My Emperor ; the man I love next Heaven :

If I said more, I think 't were scarce a sin :

You're all that's good and god-like.

Antony.—All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then ?

Ventidius.—'T was too presuming

To say I would not, but I dare not leave you :

And 't is unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Antony.—Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied ?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough ;

And, if a foe, too much.

Ventidius.—Look, Emperor, this is no common dew. [*Weeping.*]

I have not wept this forty years ; but now

My mother comes afresh into my eyes ;

I can not help her softness.

Antony.—By Heaven, he weeps, poor, good old man, he weeps !

The big round drops course one another down

The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ventidius*,

Or I shall blush to death : they set my shame,

That caused 'em, full before me.

Ventidius.—I'll do my best.

Antony.—Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends :

See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 't is not

For my own griefs, but thine.—Nay, Father.

Ventidius.—Emperor.

Antony.—Emperor ! Why, that's the style of victory.

The conq'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,

Salutes his general so ; but nevermore

Shall that sound reach my ears.

Ventidius.—I warrant you.

Antony.—*Actium, Actium!* Oh—

Ventidius.—It sits too near you.

Antony.—Here, here it lies, a lump of lead by day,
And in my short, distracted nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams—

Ventidius.—Out with it; give it vent.

Antony.—Urge not my shame.
I lost a battle.

Ventidius.—So has *Julius* done.

Antony.—Thou favor'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st,
For *Julius* fought it out, and lost it fairly;
But Antony—

Ventidius.—Nay, stop not.

Antony.—Antony,
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, *Ventidius*.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.

Ventidius.—I did.

Antony.—I'll help thee. I have been a man, *Ventidius*.

Ventidius.—Yes, and a brave one; but—

Antony.—I know thy meaning.
But, I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honors,
Sat still, and saw it pressed by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it,
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world
Received me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me till I took pains
And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turned her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorced forever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labored to be wretched: Prythee curse me.

Ventidius.—No.

Antony.—Why ?

Ventidius.—You are too feeble already
Of what you've done, too conscious of your failings,
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.

Antony.—I know thou would'st.

Ventidius.—I will.

Antony.—Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Ventidius.—You laugh.

Antony.—I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

Ventidius.—You would be lost then ?

Antony.—I am.

Ventidius.—I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Antony.—I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause ? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learned to scorn it here ; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Ventidius.—Cæsar thinks not so :

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully, would you ? Do.
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

Antony.—No, I can kill myself ; and so resolve.

Ventidius.—I can die with you, too, when time shall serve ;
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

Antony.—Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Ventidius.—No, 't is you dream ; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for Honor's sake ; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys,
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'T will do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks and chopt hands ; there's virtue in 'em.
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates

Than yon trim bands can buy.

Antony.—Where left you them ?

Ventidius.—I said in Lower Syria.

Antony.—Bring 'em hither ;

There may be life in these.

Ventidius.—They will not come.

Antony.—Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aid

To double my despair ? They 're mutinous.

Ventidius.—Most firm and loyal.

Antony.—Yet they will not march

To succor me. Oh, trifler !

Ventidius.—They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

Antony.—I'm besieged.

Ventidius.—There's but one way shut up. How came I hither ?

Antony.—I will not stir.

Ventidius.—They would, perhaps, desire

A better reason.

Antony.—I have never used

My soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to march ?

Ventidius.—They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Antony.—What was't they said ?

Ventidius.—They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,

And make you more a slave ? to gain you kingdoms,

Which, for a kiss at your next midnight feast,

You sell to her ? then she new-names her jewels,

And calls this diamond such or such a tax,

Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Antony.—Ventidius, I allow your tongue free license

On all my other faults, but, on your life,

No word of Cleopatra. She deserves

More worlds than I can lose.

Ventidius.—Behold, you Powers,

To whom you have intrusted human kind ;

See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance,

And all weighed down by one light worthless woman !

I think the gods are Antonies, and give,

Like prodigals, this nether world away

To none but wasteful hands.

Antony.—You grow presumptuous.

Ventidius.—I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Antony.—Plain love ! plain arrogance ; plain insolence.

Thy men are cowards ; thou an envious traitor,

Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented

The burden of thy rank, o'erflowing gall.

O, that thou wert my equal ; great in arms

As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee

Without a stain to honor !

Ventidius.—You may kill me ;

You have done more already, called me traitor.

Antony.—Art thou not one ?

Ventidius.—For showing you yourself,

Which none else durst have done ; but had I been

That name, which I disdain to speak again,

I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,

Come to partake your fate, to die with you.

What hindered me to 've led my conq'ring eagles

To fill Octavius' bands ? I could have been

A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,

And not have been so called.

Antony.—Forgive me, soldier ;

I have been too passionate.

Ventidius.—You thought me false ;

Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir ;

Pray, kill me ; yet you need not, your unkindness

Has left your sword no work.

Antony.—I did not think so ;

I said it in my rage. Prythee, forgive me.

Why didst thou tempt my anger by discovery

Of what I would not hear ?

Ventidius.—No prince but you

Could merit that sincerity I used,

Nor durst another man have ventured it ;

But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,

Were sure the chief and best of human race,

Framed in the very pride and boast of nature.

So perfect, that the gods who formed you, wondered

At their own skill, and cried : " A lucky hit

Has mended our design." Their envy hindered,

Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,

When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again.

Antony.—But Cleopatra,—

Go on ; for I can bear it now.

Ventidius.—No more.

Antony.—Thou dar'st not trust my passion ; but thou may'st.

Thou only lov'st ; the rest have flattered me.

Ventidius.—Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word.

May I believe you love me ? Speak again.

Antony.—Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [*Embracing him.*]

Thy praises were unjust ; but I'll deserve 'em,

And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt ;

Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Ventidius.—And will you leave this—

Antony.—Prythee do not curse her,

And I will leave her ; though, Heaven knows, I love

Beyond life, conquest, empire ; all, but honor ;

But I will leave her.

Ventidius.—That's my royal master !

And shall we fight ?

Antony.—I warrant thee, old soldier,

Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,

And at the head of our old troops, that beat

The Parthians, cry aloud : “ Come, follow me ! ”

Ventidius.—O, now I hear my emperor ! in that word

Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,

And, if I have ten years behind, take all ;

I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Antony.—O, Cleopatra !

Ventidius.—Again ?

Antony.—I've done ; in that last sigh, she went.

Cæsar shall know what 't is to force a lover,

From all he holds most dear.

Ventidius.—Methinks you breathe

Another soul : your looks are more divine :

You speak a hero and you move a god.

Antony.—Oh, thou hast fired me ; my soul's up in arms,

And man's each part about me : once again

That noble eagerness of fight has seized me,

That eagerness with which I darted upward

To Cassius' camp : in vain the steepy hill

Opposed my way ; in vain a war of spears
 Sung round my head, and planted all my shield.
 I won the trenches, while my foremost men
 Lagged on the plain below.

Ventidius.—Ye gods, ye gods,
 For such another hour !

Antony.—Come on, my soldier !

Our hearts and arms are still the same ; I long
 Once more to meet our foes ; that thou and I,
 Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
 May taste fate to 'em ; mow 'em out a passage,
 And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
 Begin the noble harvest of the field. [*Exeunt.*]

MILTON.

John Milton was born in London, as were the other greatest English classics, except Shakespeare. From his father he inherited literary tastes and a love of music ; from his mother, weak eyes, good looks, and a quiet disposition. His first teacher, a Scotchman, named Thomas Young, must have done much towards giving him correct habits of study ; for, when he went to St. Paul's school, at the age of twelve, he was soon able to write capital Latin and Greek verses.

He entered Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1624, and was graduated in 1632, after eight years of persistent study. He left the university not only familiar with music, mathematics, theology, and philosophy ; but also Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian and Spanish. Thus the future embodiment of Puritanism was as fine a scholar as England ever produced.

After leaving the university, Milton spent five years at his home in Horton, a village in Buckingham, a shire adjoining Middlesex on the west. It was here that he produced his most beautiful poems,—the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas." For a period of fifteen months, during the years 1638 and 1639, he traveled on the continent. He met Grotius

at Paris, Galileo at Florence, and the Marquis of Villa at Naples. While at Rome, where his reputation as a scholar and poet preceded him, many were deterred from showing him those civilities they were prompted to offer, because of his decided opposition to the Catholic Church.

After his return to England he devoted the ten following years to teaching boys; for, as Mark Pattison says: "With Milton, as with the whole Calvinistic and Puritan Europe, woman was a creature of an inferior and subordinate class." This idea he carried out consistently with regard to his own children, who were all girls. "He did not allow them to learn any language, saying with a gibe that one tongue was enough for a woman."

In 1643, after a very brief courtship, he married Mary Powell, he being thirty-five and she seventeen years of age. It was a mis-match, for she had been accustomed to the society of the gay cavaliers who frequented her father's house; and he, to the perfect seclusion of his study. In a few weeks the isolation and gloom of her new home, combined, perhaps, with the contemptuous neglect of her husband, drove her back to her parents. Milton wrote his pamphlet on the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" while his wife was still with him. The gist of this work is to be found in the following extract:

"That indisposition, unfitness, or contrariety of mind arising from a cause in nature unchangeable, hindering, and ever likely to hinder, the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, is a greater reason of divorce than natural frigidity, especially if there be no children, and that there be mutual consent."

After his wife left him he followed up the subject until it was practically exhausted. He wrote "Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture which treat of Marriage or Nullities in Marriage;" the "Judgment of Martin Bucer touching Divorce;" and "Colasterion; a Reply to a Nameless Answer against the Doctrine and Discipline of Di-

voce." In 1645 Milton, as Pattison quaintly expresses it, "contemplated a second marriage which would not have been a marriage." His friends fortunately prevented this disgrace by effecting a reconciliation between him and Mary Powell. In a house that Milton often visited, "she was secreted in an adjoining room on an occasion when Milton was known to be coming, and he was surprised by seeing her suddenly brought in, throw herself on her knees, and ask to be forgiven."

Milton was appointed foreign secretary to Cromwell in 1649, at a salary of £290 a year. He held this position until the Restoration, an amanuensis being allowed him after his blindness. There are some curious facts in connection with this office. There is no evidence to show that he was ever brought personally in contact with Cromwell, or with any of the leading men of the government. He exerted no political influence whatever. Although he seemed admirably qualified to shape England's correspondence with the able Jesuit ministers of the Catholic countries of Europe, no important state paper was ever intrusted to his hands. As foreign secretary, therefore, he was a mere cipher. Even the twenty-five political pamphlets which he wrote were of little use to his party. In this respect he was far below Dryden, whose political influence, as a writer, was very great.

In 1654, for obstinately persisting in writing a political pamphlet, he became hopelessly blind. As misfortunes never come single, his wife died, and left upon his helpless hands his three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Deborah; Anne, the oldest, being only eight years old. When old enough, they were taught only to read. After he became blind, he compelled the two youngest daughters to read all books of whatever language he saw fit to peruse, they knowing how to pronounce the words only. The task must have been an intolerable one. Anne, the oldest daughter, was freed from this trial of patience, because of an impediment in her speech. None of his daughters loved him, perhaps because he never gave

them the opportunity to do so. By his two subsequent marriages Milton had no children. His last wife survived him.

After the Restoration new troubles came upon Milton. He was forced to hide for a time; his books were burned by the hangman; he was imprisoned for awhile after the general act of indemnity; a sum of £2000, which he had placed in government securities, was lost, the restored monarchy refusing to recognize the obligations of the Protectorate; even after his pardon he was threatened with assassination; and he lost fully three-fourths of all he had left by the great fire of London in 1666.

During his last years Milton resumed his poetical work, a work he had practically abandoned in 1637 with the publication of "Lycidas." His great epic, "Paradise Lost," was completed in 1665, and published in 1667. All that he ever realized for this poem was £10. "Paradise Regained," which is but little more than an ordinary paraphrase of the temptation of Christ as found in the Gospels; and "Samson Agonistes," a dramatic poem in the form of a Greek tragedy, embodying an account of the captivity and death of Samson, were published in 1670. Milton died of an attack of gout, in 1674, and was buried in the church of St. Giles, in the west-central part of London, a few squares south of where the British Museum stands.

Character.—Stopford Brooke says: "Milton was pleasant with his friends when his friends were fond of him and gave back his courteous praise; he was pleasant when he was happy, and being more happy when he was young, he was pleasantest then. But he could not bear with patience domestic misfortune which he had brought on himself; he was a severe father and husband; and when he was attacked by an adversary he returned the blows, not only for the sake of justice and truth, but also because he was injured in his proud self-esteem." In manners he was austere, even to coldness. He lived in almost complete mental isolation after his return from



Milton.

Europe, having little or no intercourse either with politicians or scholars. Although strongly Puritan in his religious convictions, he rarely entered a place of worship; yet the devotional element was so strong in him, that, as Taine graphically says: "In the midst of his syllogisms he prays." His extreme reserve and conscientiousness made him obstinate. He always aimed to act nobly, although, on account of his intense individuality, he frequently failed to do so, both in his political and theological essays. Morally he was perfectly pure. When a boy, at Christ's College, he was called "the lady of Christ's College" because of his virtuous conduct. His unhappy married life was, perhaps, due more to the coldness of his nature than to any thing else.

Imagination.—Milton's imagination was defective in that

warmth which could create a bond of sympathy between him and other men. Hence he could not, like Shakespeare, portray the natural and common affections of his fellow-man. "He was not like Dante, always seeing,—he was mostly thinking in a dream." Some have attributed this to his having been reared in a flat country where the scenery and surroundings were dull; others, to the narrow, stern, and uncompromising influences of Puritanism. However this may be, Milton is deficient in warm, generous emotions. Even the passion of love is wanting. As he did not look at nature except through the medium of books, he failed in accurate description, either of scenery or character. Hence, especially in his last poems, the region of the sublime was the only one open to him—and that was the lowest form—the sublimity of vagueness. His imagination permitted him only to admire, "not destroy as Swift, combat as Byron, dream as Spenser, create as Shakespeare."

Intellect.—Milton's intellect predominated over his imagination. As a thinker, he probably stands next to Shakespeare and Bacon. "He combined the magnificence of Spenser with the severity of Calvin." Hence, "his marks are vast knowledge, close logic, grand passion." Being concentrative and impassioned, his intellect alone could leap the narrow boundaries of his artificial training. Being an intense lover of books, and hence reserved, he remained fixed in principle, and was insensible to experience. "He lived out of the world, placed above the stains and lessons of experience, as incapable of leading men as of yielding to them. . . . He was speculative and chimerical. Locked up in his own ideas he sees but them, is attracted but by them." He was neither practical nor urbane; he was aggressive, formed for strife, not happiness.

Style.—In his early poems, Milton's style is remarkable for beauty and perfection of rhythm. The blank verse of "Comus" is unexcelled. In his prose and later poems, his style is composite,—formed by combining the English and classical idioms. In spite of inversions, ellipses, and unnecessary dif-

fuseness, it is solid, forcible, and brilliant. It is not agreeable to the ordinary reader, as it appears harsh and forced to him. In his prose the harshness, even coarseness occasionally, are due to the intensity of his intellectual convictions, and his aggressive nature in controversy.

Principal Works.—Besides the works already mentioned by name, a few prominent prose works remain to be noticed. These are the “Reformation in England,” “Eikonoklastes,” a “Tractate on Education,” “Areopagitica,” the “Tenure of Kings and Magistrates,” and a “History of England.” As a work written by a successful school-master, the essay on education is far from being of any practical value. The “History of England” is valuable to the student merely to show that Milton had no talent for historical composition. Perhaps the best prose work, although lacking the intensity of thought found in his rough controversial pamphlets, is the “Areopagitica, or a Defence for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.” It is a strong plea for the freedom of the press. It was published in 1644. The fact that, in 1651, Milton acted as a censor of the press, ought not to detract from the merits of the work, for he practically lived up to what he expressed in it. A few brief selections will illustrate some of his thoughts upon the subject:

“If, then, the order be not vain and frustrate, behold a new labor. Lords and commons, ye must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged, after ye have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned, and which not; and ordain that no foreign books be delivered out of custody till they have been read over. This office will require the whole time of not a few overseers, and those no vulgar men. There be also books that are partly useful and excellent, partly culpable and pernicious; this work will ask as many more officials to make expurgations and expunctions, that the commonwealth of learning be not damnified.”

“If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitional rigor that hath been executed upon books.”

"For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are : they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as dragon's teeth : and being sown up and down may chance to spring up, armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book : who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image ; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth ; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

"Paradise Lost" has always been considered Milton's best poetic work. The opinion seems to be growing that "Comus" is his best, while the other is his greatest. "Comus" unquestionably contains the richest fruit of Milton's poetic fancy. "Paradise Lost" was written after youthful fervor had been dead for many years. There are passages of grandeur scattered through the poem, but when an unbiased criticism is written of it the fact will become prominent that Milton's imagination was unfitted for the task which he assumed. "Paradise Lost" is unquestionably our greatest epic, but that epic, in spite of all our literary pride, is dull and uninteresting as a whole. Few have ever read it save as a task. The first two books are by far the best.

The following passage from Book I. is the speech of Satan that corresponds somewhat but is inferior to the speech of Satan in Cædmon's "Paraphrase."

"Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. At last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal spirits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter : but what power of mind,

Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse ;
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat ?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke or dread
New war, provoked ; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not ; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds ; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of Heaven :
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere :
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature : Peace is despaired,
For who can think submission ? War then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved."

It is in "Paradise Lost" that Milton embodies all that is best and noblest of Puritanism. His Satan, whose "form had not yet lost all her original brightness, nor appeared less than

archangel ruined, and the excess of glory obscured," differed from the mediæval conception of Satan because representing the Puritan idea of superlative sin. The great influence which the poem has exerted in materializing our conceptions of Heaven and Hell, has, therefore, been theological rather than literary.

COMUS.

In 1634 Milton was prevailed upon by H. Lawes, the musical composer, to write the "Mask of Comus," in order to celebrate the entry of the Earl of Bridgewater on his office as Lord-President of Wales. It was the last Cavalier mask written, and the best. Stopford Brooke says of it: "'Comus' displaced itself as a mask to rise into a poem to the glory and victory of virtue." The personage of Comus was borrowed by Milton from a Latin extravaganza by a Dutch professor, whose "Comus" was reprinted at Oxford in 1634. Mark Pattison thinks that the plot was suggested to Milton by his recollection of George Peele's "Old Wive's Tale;" but the fact seems to be, as was noted in Chapter IV, that the model of the poem was Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess." The word Comus means a reveler. The parts of the Lady, First Brother, and Second Brother, were taken by the three children of the Earl of Bridgewater.

COMUS.

THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis*, H. Lawes.

COMUS, *with his Crew*.

THE LADY, Lady Alice Egerton.

FIRST BROTHER, Lord Brackley, John Egerton.

SECOND BROTHER, Mr. Thomas Egerton.

SABRINA, *the Nymph*.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT *descends or enters*.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright ærial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air;
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being;
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
10 After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity:
To such my errand is, and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds

With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

- But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 20 Took in by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove,
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
 That like to rich and various gems inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the deep;
 Which he to grace his tributary gods
 By course commits to several government,
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
 And wield their little tridents; but this isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
 30 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun,
 A noble peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
 Where his fair offspring nurst in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new-entrusted sceptre; but their way
 Lies through the perplext paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger.
 40 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
 I was dispatcht for their defence and guard;
 And listen why; for I will tell ye now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bow'r.

- Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crush't the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
 50 On Circe's island fell: (who knows not Circe
 The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,

- And downward fell into a groveling swine)
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam'd;
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
 60 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood;
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 70 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before;
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
 Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 80 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy:
 As now I do: but first I must put off
 These my sky-ropes spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs;
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,

And in this office of his mountain watch
 90 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS *enters, with a charming-rod in his hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold;
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream;
 And the slope Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole;
 100 Pacing toward the other goal
 Of his chamber in the East.
 Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine,
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 110 With their grave saws in slumber lie.
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds, and seas with all their finny drove
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;

- And on the tawny sands and shelves,
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 120 The wood-nymphs deckt with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
 Come, let us our rites begin,
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
 130 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian Darkness spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air;
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests; till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice Morn on th' Indian steep,
 140 From her cabin'd loophole peep,
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
 In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

- Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affraight: some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 150 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,

And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
 Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments; lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course:
 160 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-plac't words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust
 I shall appear some harmless villager
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY enters.

170 *Lady.* This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound
 Of riot, and ill-manag'd merriment;
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
 180 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd wood?
 My brothers when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,

- Stept, as they sed, to the next thicket side
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 190 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wandering steps too far,
 And envious Darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 200 To the misled and lonely traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory
 Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 210 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish't form of Chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 220 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.

Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
 I can not hallow to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliv'nd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

- 230 Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green;
 And in the violet embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flowry cave,
 240 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere;
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns harmonies.

- Comus.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidd'n residence;
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 250 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of Darkness till it smil'd: I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,

- Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention;
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
 260 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed:
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 270 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.
- Lady.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is addrest to unattending ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.
- Comus.* What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?
Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.
Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
 280 *Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf.
Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool, friendly spring.
Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?
Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

290 *Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his supper sate;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
Their port was more than human, as they stood;
I took it for a faëry vision
Of some gay creatures of the element

300 That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,
And, as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
310 Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch't pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
320 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds

With smoky rafters, than in tapstry halls
 In courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended: in a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I can not be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 330 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the TWO BROTHERS.

Elder Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou fair Moon
 That wont'st to love the travailer's benison,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness, and of shades;
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 340 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Second Brother. Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 350 But O that hapless virgin our lost sister,
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.

What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

- Elder Brother.* Peace brother, be not over-exquisite
- 360 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincip'l'd in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
- 370 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not),
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
- 580 Were all to-ruffl'd and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

- Second Brother.* 'Tis most true
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men, and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
- 390 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,

His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,
 400 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

Elder Brother. I do not, brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy:
 410 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

Second Brother. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

Elder Brother. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
 Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
 420 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
 She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
 May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds;

- Where through the sacred rays of chastity
No savage, fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity;
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
430 She may pass on with unblench't majesty;
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue, meagre hag, or stubborn, unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,
No goblin, or swart faëry of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
440 To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair, silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
450 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash't brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe.
So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
460 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,

The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.

470 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new-made grave;
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link't itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Second Brother. How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,

480 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Elder Brother. List, list, I hear
 Some far off hallow break the silent air.

Second Brother. Methought so too; what should it be?

Elder Brother. For certain
 Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Sec. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister! Again, again, and near;
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Elder Brother. I'll hallow;
 If he be friendly he comes well; if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

490 That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spirit. What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.

Second Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

Elder Bro. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale;
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slip't from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pen't flock forsook?
500 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spirit. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O my virgin lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

Elder Bro. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame
510 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spirit. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.

Spirit. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance),
What the sage poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras and enchanted iles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
520 Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt; whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,

- And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage,
 530 Character'd in the face; this have I learn't
 Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts
 That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bow'rs.
 Yet have they many baits and guileful spells
 To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 540 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
 Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sate me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honeysuckle; and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy
 Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close,
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 550 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
 At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep.
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish't she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more
 560 Still to be so displac't. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death; but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice

Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear;
 And "O poor hapless nightingale," thought I,
 "How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!"
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings oft'n trod by day,
 570 Till guided by mine ear I found the place
 Where that damn'd wisard hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless, innocent lady, his wish't prey;
 Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager,
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
 Ye were the two she mean't; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight till I had found you here,
 580 But further know I not.

Second Brother. O night and shades,
 How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin,
 Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me brother?

Elder Brother. Yes, and keep it still;
 Lean on it safely, not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm:
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 590 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
 Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settl'd to itself,
 It shall be in eternal, restless change,
 Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
 600 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
 May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to return his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

Spirit. Alas! good ventrous youth,
 610 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise,
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
 Far other arms and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms;
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

Elder Brother. Why prithee, shepherd,
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near
 As to make this relation?

Spirit. Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad
 620 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray;
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy;
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
 Amongst the rest a small, unsightly root,
 630 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
 He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
 And bade me keep it as of sovran use
 640 Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
 Or gastly furies' apparition;
 I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd,
 But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off: if you have this about you
 (As I will give you when we go), you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
 650 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
 And brandish't blade, rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But seize his wand; though he and his curst crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Elder Bro. Thyrsis lead on apace, I'll follow thee;
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

COMUS.

Nay lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
 660 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,

And you a statue; or as Daphne was
Rootbound, that fled Apollo.

Lady.

Fool, do not boast;

Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Comus. Why are you vext, lady? why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
670 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrops mixt.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
680 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain;
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,
690 This will restore all soon.

Lady.

'Twill not, false traitor;

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,

These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery,
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
 700 With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Comus. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
 710 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
 To deck her sons; and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hutch't th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
 720 To store her children with; if all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 Th' All-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility,
 730 Th' eårth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes;

The herds would over-multitude their lords,
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
 List, lady; be not coy, and be not cozen'd
 With that same vaunted name, Virginity;
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 740 But must be current; and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
 Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself:
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions
 750 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts;
 Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet.
Lady. I had not thought to have unlock't my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules prankt in Reason's garb.
 760 I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
 And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride:
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance; she, good cateress,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws

- And holy dictate of spare Temperance :
 If every just man that now pines with want
 Had but a moderate and beseeming share
 770 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens't
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
 And then the Giver would be better thank't,
 His praise due paid; for swinish Gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 780 Or have I said enough? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity;
 And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 790 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc't:
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.
 800 *Comus.* She fables not, I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by some superior power;
 And though not mortal, yet a cold, shuddring dew

Dips me all o'er; as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more;
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;
 I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees
 810 And settlings of a melancholy blood;
 But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.

SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
 O ye mistook; ye should have snatcht his wand
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,
 We can not free the lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fix't, and motionless;
 820 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,
 Which once of Melibœus old I learn't,
 The soothest shepherd that e'er pip't on plains.
 There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
 Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
 830 Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.

- The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
 Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodel,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 840 Dropt in ambrosial oils; till she reviv'd,
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made goddess of the river; still she retains
 Her maid'n gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
 Which she with pretious vial'd liquors heals.
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 850 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invok't in warbled song;
 Fair maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

- Sabrina fair,
 860 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave;
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
 In name of great Oceanus.
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 870 And Tethys' grave majestic pace,
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 880 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.
 Listen and save.

SABRINA rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings.

890 By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays;
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
 Of turkis blue, and em'rald green
 That in the channel strays;
 Whilst from off the waters fleet,
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread;

900 Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.

Spirit. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unbles't enchanter vile.

Sabrina. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity;
910 Brightest lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of pretious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold;
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
920 And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

SABRINA *descends, and the* LADY *rises out of her seat.*

Spirit. Virgin, daughter of Loctrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills;
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair;
930 Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore

The beryl, and the golden ore;
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terrace round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come lady, while heaven lends us grace
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 940 Lest the sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste, or needless sound
 Till we come to holier ground;
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide;
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 950 His wish't presence; and beside,
 All the swains that there abide,
 With jigs, and rural dance resort;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer;
 Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle; then come in country Dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the Two BROTHERS and the LADY.

SONG.

Spirit. Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,
 Till next sunshine holiday;
 960 Here be without duck or nod
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes; and such court guise
 E. L.—27.

As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight;
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own;
 970 Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth;
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual Folly and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.

Spirit. To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 980 There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 That there eternal summer dwells;
 And west winds, with musky wing
 990 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard, and Cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue

- Than her purfl'd scarf can shew,
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 1000 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft; and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen:
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc't,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc't,
 After her wand'ring labours long;
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal bride;
 And from her fair unspotted side
 1010 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
 But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.
 Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue; she alone is free:
 1020 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime;
 Or if Virtue feeble were,
 Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

VERBAL REFERENCES.

Line 1 : court, entrance to the court of Jove's palace.—2. mansion here means resting-place.—3. *inspher'd*, an allusion to the theory of concentric spheres.—7. *pester'd*, clogged, over-crowded; *pinfold*, sheep-fold.—10. *change*, by synecdoche here used for dance.—16. *ambrosial weeds*, heavenly garments.—17. *sin-worn mould*, by antonomasia here

used for the earth.—18. **Neptune**. The complete jurisdiction of the god of the sea here follows.—20. **'twixt high and nether Jove**, an allusion to the conception of the ancients that the earth occupied a central position between the upper concave, ruled by Jove, and the lower, governed by Pluto.—27. **this ile**, Great Britain. This spelling of isle is in accordance with its Anglo-Saxon origin.—28. **main**, ocean.—29. **blue-hair'd deities**, probably so called from the color of the sea.—31. **noble peer**, the Earl of Bridgewater; **mickle**, great.—37. **perplex't**, entangled.—45. **hall or bow'r**, the hall of the lord or the chamber of the lady.—48. **Tuscan mariners transform'd**, Tuscan mariners had been transformed. An allusion to the Tuscan sailors who carried off Bacchus, and were, in consequence, transformed into dolphins.—49. **Tyrrhene shore**, the western coast of the peninsula of Italy.—50. **Circe's iland**. *Ææa*, a mythical island, supposed to be off the west coast of the peninsula of Italy; **Circe**, in Greek mythology a sorceress, who murdered her husband, and was taken by her father to the island of *Ææa*. She had the power of transforming human beings into swine.

Line 55: **ivy berries wreathed**. The ivy was sacred to Bacchus. A wreath of ivy with its berries was supposed, when worn, to prevent intoxication.—60. **Celtic and Iberian**, French and Spanish.—65. **orient**, red. It also may mean eastern.—66. **Phœbus**, the god of the sun.—79. **adventrous**, full of adventures.—83. **Iris' woof**, the materials and colors of the rainbow.—92. **viewless**, invisible.—93. **fold**, house his sheep.—98. **slope**, slanting. An allusion to the steep, downward track of the sun, according to the conception of the ancients.—99. **pole**, the pole of the universe.

Line 105: **rosy twine**, wreathes of roses, which were generally worn at drinking feasts.—110. **saws**, old sayings.—112. **quire**, choir. An allusion to the music of the spheres.—116. **morrice**, a Moorish dance introduced into England by John of Gaunt.—117. **tawny**, yellow.—118. **pert**, active; **dapper**, pretty.—121. **wakes**, revels.—129. **Cotyto**, the Thracian goddess of immodesty, worshiped at Athens with nocturnal rites.—132. **Stygian**, like the Styx, one of the rivers of hell; **spets**, spits.—134. **ebon**, ebony, because of its color.—139. **nice**, fastidious; **Indian steep**, the ascent of the sun in the ocean east of India.—144. **round**, dance. The figure is synecdoche. The measure or dance is here introduced in order to give the masqueraders an opportunity to show themselves.—147. **shrouds**, places of concealment; **brakes**, thickets.

Line 151: **trains**, snares.—154. **spungy**, capable of retaining like a sponge.—155. **blear**, to deceive by affecting the eyes.—157. **quaint**,

familiar.—161. **glozing**, deceitful, flattering.—164. **hug**, press closely.—165. **magic dust**, an allusion to Archbishop Laud, who, when consecrating a church in 1631, threw dust into the air.—167. **gear**, business.—168. **fairly**, gently, softly.—174. **hinds**, peasants.—176. **Pan**, the god of flocks and herds. He is also called the god of all material substances.—178. **swill'd insolence**, an insolence due to excess of drink.—179. **wassailers**, revelers.—180. **feet**, by synecdoche here used for person.

Line 200 : **travailer**, an old form of orthography for traveler.—203. **rife**, common, prevalent.—204. **single darkness**, darkness only.—212. **siding**, accompanying.—232. **Meander's**, the river Meander rises in Phrygia and flows south-west into the Mediterranean in the south-western part of Asia Minor. In its lower course, between Lycia and Caria, it is noted for its windings. 237. **Narcissus**, a youth who fell in love with his image that he saw in a fountain, and because he could not kiss it, died of grief. His spirit was changed into the flower that bears his name. **Echo** (line 230) was in love with Narcissus, and because he did not requite her love, she pined away until nothing was left of her but her voice.—241. **queen of parly**, by antonomasia here used for Echo ; **sphere**. Echo here has her origin in the music of the spheres.—243. **resounding grace**, grace of repetition.—248. **his**, *its*. *Its* did not come into general use until about 1660.—249. **they**. The antecedent is raptures.

Line 252 : **it**. The antecedent is Darkness.—253. **Sirens**, their names were Parthenope, Ligea, and Luciothea ; their usual abode a small island near Cape Pelœus, in Sicily. They enticed sailors ashore by their melodious singing, and then killed them.—254. **flowry-kirtl'd**, flowery skirted ; **Naiades**, nymphs of lakes, fountains, rivers and streams.—257. **Elysium**, the paradise of the Greeks ; **Scylla**. Circe, out of jealousy, changed Scylla into a hideous monster, and set dogs and wolves to bark round her incessantly. Scylla then threw herself into the sea, and was changed into the rock which bears her name. The noise of the waves beating against the rock may have suggested the barking of dogs and wolves.—259. **Charybdis**, a rock in Sicily, opposite Scylla. If a ship escaped one rock, there was danger of its being dashed to pieces on the other.—262. **home-felt**, heart-felt.—290. **Hebe**, goddess of youth, and cup-bearer of the immortals before Ganymede superseded her. She was the wife of Hercules, and had the power of making the aged young again.—293. **swink't hedger**, tired laborer.—298. **faëry vision**, vision of fairy-land.—299. **element**, air.

Line 301 : **awe-strook**, awe-stricken.—312. **dingle**, a deep, narrow

valley.—313. **bosky bourn**, bushy or shady creek.—321. **quest**, search.—327. **warranted**, guarded.—329. **square**, adjust, measure.—331. **unmuffle**, uncover.—333. **Stoop**, bend down.—334. **disinherit Chaos**, dispossess confusion.—341. **star of Arcady**, the constellation of Ursa Major.—342. **Tyrian Cynosure**, the constellation of Ursa Minor.—344. **wattled cotes**, sheep-folds enclosed by twigs woven together like willows in baskets.—345. **oaten stops**, shepherds flutes made of oaten reeds.—349. **innumerable**, innumerable.

Line 359 : **exquisite**, inquisitive.—360. **To cast**, to foretell, as if by the rules of astrology.—366. **to seek**, at a loss.—367. **unprincip'l'd**, ignorant of the beginnings.—377. **her best nurse Contemplation**. In Sidney's "Arcadia" Solitude is the nurse of Contemplation.—380. **to-ruff'd**, very much ruffled.—382. **centre**, center of the earth.—386. **affects**, prefers.—393. **Hesperian tree**, the tree in the Hesperian Fields bearing the golden apples given by Earth to Juno upon her marriage with Jove. The obtaining of these apples was one of the twelve labors of Hercules.—395. **dragon**, the dragon Ladon that assisted in guarding the golden apples.—398. **unsunn'd**, kept in the dark.

Line 404 : **it recks me not**, I take no account of.—407. **unowned**, lost, unaccompanied.—408. **Infer**, argue.—423. **trace**, track.—424. **infamous**, dangerous.—429. **shagg'd**, made rugged or fearful.—430. **unblench't**, unblinded.—434. **unlaid ghost**, unquiet ghost. Made so because of some crime that is not avenged, or because of some secret necessary to be imparted to the living.—435. **curfeu time**, eight o'clock, the time of ringing the curfew bell. R. C. Browne says this custom is still observed at Canterbury.—443. **brinded**, spotted.—444. **pard**, any spotted beast.—447. **Gorgon**. There were three Gorgons. They had serpents on their heads instead of hair. Medusa was the chief of these, and the only one that was mortal. Her face was so hideous that whoever set eyes on it was instantly turned to stone. She was slain by Perseus, and her head placed on the shield of Minerva.—448. **Minerva**, the goddess of wisdom.—449. **freez'd**, frozen. The verb is now irregular.

Line 451 : **dash't**, confounded.—455. **lackey**, accompany as servants.—459. **oft**, frequent.—478. **Apollo**, the sun, in Homeric mythology; here, the god of music.—483. **night-founder'd**, benighted.—491. **iron stakes**, by metonymy here swords.—495. **madrigal**, a short amorous poem composed of a definite number of unequal verses.

Line 508 : **chance**, happens it.—509. **sadly**, seriously.—515. **heav'nly muse**, Calliope, the muse of epic or heroic poetry.—517. **chimeras**. The chimera was a monster described by Homer that had the body of a goat, the head of a lion, and the tail of a dragon.—531. **crofts** here

means an enclosed field.—540. **by then**, by the time.—542. **dew-besprent**, besprinkled with dew.—547. **meditate**, think on, compose.—560. **Still**, always.

Line 603 : **grisly**, frightful.—604. **sooty flag of Acheron**, by antonomasia here used for hell. Acheron was the river of sorrow in hell.—605. **Harpies**, vultures with the head and breasts of a woman, very fierce and loathsome. They were personifications of whirlwinds and other storms. Their names were Ocypeta (rapid), Celeno (blackness), and Aëlo (storm).—**hydras**, monsters having nine heads. When one was struck off two grew in its place.—607. **purchase**, what is stolen.—620. **to see to**, to behold.—636. **moly**, wild or sorcerer's garlic, of which there are many varieties. It was the gift of Hērmes (Mercury) to Ulysses, by means of which Ulysses escaped the charms of Circe.—638. **hæmony**, a plant of Milton's creation. It is probably derived from Hæmonia, Thessaly, the land of magic.—646. **lime-twigs**, twigs covered with a sticky preparation, called bird-lime, for the purpose of snaring small birds. The figure is a metaphor.

Line 660 : **alabaster**, alabaster, a white and translucent variety of gypsum, used in sculpture. The figure is a metaphor.—661. **Daphne**, the daughter of a river god. Apollo, the sun-god, loved and pursued her. She fled from him, and escaped by being changed into a laurel, which, after this, became the favorite tree of Apollo.—675. **Nepenthes**, the care-dispelling drug which Polydamna, wife of Thone, king of Egypt, gave to Helen, daughter of Jove and Leda. Helen gave it to Menelaus, her husband, mixed with his wine.

Line 701 : **Juno**, the wife of Jupiter.—702. **treasonous**, treasonable.—707. **budge**, lambskin, with the wool dressed outwards, worn on the edge of garments or used for lining them. The word, in order to make sense, is perhaps from the French verb *bouger*, to stir, and here means *active*; **Stoic fur**, Stoic class or school. Fur is here a metaphor. The Stoic philosophy was founded by Zeno at Athens about 300 B. C., so called from the porch in which Zeno lectured. The fundamental maxim of the Stoics was to live in the utmost indifference to pleasure, pain, and all external good or evil.—708. **Cynic tub**, an allusion to the Cynic philosophy, founded by Antisthenes, a pupil of Socrates, in Athens, about 380 B. C. The most famous Cynic was Diogenes, who is said to have lived in a tub. The Cynics believed that it was the task of philosophy to teach men merely how to live morally and peaceably. Virtue was the highest possible simplicity in living, an idea which they carried so far as to ignore decency, cleanliness, civilization, and labor.—719. **hutch't**, shut in.—759. **prankt**, decked.—791. **fence**, art of defence.

Line 823: *sootheest*, truest.—825. **Severn**, the principal river of western England.—826. **Sabrina**, the grand-daughter of Brutus, the first king of Britain.—835. **Nereus**, a very old prophetic god of great kindness of disposition. He was the father of the water-nymphs.—838. **nectar'd lavers**, baths in which nectar, the drink of the gods, was mixed; **asphodel**, a plant which grew in Elysium, upon the roots of which the spirits of the dead sustained themselves. It was dedicated to Pluto.—839. **porch**, entrance. This word and *inlet* are pleonastic.—840. **ambrosial oils**, oils having the beneficent properties of ambrosia, which was the food of the gods.—845. **urchin**, a mischievous imp.

Line 863: **amber-dropping**, glistening like amber when first taken from the sea.—868. **Oceanus**, the son of Uranos and Gæa (Earth), and husband of Tethys. He was the only one of the twelve Titans that did not enter into the conspiracy against Uranos. Hera (Juno) grew up under the care of Oceanus and Tethys. Their daughter, Amphitrite, was the rightful wife of Poseidon (Neptune). The offspring of Oceanus peopled the ocean, rivers, streams, and fountains.—872. **Carpathian wizard**, Proteus, son of Oceanus and Tethys.—873. **Triton**, a son of Neptune, having a human head and the body of a dolphin. By blowing through his shell he made the roaring of the ocean during a storm.—874. **Glaucus**, a prophetic sea god. He visited all the coasts of Greece once a year to utter his predictions.—879. **Parthenope**, one of the sirens.—880. **Ligea**, one of the sirens. The comb belongs to the mermaids of Northern mythology.—887, 888. Note the pronunciation of **have**.—891. **willow . . osier**. The osier is the basket willow. The expression is tautological.—893. **azurn**, azure. A form of spelling used only by Milton.—894. **turkis**, turquoise.

Line 923: **Anchises**, a Trojan prince, the father of Æneas, related to the family of Priam, the king of Dardanus in Troas. Æneas founded the Roman Empire, and is the hero of Virgil's "*Æneid*." Brutus, the first king of Britain, was the grandson of Æneas. He fled from Greece to Britain because he inadvertently killed his father Sylvius.—946. **thence**, hence.

Line 963: **Mercury**, the messenger of Jupiter.—964. **Dryades**, nymphs of woods and trees, inhabiting groves, ravines, and wooded valleys, fond of making merry with Apollo, Mercury, and Pan, and very attractive to the satyrs.—972. **assays**, trials.—982. **daughters three**, the original number who watched the tree with the golden apples. This number was afterwards increased to seven.—984. **crisped**, rippled by the wind.—990. **cedarn**, cedar. A form of spelling used only by Milton.—991. **Nard**, an aromatic plant usually called spikenard; **cassia**, an aromatic plant re-

sembling cinnamon.—995. *purf'd*, embroidered.—999. *Adonis*, the beautiful shepherd boy loved by Venus. Her grief at his death, which was caused by a wild boar when hunting, was so great that she would not allow his lifeless body to be taken from her arms until Jupiter consoled her by decreeing that her lover might continue to live during spring and summer on the earth; he was compelled, however, to pass the other half of the year with Proserpine.

Line 1002 : *Assyrian queen*. Venus was worshiped by the Assyrians under the names of Astarte and Ashtoreth.—1005. *Psyche*, a very beautiful maiden, the daughter of a king, with whom Cupid fell in love. He enjoined upon her the condition that she was not to seek to know who he was. While looking at him as he lay asleep, a drop of hot oil fell upon his shoulder, and he awoke and fled from her. Psyche wandered from place to place looking for Cupid. She was persecuted by Venus, until, at length, Cupid took pity on her, married her, and gave her immortality.—1017. *corners*, points of the crescent.—1021. *sphery chime*, the music of the spheres.

MISCELLANEOUS REFERENCES.

38, 39.—The figures *nodding*, *horror* and *brows* give an intensity to this passage that makes it hyperbolical. It is intellectual rather than imaginative. An analysis of the thought will develop its vagueness.

74, 75.—This is not in accordance with Homer, as the companions of Ulysses were sensible of their degradation.

93, 94.—A very poetical expression for the early evening. The evening star is highest just after sunset.

95 to 97.—An allusion to Phœbus and his chariot.

100, 101.—The only passage in English poetry which makes provision for Phœbus to get across to the east in time for his morning drive.

119 to 121.—A beautiful illustration of Milton's imagination and style at this period of his life. Note the elegant effect of the metaphorical epithet *dimpled*.

138 to 140.—These lines are very expressive, but they indicate defective imagination. The metaphors *cabin'd* and *loophole* are quite suggestive, but weaken the beauty of the thought because so inferior to "The nice morn."

188, 189.—This is a strong picture. The gray tints predominate just at dusk. Gray-hooded is suggested by the dress of the Franciscan friars.

190.—The chariot of Phœbus is always represented with two wheels instead of four.

207, 208.—This imagery was probably suggested by Shakespeare's "Tempest."

217.—Scan.

222 to 224.—Note the beauty of the repetition.

230 to 243.—Note the melodious construction of this song. The trochaic verses 234 and 239 are very effective.

249 to 252.—The grandeur of vagueness is manifest here. Silence carries the Lady's music upon his wings, and upon every downward motion smoothes the raven plumage of Darkness.

294 to 304.—The excessive flattery of this speech is illustrative of the character of Comus. The Lady's innocence and simplicity are remarkable not to be frightened at it.

317, 318.—The lark does not roost, nor has it a thatched nest. Here Milton does not see nature even through books.

322 to 326.—The Lady is evidently the personification of innocence, just as the Elder Brother is of hope, and the Second Brother of distrust or doubt.

359 to 363.—A very poetical expression for the homely saying, "Do not borrow trouble," and for the passage in Scripture, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

375 to 385.—The philosophical sentiments of these lines finely illustrate Milton's intellect. Scan 377.

416 to 421.—An allusion to the doctrine of free will. Perfect chastity does not require any act of special providence to guard it.

431 to 437.—This passage corresponds with the selection from Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" in Chapter IV.

453 to 456.—The predominant sentiment of the poem.

530.—Scan; also 535.

552 to 554.—The thought here seems to be that the drowsy steeds of Night do not move at all unless some noise from the earth below partially arouses them, and causes them to move forward instinctively.

555 to 560.—Compare the first three lines of this really beautiful passage with the following opening lines from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night:"

"That strain again ; it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor."

589 to 592.—There is moral inspiration in these musical lines. They illustrate Milton's character.

622.—Scan ; also 636.

649, 650.—Thus Ulysses attacked Circe.

702 to 705.—A good motive is here referred to. Comus pretends to offer that which is good. Even if it had been good, his base motive would have taken all the goodness away from it.

729.—All forms of growth would be so great that every thing would perish for want of room. This line is very suggestive.

732 to 736.—In this genuinely Miltonic passage imagination and style are well illustrated. Diamonds, however, do not belong to the "fore-head of the deep."

748 to 753.—Comus could not utter a speech more characteristic of his purely physical nature.

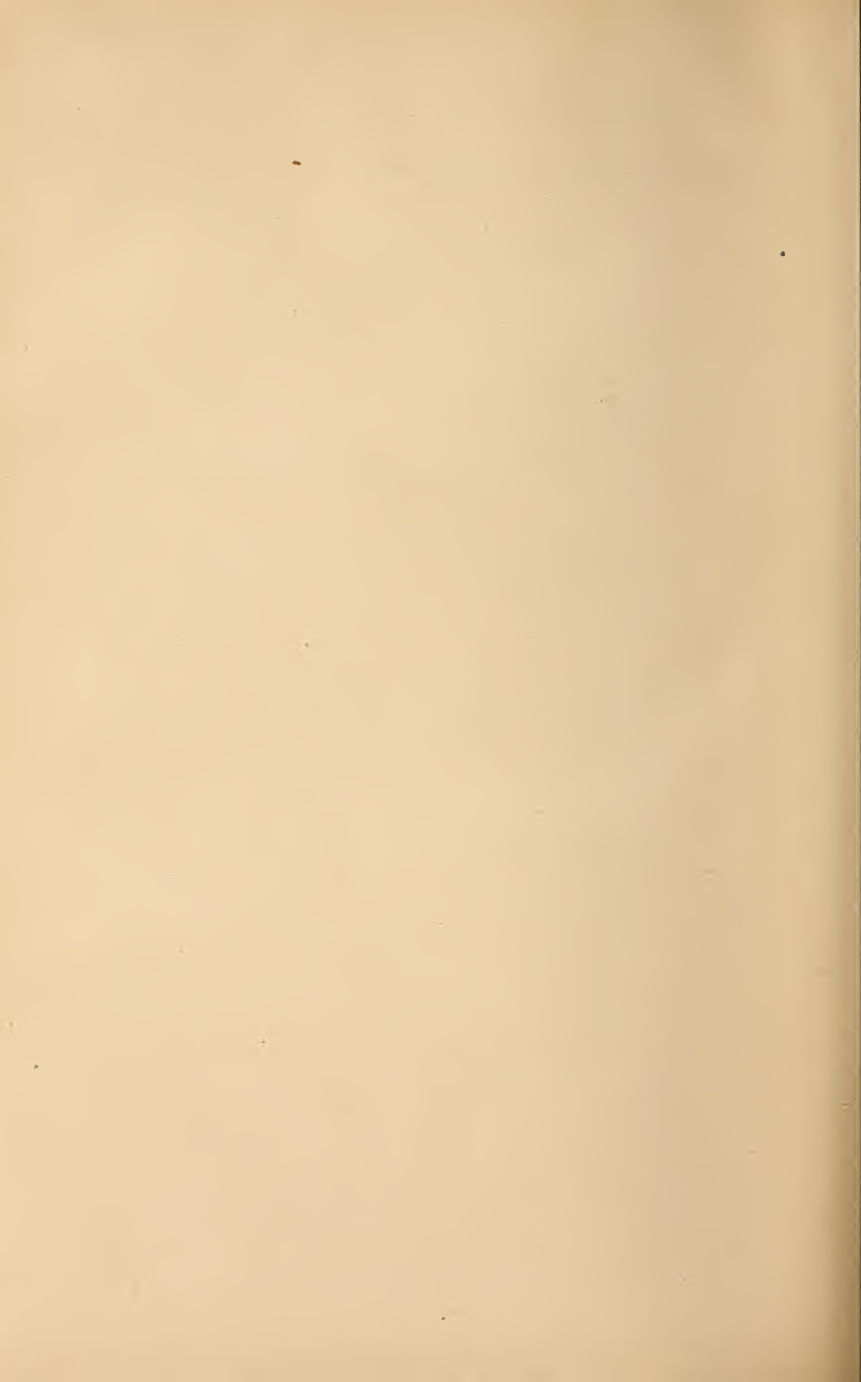
768 to 774.—The force and justice of this sentiment are apparent. That it is applicable now as it was in Milton's time is a proof of its philosophical character.

803 to 805.—Saturn here means Chronos and his crew, the eleven Titans, whom Zeus (Jove) subdued and imprisoned in Tartarus.

816 to 819.—The companions of Ulysses were restored to their proper forms by Circe with a stroke of her rod reversed and by spells said backwards.

877.—This is, perhaps, the most suggestive line in the poem. Besides the glitter of the light dancing upon the waves, the home of the beautiful nereid, the life of Thetis herself is brought before the imagination. She was the daughter of Nereus and Doris; was the mistress and chorus leader of the fifty nereids; was beloved by both Zeus and Poseidon in turn, either of whom would have married her but for fear of bringing forth a son greater than the father; and was the mother of Achilles, the most famous of the Greek leaders in the siege of Troy.

1022, 1023.—A magnificent tribute to virtue, and an extremely beautiful ending to this fine poem.



Eclectic Educational Series.

Duffet's New French Method,

By F. DUFFET, PARIS, FRANCE.

Revised by ALFRED HENNEQUIN, A. M., University of Michigan.

12mo., cloth, 394 pp.

From the Preface :

THIS revised edition of Professor Duffet's FRENCH METHOD does not differ in the main from the original work, which has, in a very short time, become so favorably known in Europe and in this country. It is still an eminently "Progressive and Practical Method for the Study of the French Language."

The object to be obtained in studying a foreign language is certainly to understand it, to speak it, and to write it at the earliest possible moment. With this in view, Professor Duffet introduces the student to the language itself in its most useful and practical forms from the very beginning. It is, in fact, a colloquial grammar, simple, but thorough, short, and complete.

We do not claim, as reviser, to have added much to the intrinsic value of the work. Our object has been to adapt the book to the requirements of American schools and colleges. Most of the important changes that have been made occur in Part First, in which have been introduced numerous tables and diagrams, explaining the parts of speech in a more systematic form than Professor Duffet had attempted. Short rules have also been given where deemed advisable, and many of the original rules have been re-worded.

PART SECOND has called for very few changes aside from the introduction of Tables and Diagrams. The order of the Rules of Syntax has been maintained.

The verbs have also been left in the order given by Professor Duffet, and the same classification retained. We have, however, given an enlarged formation of the tenses, adding numerous references to the same, thereby doing away, to a very great extent, with the mechanical memorizing of the irregular verbs. Various other minor changes have also been made in the verbs, mostly through the introduction of Tables and Diagrams.

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

ALFRED HENNEQUIN.

KEY TO DUFFET'S FRENCH METHOD.

Duffet's French Literature,

Brief Extracts in Prose and Poetry from the writings of Fifty of the best French writers. 12mo., cloth, 168 pp.

PUBLISHED BY

VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO., Cincinnati and New York.

ECLECTIC GEOGRAPHIES.

ECLECTIC PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY, No. 1.

ECLECTIC INTERMEDIATE GEOGRAPHY, No. 2.

ECLECTIC SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY, No. 3.

*The New Geography—the product of the combined efforts of
Ritter and Humboldt, taught with Scientific Pre-
cision, Clearness, and Accuracy.*

Superior in the following important particulars:

I. Compactness. All superfluous matter and statements of facts foreign to the subject have been carefully omitted. The School Geography, No. 3, includes a treatise on *Physical Geography*, obviating the necessity of a separate text-book on that subject.

II. Uniformity of Plan in arrangement and presentation of the subject, which greatly facilitates the progress of the pupil.

III. Gradation. The series, and each book of the series, are graded easily, naturally, and in a manner to best adapt them to the use of schools.

IV. Map-Drawing. The map-drawing is most simple and practical, and is embodied in the books.

V. Pictorial Illustrations, designed and engraved by the best artists, expressly for these books.

VI. Statistical Tables, compiled with the utmost care and accuracy, from the latest reliable sources.

VII. The Maps show distinctly Physical features, as well as Political boundaries, and are the most beautiful and accurate maps published.

"The series is characterized by simplicity of arrangement, fullness of information, and a constant regard to the practical exigencies of the average school-room. The beautiful style in which the books are brought out is an honor to American enterprise."—REV. A. D. MAYO, *Springfield, Mass.*

Published by

VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO., CINCINNATI AND NEW YORK.

SCIENCE.

Norton's Physics.

Elements of Physics for Academies and Common Schools. By S. A. NORTON, A. M., *Prof. in Ohio Agricultural and Mechanical College.* 12mo, cloth, 286 pp. Illustrated.

Norton's Natural Philosophy.

The Elements of Natural Philosophy. By S. A. NORTON, A. M. A new treatise, embracing latest discoveries to date of publication 12mo, cloth. 458 pp. and complete Index. 350 Illustrations.

Norton's Chemistry.

The Elements of Chemistry, by S. A. NORTON, A. M. 12mo, cloth, 300 pp. Illustrated.

Andrews's Elementary Geology.

An Elementary Geology, designed especially for the Interior States. By E. B. ANDREWS, LL.D., *late of the Ohio Geological Corps, and Professor in Marietta College.* 12mo, cloth, 269 pp. and Index. 432 illustrations.

Brown's Physiology.

Manual of Physiology and Hygiene. By R. T. Brown, *late Chemist-in-Chief in the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.* Divided into 50 lessons. 12mo, cloth, 288 pp. Illustrated.

Schuyler's Logic.

The principles of Logic. By A. SCHUYLER, LL.D., *Pres't of Baldwin University; author of Algebra, Trigonometry and Surveying, etc.* 12mo, cloth, 168 pp.

Andrews's Constitution.

Manual of the Constitution of the United States. Designed for the instruction of American youth in the duties, obligations, and rights of citizenship. By ISRAEL WARD ANDREWS, D. D., *President Marietta College.* 12mo, cloth, 408 pp., with Index and Appendices, embracing important state papers.

"In each aspect of its usefulness, the work can not fail to meet with approval and as a text-book, it is by all odds the best of its kind." — THE NATION.

Gow's Morals and Manners.

Good Morals and Gentle Manners. A systematic text-book on Moral and Social Law. By ALEX. M. GOW, A. M., *Sup't Public Schools, Evansville, Ind.* 12mo, 252 pp.

Published by

VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO., CINCINNATI AND NEW YORK.

HISTORY.

Eclectic History of the United States.

An entirely new work on the subject. Events are sketched in a clear, lucid and interesting style. Nine large and beautiful maps. Numerous accurate portraits and other illustrations. Full cloth.

Venable's United States History.

A School History of the United States. By W. H. VENABLE. Finely illustrated, and accompanied with carefully drawn maps and charts. 12mo, 288 pp.

Thalheimer's History of England.

For the use of schools. A compact volume, comprehensive in scope, but sufficiently brief to be completed in one school term. Excellent maps and pictorial illustrations. By M. E. THALHEIMER, *formerly teacher of History in Packer Collegiate Institute.* 12mo, cloth, 288 pp.

Thalheimer's Ancient History.


By the same author. A Manual of Ancient history, from the earliest times to the fall of the Western Empire. Illustrated with full-page engravings, charts of principal cities, and double-page maps. Complete Index and Pronouncing Vocabulary. 8vo, 378 pp.

Thalheimer's Mediæval and Modern History.

By the same author. Manual of Mediæval and Modern History. 12 beautiful and accurate double-page maps. Voluminous Index. 8vo, 480 pp.

Thalheimer's General History.

By the same author. Outlines of the World's History. Concise, but reliable in statement and entertaining in style. 12mo, cloth, 340 pp. Illustrated.

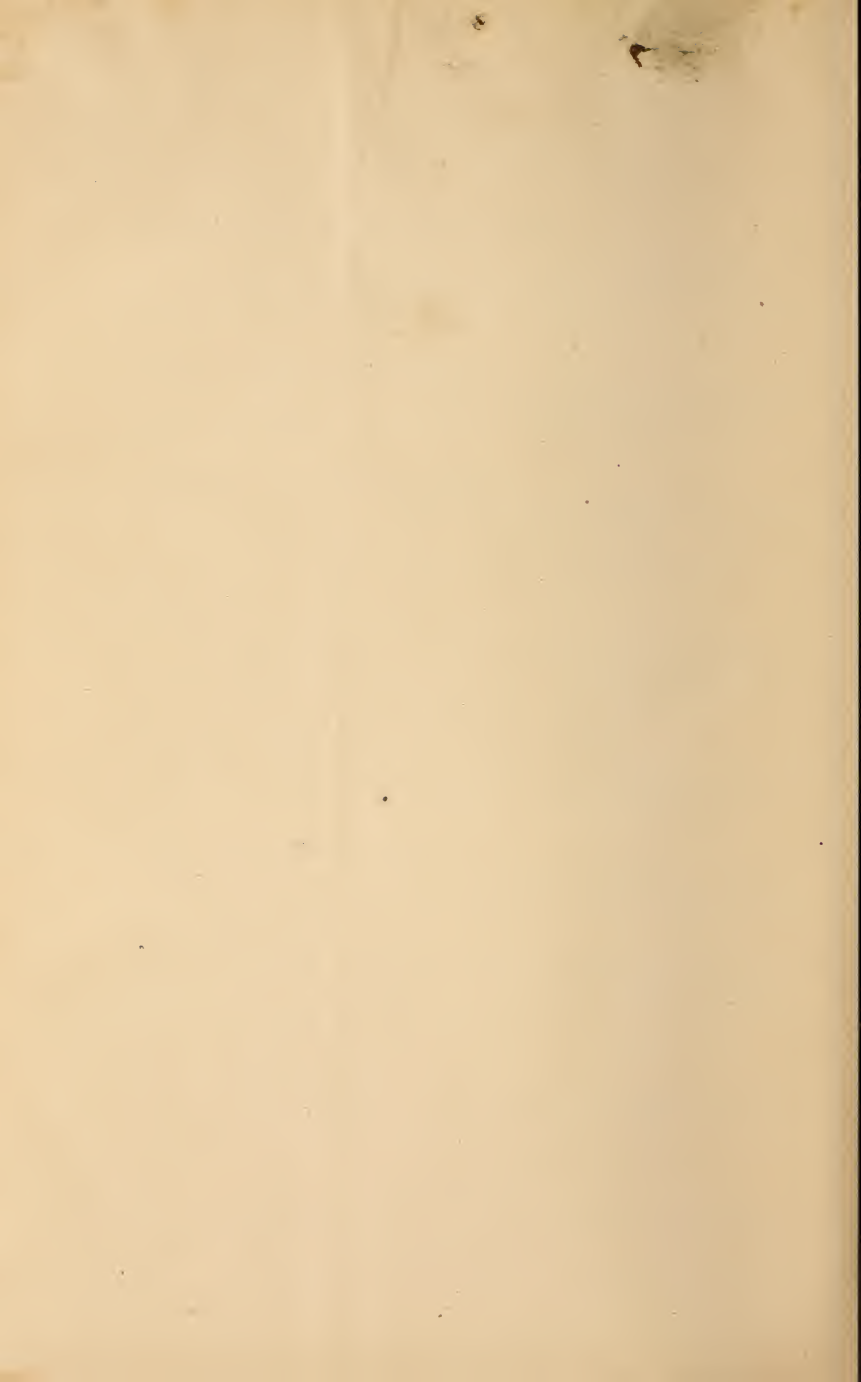
 *The indorsements of Thalheimer's Histories by the press and educators have been most unqualified. It is generally conceded that they are UNEQUALED by any similar publications, in literally excellence, reliability of statement, and style of publication.*

Eclectic Historical Atlas.

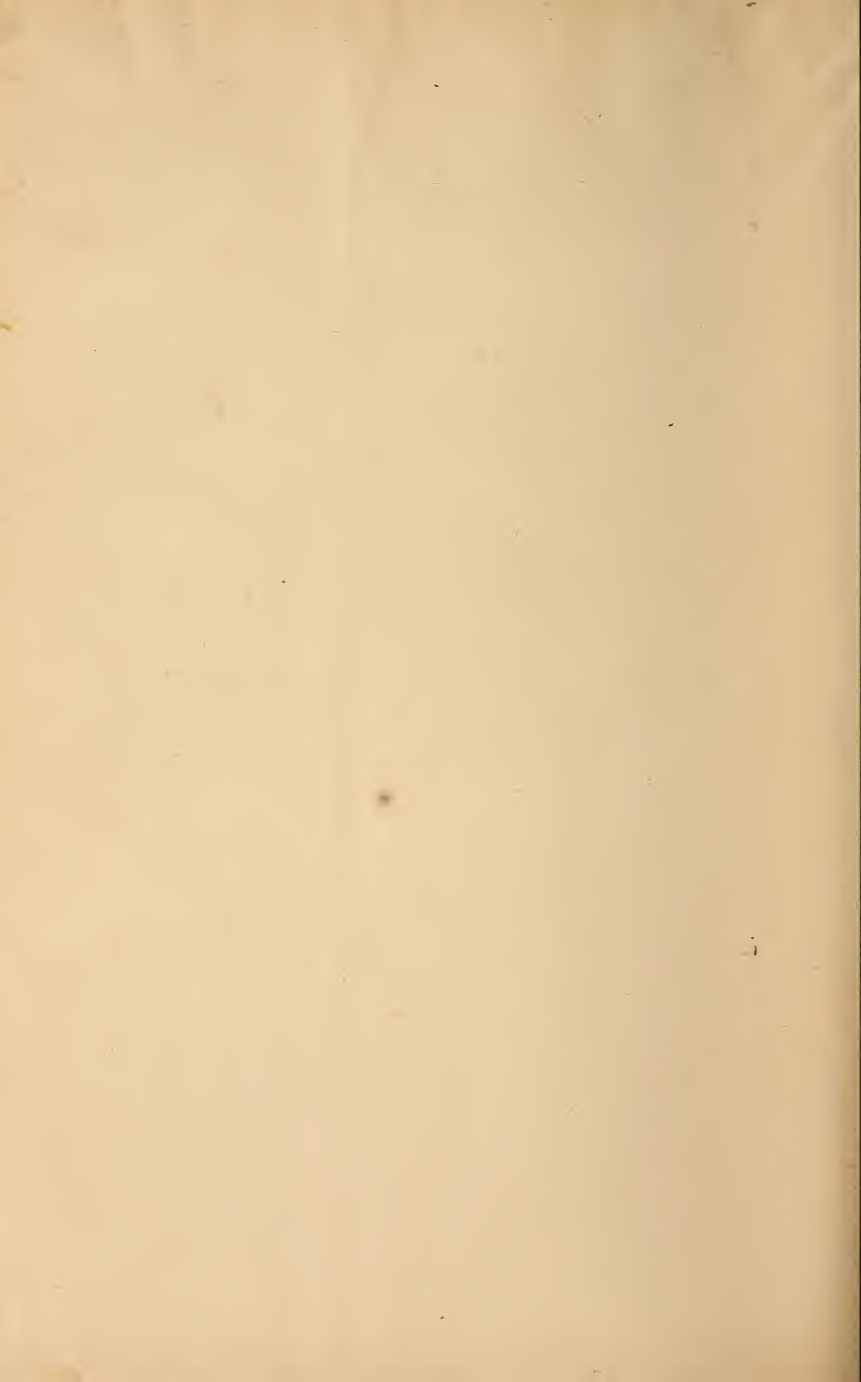
A hand-book for students and general readers. Large 8vo, cloth. 18 full, clear, and accurately drawn double-page Historical maps.

Published by

VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO., CINCINNATI AND NEW YORK.

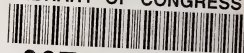








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 027 250 881 1

